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MONDAY APRIL 20 1992

INTERNATIONAL EDITION

45p

Fix claim over Labour leadership

Smith hits back at critics of 'one-horse race'

BY SHEILA GUNN, POLITICAL CORRESPONDENT

JOHN Smith, looking increasingly certain to become the next Labour leader, tried to unify all factions of the demoralised party yesterday and counter accusations that the result had been stitched up.

Critics that the contest was a one-horse race were not quelled by his promise for a series of initiatives in the next three months addressed to all sections of the party and setting out his strategy in detail. The proposals will come from Mr Brown and his heavy-weight shadow cabinet colleagues Robin Cook, Gordon Brown and Tony Blair.

John Prescott, a challenger for the deputy leadership, led protests that both posts were being predetermined on the basis of a "nod and a wink".

The moves from the Smith camp disclose the sensitivity to complaints, repeated yesterday, that the shadow chancellor is virtually being handed the leadership on a plate. In their opening shots, both Mr Brown and Mr Blair pledged their full backing for

Mr Smith and talked of the need for a radical, reforming way ahead for the party. Mr Brown, the shadow industry secretary, called for Mr Kinnock's modernisation and policy development to be stepped up, while Mr Blair, the shadow employment secretary, said the party needed a fundamental reform of ideas and organisation.

Bryan Gould, Mr Smith's main challenger, spelled out more details of his campaign for the leadership, insisting that Labour must not go on fighting the 1992 campaign on the basis that "one more heaven" would win the next general election.

Fresh indications emerged yesterday that, with Mr Smith firm favourite to inherit the leadership, Mr Gould is pinning his hopes on the less ambitious target of seizing the deputy leadership from Margaret Beckett, the favourite. Neil Kinnock is understood to support Mr Gould, but believes his best chance in the July 18 electoral college could be to emerge as Mr Smith's deputy.

David Blunkett, Mr Gould's campaign manager, insisted that Mr Gould could work under Mr Smith as a team. There was no clash of giants in the gladiatorial arena, he said. Mr Gould also sounded a conciliatory note on proportional representation, which has the tacit support of Mr Smith and the public backing of Robin Cook, Mr Smith's campaign manager. By comparison, Mrs Beckett has made clear she remains sceptical about changing the voting system.

The four-cornered fight for the deputy leadership entered a fresh round when Mrs Beckett intensified her fight with Mr Gould. John Prescott and Ann Clwyd by putting forward her "modernisation manifesto for both country and party. I know I can work constructively alongside my friend John Smith who, I believe, should be leader."

In a newspaper article, Mr Gould called for the new national consensus within the party about the direction of Britain that would isolate the

Conservatives and reduce their support. He also said that while many women might be attracted by Labour's policies, they were put off by the "macho style of our politics".

Mr Prescott protested that the leadership contest had been foisted on the party to hand the leadership to John Smith and Margaret Beckett. Agreements were reached with "a nod and a wink". He added on TV-am's *Frost on Sunday* programme: "What the election seems to have been based on is the idea that we can get two candidates and perhaps have no need for any election at all. People are getting angry about it, particularly in the constituency parties... that somehow it is being settled before even the MPs have met."

Mr Gould also complained that, if he had not declared his candidacy, the party would already have a new leader, implying that it would be Mr Smith.

The criticism was echoed by the party's constituency pressure group, Labour Coordinating Committee, which said the contest was highly damaging to the party. "Party members, still shellshocked about the election defeat, are appalled by the smoke-filled rooms atmosphere of this election," Mike Craven, the group's chairman, said.

Bill Morris, leader of the TGWU transport workers' union, said it was outrageous and insulting to suggest his union had already made up its mind to put its weight behind Mr Smith, before nominations close on April 29. In Perth for the Scottish TUC, he said his union was waiting to assess the candidates. "There is no deal, no fix. Everyone in the union who has spoken to me has said they believe John Smith would make a good leader and Margaret Beckett a good deputy leader. But the TGWU position will be considered when the nominations are closed. We will look at all the candidates as a potential prime minister."

Radical edge, page 2
 Peter Riddell, page 10

Union accuses militant teachers of risking jobs

BY JOHN O'LEARY, EDUCATION CORRESPONDENT

MILITANT teachers were accused yesterday by the general secretary of their union of putting their colleagues' jobs at risk by urging them not to co-operate with assessments of their performance in the classroom.

Delegates to the annual conference of the National Union of Teachers, in Blackpool, appeared to reject appeals from their executive to draw back from a policy of non-co-operation with appraisal in schools. The result of a vote on a more moderate line will be announced this morning.

Doug McAvoy, the union's general secretary, accepted yesterday that the executive

had been defeated, and said that he might have to recommend the rejection of an entire package of measures on appraisal. NUT members might be in breach of contract if they tried to prevent heads from observing them.

Resistance had grown because of the possibility of assessments being used to determine performance-related pay, which the government has demanded. The union leadership proposed an alternative strategy, possibly including strikes, to ensure that appraisals were not used in job applications for discipline.

Poverty gap, page 2
 L&T section, pages 6, 7



Frankie Howerd dies at 70

BY ROBIN STACEY

FRANKIE Howerd, the master comic of ribald innuendo whose humour consistently breached the generation gap, died in hospital yesterday after collapsing at his London home. He was 70.

His death came less than a fortnight after he was released from a Harley Street clinic where he had been treated for heart trouble.

Mr Howerd was a mainstay of the *Carry On* series of films but was equally at home delivering a risqué monologue to a live audience. Many will remember him best as the superficially innocent but actually worldly-wise

Continued on page 14, col 8



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 Howerd: master of the innuendo

Bishop tells doubting clergy to resign

BY RUTH GLEDHILL, RELIGION CORRESPONDENT

A SENIOR bishop yesterday led growing criticism of Church of England ministers who reject the traditional Easter message of Christ's resurrection. The Bishop of Salisbury, the Right Rev John Baker, said that ministers who do not believe in the bodily resurrection of Christ should resign.

His harsh words were prompted by the BBC1 documentary *Heart of the Matter* last night which featured several clergy who do not believe in the bodily resurrection, the divinity of Christ or the transcendence of God.

Earlier, preaching in Canterbury Cathedral, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Most Rev George Carey, said that church people should avoid the trap of believing that if the resurrection was trimmed of its awkwardness it would speak with renewed

power. Dr Carey said that the Gospel story of the resurrection still had the power to change people's lives. The resurrection was the fundamental starting point of Christianity, he said. "Belief in the resurrection is not an appendage to the Christian faith, it is the Christian faith."

In his sermon at the 11.00 am sung eucharist Dr Carey said that post-modern late twentieth century Britons struggled to understand the resurrection. "The map of our mind has no grid reference for angels or dead men rising to new life. We do not so much reject the story as fail to comprehend it."

The Archbishop included in his sermon a message to the newly elected government. "It will be expected of them to lead us out of the

Continued on page 14, col 1

Leading article, page 11

House owners 'broke'

THOUSANDS of home owners are living in houses worth less than the mortgage on them, according to statistics compiled by the Council of Mortgage Lenders. At least 380,000 home owners are technically insolvent because their debts are larger than the value of their assets, the council says, although it points out

that loans will not be called in provided they can keep up the mortgage payments.

Mark Bolat, CML director general, said that it was difficult to give precise figures, but research showed that thousands were suffering from "negative equity".

Homes trap, page 26

Prince gives helping hand

Prince William, carrying an Easter egg, helps his great grandmother outside St George's Chapel, Windsor, after the morning service yesterday. The Queen, who celebrates her 66th birthday tomorrow, was greeted by a large crowd. The Duchess of York was not at the service.

Easter holiday, page 14

TODAY IN THE TIMES

MERITING A MENTION



Libby Purves finds the headhunter's call almost transforms a job. *Life & Times* Page 1

MORE AND MERRIER



Dieters should take heart from Roseanne Barr for overcoming prejudice against the well fleshed. *Life & Times* Page 4

MOTORING MEMORIES



A driving study shows a need to test humans. *Life & Times* Page 5

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LOAN SECURED ON IT.

French ram ousts Blodwen the operatic ewe

BY MICHAEL HORNSBY IN LONDON
AND SEAN MAC CARTAGH IN PARIS

THE *entente cordiale* was a touch less cordial yesterday after news that a French ram by the unlikely name of Two Pence was to replace Blodwen, a Welsh mountain ewe, in the Welsh National Opera's Paris debut next Thursday, under the baton of Pierre Boulez.

Admittedly, Blodwen had only a trot-on, non-singing part in Debussy's *Pelléas et Mélisande* and was on stage for less than a minute. Still, she was a seasoned trouper who had come to enjoy the spotlight and her self-esteem has taken a knock.

Act IV calls for a flock of sheep to be seen crossing the back of the stage. "We managed this with some dummy sheep on a conveyor belt", Chris Travers, the opera company's press spokesman, said.

"But the producer particularly want-

ed a live animal in the foreground. Blodwen never missed her cue during the ten performances of the opera which the WNO gave in England and Wales. We will miss her, but we understand the Châtelet Theatre in Paris, where we will be playing for four nights, has found a very competent understudy to take the role."

Two Pence, born six months ago, has been practising for two hours every day, according to his trainer, Valentine Aupetit, and is due for his first rehearsal on Wednesday. "Two Pence may have an English name, but he is 100 per cent French," she said yesterday. "He is no longer afraid of loud noises, such as applause, and obeys 'Stop' and 'Go' commands."

In spite of this evidence that Two Pence may have been training in secret for weeks, Mr Travers played down suggestions of a malign conspiracy by the French ovine equivalent of Equity to

keep Blodwen out. "The red tape involved in exporting a live farm animal was just too much and we decided to leave Blodwen behind," he said.

The WNO production also calls for the appearance of three trained doves, which flutter round the tower from which Mélisande lets down her hair. The birds do not require an export licence and will thus not be impeded from crossing the Channel with the rest of the cast. All tickets for the opera's four-night run were sold out before Christmas.

Blodwen may still find a gallery to play to. She is back with her flock on an old hill farm in Gwent that is being restored as a tourist attraction by the Ynys Hywel Countryside Centre at Cwmfelinfach.

Nina Finnigan, the centre's manager, said: "The break may do her good. There was danger that she might have become a bit too prima donna-ish."



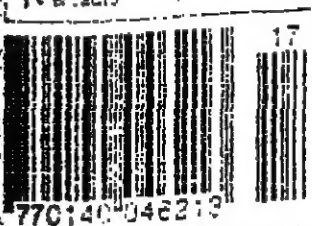
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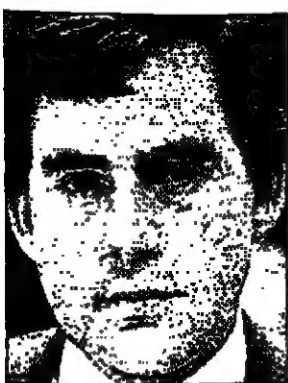
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Brown and Blair add radical edge to Smith leadership bid



Brown: Labour must set pace of change in UK

JOHN Smith has enlisted Gordon Brown and Tony Blair to add a radical edge to his bid for the Labour leadership and to counter complaints that, in picking him, the party would merely replace an unpopular leader with a popular one.

As Mr Smith attracts flak from within the party for appearing to have the leadership sewn up, his managers made clear that he will be campaigning hard in the next three months. Mr Brown and Mr Blair have been recruited as the "ideas men", charged by Mr Smith to lead a thorough policy review. Robin Cook, Mr Smith's

As Mr Smith spells out Labour's way forward, Sheila Gunn says it is hard to find much enthusiasm for a root-and-branch policy change

campaign manager, also disclosed yesterday that Mr Smith will spell out his views on the party's way forward in speeches in the run-up to the election of the new leader on July 18.

They are expected to cover a deeper discussion on the party's structure and funding, a subject Mr Smith has steered clear of, as well as the better-rehearsed areas of wealth distribution and constitutional change, including Mr

Smith's commitment to devolution and a bill of rights.

Mr Brown, the shadow industry secretary, argued that Labour was the party of change and that the reforms started by Neil Kinnock must be carried forward. He said: "It must seize the intellectual initiative, with Labour leading the policy debate on the constitution and individual rights, on the financing of public services and on the new environmental economics

of the 1990s, opening up our organisation and policy process to how we tackle the challenges our country must meet."

He added: "That is why, from day one of the new Parliament, Labour must set the pace for change in Britain as we not only advance the case for the NHS, our public services and a modern policy for industry, but also address the massive challenges of the 1990s and beyond."

Mr Blair said that Labour must stand up for the individual. So soon after the election defeat, it is hard to find much stomach for another root-and-branch policy

change within Labour's ranks. But Mr Smith has been goaded into support for a thorough overhaul by claims from his challenger Bryan Gould that he is relying on Labour's winning power through "one more heave".

Given Mr Smith's popularity rating in the polls, there is a temptation within his camp to mirror the Conservatives in changing the leader without setting the party on a different course. There is talk among the contestants of revitalising the party and meeting the challenges of the 1990s, but little flesh on the bones.

Mr Smith has defended his tax policies, while Mr Gould has said they were partly to blame for losing Labour the election.

"Our tax proposals appeared to set a cap on people's aspirations, particularly in the south of England where we need to attract support," Mr Gould said.

The Smith camp released letters of support from Labour MPs in the south and east of England. A survey in *The Sunday Telegraph* found that Mr Smith had three times the support of Mr Gould among Labour MPs.

Smith broadens appeal, page 1

Howard expected to cap spending of ten councils

By DOUGLAS BROOM, LOCAL GOVERNMENT CORRESPONDENT

MICHAEL Howard, the environment secretary, is expected to mark his determination to curb council spending this week by capping the budgets of as many as ten local authorities which have broken government spending guidelines.

A dozen councils have set budgets above capping limits but action against them was postponed during the election campaign. They all publicly blame the inadequacy of government spending assessments for their plight and none has openly defied the government for purely political reasons. Last year 14 councils were threatened with capping but six agreed to voluntary budget cuts.

Among the councils likely to have their budgets cut this year are Conservative controlled Warwickshire County

Council and the London borough of Hillingdon, won by the Tories from Labour two years ago.

Labour controlled Lambeth Council in south London, which set Britain's highest community charge of £448 a head this year, will also be told to cut at least £4 million from its spending plans while Greenwich Council in southeast London faces cuts of almost £9 million.

By far the largest overspenders this year is Gloucestershire County Council, run by an alliance of Labour and Liberal Democrats, which has set a budget £9.9 million above its capping limit. The council has said it would be willing to discuss a compromise figure with ministers. Like Warwickshire, which faces a £6.8 budget cut, Gloucestershire says that the

spending target set for it by civil servants takes no account of its real needs.

The only councils which can expect to escape the capping net are Tory controlled Rushmoor, at Farnborough in Hampshire, and Harborough Council at Market Harborough, Leicestershire. Rushmoor has overspent its official target by only £418 while Harborough is £32,000 above target. Both councils blame late changes to precepts levied by outside bodies for inflating their budgets.

The situation in Middlesbrough is much more serious. Ken Davison, the treasurer, said he had delayed sending out community charge bills until the issue was resolved. Because of the timing of the general election it was now unlikely that bills would go out until the middle of next month which would cause a severe cash flow problem for the already hard pressed council.

Greenwich Council, which has been capped every year since capping was introduced in 1985, says that it will dismiss 45 teachers and 185 part time nursery staff if it is forced to reduce its budget by £8.7 million to target level.

Once Mr Howard formally designates the councils for capping they will have 28 days to appeal or accept the revised budget set by the environment department.

Ministers are privately satisfied that only a dozen of the 404 councils in England have defied their spending targets and officials say the trend towards compliance with government targets augurs well for the introduction of the council tax next year.



Heading for defeat: Doug McAvoy, general secretary, under pressure from delegates yesterday

'Poverty gap' hits 2m schoolchildren

By JOHN O'LEARY, EDUCATION CORRESPONDENT

A RISING tide of poverty and inequality is affecting the health and performance of two million school pupils, while their poorer classmates wear rumpled hand-me-downs and often cannot even bring PE clothes to school.

One estimate put the number of children going without proper food and dressed in second hand clothes at 2.5 million. Many survived on snacks because the school meals service barely existed in many areas.

As noticeable as the starkly contrasting £100 Reeboks and designer trackuits that some children wear to school, while their poorer classmates wear rumpled hand-me-downs and often cannot even bring PE clothes to school.

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As Mayor of Brighton four years ago, Ms Hawkes urged Margaret Thatcher to do more for the vulnerable members of society. "This theme has haunted me as a teacher," she said. "Social conditions have worsened for so many."

Helena Lyons, a delegate from Coventry, told the conference that government policies were creating an underclass and were widening the gap between schools in different areas. Those in inner cities often could not raise the money required for extra-curricular activities, and pupils in poor areas often did not have the home environment necessary for study, she said.

Jobs at risk, page 1
Education Times
L&T section, page 6

Scots TUC snubs Salmond

By KERRY GILL

A DAMAGING split in opposition demands for a multi-option referendum on Scotland's future constitution appeared yesterday when the Scottish TUC's general council refused to allow the Scottish National Party leader to address its annual conference this week.

The snub was all the more embarrassing as Campbell Christie, general secretary of the congress, had already asked Alex Salmond, the SNP leader, if he would be prepared to address the conference tomorrow when it debates the constitution. After a meeting in Perth yesterday, the general council voted by a "substantial majority" not to have Mr Salmond, or anyone from the SNP, at the debate.

Mr Christie said the council decided that the debate should involve only people and parties who were members of the Scottish Constitutional Convention, the body pursuing home rule in the long term, and a referendum in the short term. Mr Salmond has said that the SNP would hold talks with other parties on a referendum, but has ruled out joining the convention.

The split will have done the home rule campaign little good in the eyes of Ian Lang, the Scottish secretary, who can now argue that the opposition cannot agree on simple tactics, let alone a strategy for a referendum.

Mr Christie said that he would ask for an informal meeting with Mr Salmond about a referendum and try to persuade the SNP that its best tactic would be to join the convention. "We feel it would be in everyone's interest to join the constitutional convention to emphasise the unity of those in support of constitutional change," he said.

The congress is also expected to make a formal request to John Major and Mr Lang for a multi-option referendum. Later this week, John Smith and Bryan Gould will attend the conference to canvass support for their bids for the Labour leadership.

Body is found in caravan

DETECTIVES yesterday sealed off part of a housing estate in Wrexham, North Wales, after a woman in her 40s was found dead in a caravan. The alarm was raised by a 999 call.

Police found the woman in a touring caravan parked alongside a pigeon loft in the back garden of a semi-detached council house on the huge Queen's Park Estate. The cause of death has not been established, but the death is being treated as suspicious.

It is understood that several people associated with the house are being interviewed by police. Forensic scientists have been called in and scenes of crime officers were searching for clues.

The area has been closed to traffic and a major incident room was set up at Wrexham police station. The investigation was being led by the head of North Wales CID, Det Chief Supt Gwyn Williams.



In the frame: animation celluloid figures of Captain Hook and Peter Pan which are to be auctioned with others from Walt Disney films at Christie's, South Kensington, next Monday. Some are signed by Walt Disney

Tape-recorders threaten court jobs

By FRANCES GIBB, LEGAL CORRESPONDENT

HALF the court reporters in England and Wales risk losing their jobs. The Lord Chancellor's office plans to replace them with tape-recorders only five years after they retrained to cope with working on computers.

The proposals have dismayed the normally low-profile, dedicated members of the Institute of Shorthand Writers who say the news has come as a bolt out of the blue.

The Lord Chancellor's department has told the dozen or so firms of court reporters which tender every five years for contracts to cover the courts that the number of courtrooms covered by what is called computer-assisted transcription is to be cut from 300 to 170. The remaining courtrooms will go over to tape-recording proceedings.

The proposals, coming into force from April next year, when the next round of con-

tracts is awarded, have angered court reporters who underwent training so that they could change from being pen writers and be able to operate the computer-assisted transcription (CAT) system now in use at 95 per cent of court complexes around the country.

Instead of taking notes by hand, which are then laboriously transcribed, the court reporters now use steno-graphic machines which produce a computer disk. Within minutes a computer can produce a print-out of the court proceedings.

Patricia Pratt, secretary of the institute, said: "We feel quite upset about the morality of this. Court reporters put in a tremendous commitment because the Lord Chancellor's department more or less said that if we wanted a job, we were going to have to retrain. Having done so, we

are having the ground cut from under us. "We fear it is the thin end of the wedge which has wider implications than the employment of court reporters," Ms Pratt said.

Many of the writers trained in their own time in the evenings. Many also invested in their own steno-graphic machines at a cost of £1,800, and some also bought the £2,000 software to enable them to work from home rather than stay behind in the courts.

Behind the exercise is a need to cut costs on the £9 million a year court-reporting service bill. The court reporters accept that not every court needs computer-assisted transcription but some of the courts intended to switch to tape-recording are the busiest in the country and take some of the most important trials.

Kim Sheldon, an experienced court reporter, said: "A

lot of people are worried that after becoming highly-trained as a shorthand writer, they could not get another job. You can't just swap to becoming a receptionist or a secretary, it is completely different work."

The Lord Chancellor's department would not discuss the proposals. In a statement it said that its requirements "are being reviewed as part of the tendering process for the new contracts. Computer-assisted transcription (CAT) will be retained as one of the accepted methods of notetaking and will be compulsory in some courtrooms."

In the rest it would be open to suppliers to tender between the various methods of notetaking, including CAT, it said. But it added: "It is not possible to assess the likely number of CAT notetakers to be used at this stage."

MPs' late-night sittings may end

Changes to Commons working hours are now firmly on the agenda, writes Sheila Gunn

CHANGES to MPs' working hours will be put at the top of the agenda of the new Parliament by Tony Newton, the Commons leader, with the full backing of John Major.

The changes are aimed at making the new Commons more appealing to younger MPs, particularly those with families, and bringing into future parliaments more women and those with diverse experience outside politics.

Under the reforms, all-night sittings and poorly-attended debates in the early hours are likely to become a thing of the past. Instead MPs would be given earlier warning of sittings and holiday dates to help them juggle their parliamentary, constituency and outside workload with their family life.

A quick decision this summer to modernise the working practices is likely to appeal to the 140 new MPs who will give the new Parliament a more youthful profile, and to the 59 women MPs.

The reforms, based on a report from a committee set up by Mr Major and John MacGregor, the former Commons leader, do not need changes in legislation but only alterations in standing orders. Mr Newton, the former social security secretary, and his colleagues are considering whether to include a commitment to modernising Parliament in the Queen's speech on May 6.

One senior source indicated yesterday that Mr Newton's enthusiasm for the changes was a key reason for the prime minister handing him the Commons portfolio.

The Commons gave almost universal backing to the committee's report in a debate before the election but a final decision was left to the new Parliament.

Moving event for party-goers

An illegal all-night party planned on Hungerford Common, Berkshire, to which more than 3,000 people turned up, was thwarted by police early yesterday.

A convoy of 700 cars was harried by Thames Valley and Hampshire police after they were called to Chieveley service station on the M4. Most of the would-be party-goers spent the night driving around Berkshire and Hampshire searching for an alternative party and were still blocking roads at dawn because there were so many of them.

Parade protest

Relatives of some of the five Roman Catholics killed in a Loyalist machine gun attack on a south Belfast betting shop in February will stage a protest demonstration this morning when members of the Protestant Apprentice Boys order parade past the scene of the massacre. Police have rejected appeals to reroute the parade by locals who fear trouble and taunts from hangers-on.

Woman shot

About 30 armed police surrounded a house after a woman was blasted with a shotgun last night. She is in hospital, but not thought to be seriously hurt. Police cordoned off the area around the house at Darlington, Co Durham. Police said they believed an armed man was still inside the house and that a woman was with him.

Search resumes

A mother yesterday resumed her search for her son who vanished in Canada three years ago. Charles Horvath, 20, was last seen in Kelowna, British Columbia, while on a back-packing holiday. Denise Allan, 42, of Sowerby, West Yorkshire, has spent £20,000 trying to find him. She is seeking the author of a letter telling her that her son was murdered and dumped in a lake.

Rotor death

An investigation began yesterday after an offshore oil worker was decapitated by a helicopter rotor blade. Eilard Zuidema, 29, a Dutchman, died as the main rotor of the Sikorski S76 spun at head height on a North Sea platform.

Woman on terrorism art charge

Gardens

Country gardens opened yesterday... what they hope will be an alternative to the usual...

Alan Hamilton

English gardens, especially those such as Farham with a strong herbaceous element, have not achieved their full glory by mid-April, but nothing can stop the amateur gardener from turning out to inspect and compare the work of the professional. Farham is dominated by its magnificent white flowering cherry, a span of 25 years but still blooming vigorously after more than 50 years.

An American visitor was admiring the Wordworth...

Four men sought after party fire deaths

By RICHARD FORD, HOME CORRESPONDENT

FOUR men are being sought by detectives investigating the deaths of five people in an alleged arson attack on Saturday.

The four men left the house, where they had been attending a party, just before the blaze swept through the building in Hove, east Sussex, in the early hours of Saturday morning.

Police and forensic scientists are treating the deaths as murder. They believe that the blaze was started deliberately in a sense on a first-floor landing.

The flames leapt through the landings and into the third-floor flat where the party, which was attended by a number of homosexuals, was

being held to celebrate a trainee chef's 28th birthday. Det Supt Michael Bennison, who is leading a team of 75 police officers investigating the fire, said: "The suggestion is that the fire was started deliberately. Up to seven people, three of them young Frenchmen, are believed to have been at the party but have not yet come forward".

He added that it was not thought to have been a predominantly homosexual party, although homosexuals had attended. He said that he did not believe that there was an anti-homosexual motive to the blaze.

Only one of the dead people has so far been identified. Timothy Sharpe, 28, a trainee chef who was the host at his birthday party, died when he tried to jump to safety from a window of the third-floor flat.

Two other men were overcome by smoke in the flat and died there. A woman in her fifties and another man died after they leapt 65 feet from the windows of the flat.

Police in Sussex have called in medical examiners in an attempt to identify the charred remains of one of the victims of the fire.

Yesterday Damien Barber from London told how he had survived the blaze by climbing 40 feet down a drainpipe. Mr Barber, 20, an unemployed man, said he was the last of six people to come out of the building alive after battling through choking smoke and climbing down a drainpipe to safety.

He was sitting in the living room when somebody shouted "fire". He said: "At first I thought they were joking but the next thing there was smoke everywhere."

"We tried to go down the stairs but were blinded by clouds of thick black smoke, so we ran over to the window and started screaming for help. I felt the intense heat from behind which burned the back of my ear. There were five or six people who started scrambling down the drainpipe and I was the last one to climb out onto it."

Thirteen people were taken to hospital after the blaze but most of them were later allowed home after treatment. One man who had suffered severe burns was taken to the specialist unit at the Queen Victoria hospital, East Grinstead.

Three other people were trapped in the attic above the blaze and had to crawl to safety.

Lee Wells, 26, and his girl friend Lisa Anderson, 23, crawled out of the attic window clutching three-year-old Shanie, climbed on to a balcony and edged their way to an adjoining roof, where they waited for more than two hours until firemen were able to carry them to safety.

Woman on terrorism act charge

By RICHARD FORD, HOME CORRESPONDENT

A WOMAN will appear in court today charged under the Prevention of Terrorism Act after being held by police investigating the killing of a recruiting sergeant in Derby.

The woman, who Derbyshire police have not named, was detained within hours of the shooting of Sgt Michael Newman, who died 17 hours after he was shot at a week ago. The Irish National Liberation Army admitted the murder.

Derbyshire police said yesterday that the woman had been charged under the Prevention of Terrorism Act and the Criminal Law Act. The woman is believed to live in Derby and is understood to be in her early twenties, of Irish origin but claiming dual nationality.

Joseph Magee, 26, originally from Armagh city and Declan Duffy, 19, and Anthony Gorman, both from Belfast, are being sought by police in connection with the killing. A man and a woman arrested in Salby, Leicestershire, on Friday in an operation believed to be linked to the hunt for the sergeant's killers have been released without charge.

In Guernsey, a 22-year-old kitchen assistant appeared in court on Saturday charged with wasting police time in connection with the hunt for Sgt Newman's killers.

Catherine Elizabeth Ogle, of Le Chene hotel, Forest, Guernsey, appeared before a special sitting of Guernsey magistrates court and was remanded in custody until tomorrow. She is charged with wasting police time by telling officers Mr Magee and Mr Duffy were at the Le Chene.



Built for two: members of the Veteran Cycle Club taking an Easter turn round Battersea Park in London yesterday

Concert tribute will be holiday highlight

By NICHOLAS WATT

THE huge open air concert in memory of Freddie Mercury at Wembley Stadium and the Irish Grand National at Fairyhouse are among the highlights of today's bank holiday events.

The stars appearing at Wembley include Elton John, Bob Geldof, David Bowie and the remaining members of Queen. The group U2 will perform live by satellite from

California. Mercury died of Aids-related diseases last November and the proceeds from the concert will go to Aids research. The actress Elizabeth Taylor, who has led showbusiness fund raising for Aids charities in America, will also be at the concert.

All 72,000 tickets have been sold and up to a billion people in 73 countries are expected to watch the concert live on television. BBC 2's coverage starts at 5.55 pm.

In the Irish Grand National, Peter Scudamore hopes to make it a double on Captain Dibble after his Scottish Grand National success. Manchester United hope to move closer to the football league title for the first time in 25 years when they face Nottingham Forest at home. Leeds, who are just two points behind in Division One, play Coventry at home.

There are five model railway layouts for children to

operate at the Inrex 92 exhibition at the RHS halls at Greycoat Street and Vincent Square in London. Beatrix Potter buffs can follow a Peter Rabbit trail round London Zoo, with a Lake District holiday as the top prize. Peter Rabbit will be roaming around the zoo.

At Blackheath there is a kite festival, with parachuting teddy bears making an appearance. At noon there is a parade of working horses at

the Harness Horse Parade at Regent's Park Inner Circle.

Outside London there are performances of medieval England stories for six to 12-year-olds at Goodrich Castle near Ross-on-Wye in Herefordshire. The Wild Fowl and Wetlands Trust at Arundel, West Sussex, is the place to be for anyone addicted to Easter eggs even after yesterday's glut. The trust is running a question and answer egg hunt with small prizes.

Hooligans kicked into touch

By ROBIN YOUNG

FOOTBALL hooligans were caught in a scrum at the weekend when they mistook a squad of rugby players for rival soccer supporters.

During the battle two fans fled in a police car, whose keys had been left in the ignition by a police constable helping colleagues to separate the fighters. After a few hundred yards, the car turned into a blind alley and crashed into a bollard.

The Colchester United followers had been in the Market Tavern in Colchester, Essex, on Saturday night celebrating their side's 2-0 victory over their promotion rivals, Telford, in the Vauxhall Conference League. They saw what they thought was a coachload of Telford supporters and started hurling abuse. The other group were members and supporters of a Sussex rugby side.

Their taunts caused several running battles involving about 80 youths in Colchester High Street.

Seven Colchester fans were arrested. A police spokesman said: "One group fled in the police car when they realised the rugby boys were bigger than them."

Genetic engineering wins poll votes

By NICK NUTTALL

GENETIC engineering, by which scientists try to treat inherited diseases by giving patients healthy copies of flawed genes, has won the support of 89 per cent of people questioned in a survey. Only 5 per cent opposed it.

The results of the survey, for the Edinburgh International Science Festival, will be discussed at a conference on the last day of the festival on April 25.

The survey also showed that only 5 per cent of respondents did not correctly understand the risks of having a child with a genetic illness.

When told: "A doctor tells a couple that their genetic make-up means they have a one in four chance of having a child with an inherited illness", 77 per cent said, correctly, that each child was equally likely to suffer the illness. Five per cent said that, if the couple had only three children, they would all be healthy.

The survey, by Scotinform, Quantic Computers and Research Resources, questioned 800 people on health issues. Nearly three quarters of respondents lived in Scotland.

Nearly 90 per cent of those questioned said that blood tests, such as those for high cholesterol levels and conditions that might be avoided by changing lifestyle or diet,

should be available free on the National Health Service. Fifty-four per cent, mainly from Edinburgh, the Borders and the south of England, said that they would be prepared to pay.

In spite of contradictory scientific research, about a third of those questioned said that eating foods with lots of additives had proven to cause heart disease. A similar number said that eating too little fibre had been proven to cause heart disease.

More than 90 per cent said that smoking had been scientifically proven to cause heart illness, closely followed by stress, lack of exercise, eating lots of animal fats and inherited genes. Nearly 30 per cent believed a lack of vitamins had been scientifically shown to cause heart disease.

Asked their personal views on the most serious cause of heart disease only 47 per cent said smoking, 23 per cent said animal fat and 13 per

cent stress. Under 10 per cent said inherited factors were the most serious causes and less than one per cent mentioned vitamin deficiencies or additives.

Among respondents 67 per cent believed too little was being spent by the NHS on preventing illness. Over 40 per cent of those questioned and more than half of Scots thought the healthiest place to live was southern England.

Science, L&T section, page 9

Gardens greet first gazers of spring

Country gardens opened yesterday for what they hope will be another lucrative season, writes Alan Hamilton

EASTER is late, but everything else was on time in the gardens of Parham, the Elizabethan country house near Pulborough, West Sussex, yesterday.

Daffodils, tulips and fritillaries were in full bloom, the chestnuts were well advanced, chaff-chaff and willow warbler flitted in the orchard, the South Downs gliding club filled the skies, the village cricket team was playing its first match of the season on a balmy afternoon — and the year's first garden-gazers arrived by the hundred.

English gardens, especially those such as Parham with a strong herbaceous element, have not achieved their full glory by mid-April, but nothing can stop the amateur gardener from turning out to inspect and compare the work of the professional. Parham is dominated by its magnificent sacred grove of mount fuji white flowering cherry, a variety with an expected life span of 25 years but still blossoming vigorously after more than 50.

An American visitor was admiring the Wordsworth-



Looking for tips: visitors at Parham yesterday

ian host of daffodils, saying that she had never seen such a massed display. The frosts have been relatively kind this year. Enthusiasts from nearer home noted how the burgeoning chestnuts were more advanced than those in their own gardens, and relished the informality of the 11 acres of walled garden and pleasure grounds, even though at this time of year they display more foliage than flower.

Parham had a 36 per cent increase in visitors last year, in line with other historic houses with interesting gardens to offer, and well ahead of those without, according to a report last week by the Historic Houses Association. Business at Parham was helped by its being named Garden of the Year in 1990, and by the creation

of a highly popular brick-and-turf maze last year.

Such publicity windfalls aside, gardens are enjoying a measurable resurgence of interest, according to Pat Kennedy, administrator of Parham. "People have been taking more days out and fewer holidays abroad during the recession," she said. "They are doing up their homes and their gardens. A garden, unlike a stately home, is something you can design and create yourself. You can come here and pick up ideas."

Although the house is sixteenth century, the gardens are largely the work of the Pearson family, members of the publishing dynasty, who bought Parham in 1922 and saved it from creeping decay. Their daughter, Veronica Tritton, 75, who lives in

part of the house, ensures that every room is furnished with a fresh floral display from the garden.

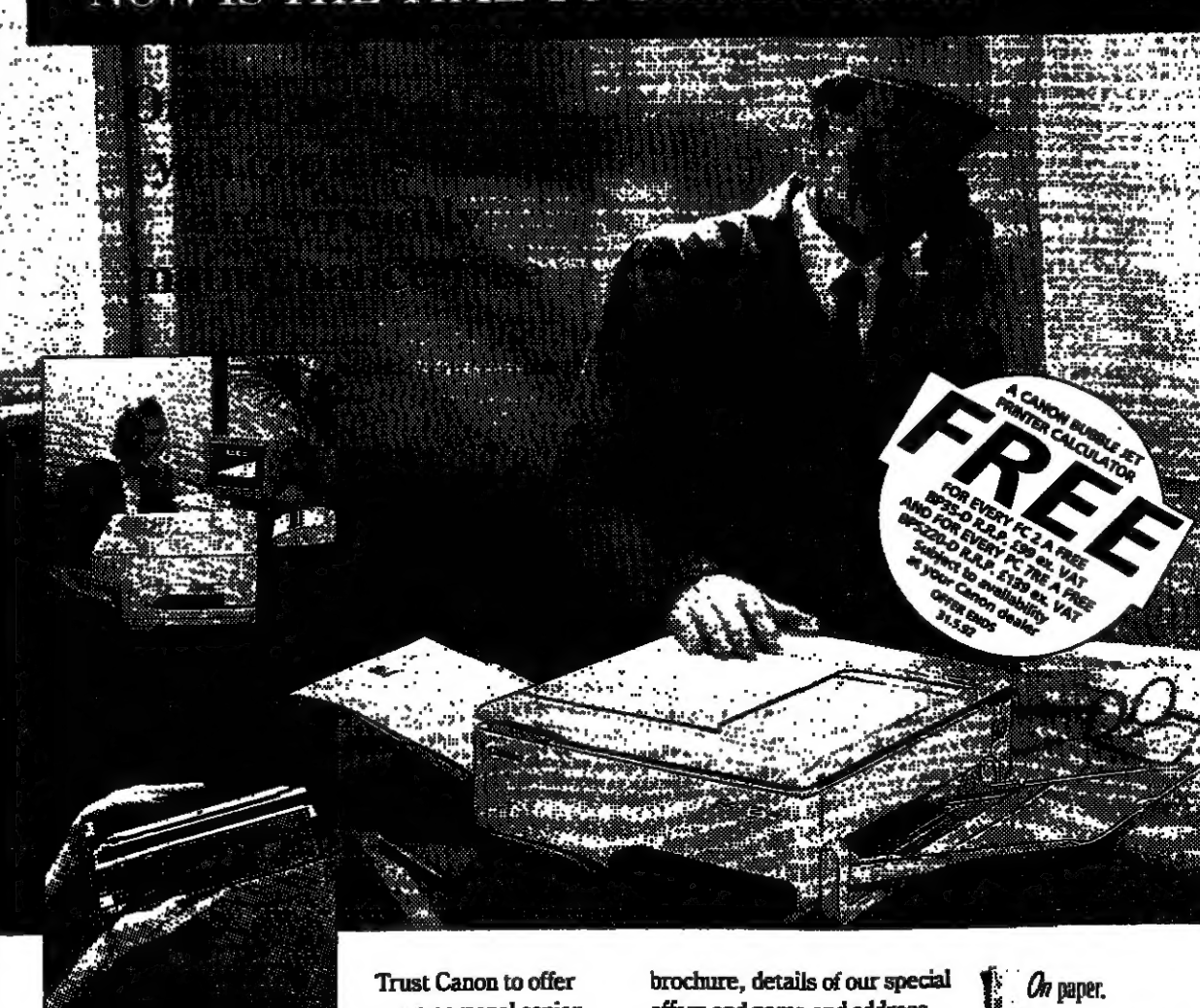
Ray Gibbs, her head gardener, initiated a garden shop yesterday, which within minutes was flooded with demand for pot and bedding plants. Last year, he and his staff had to give up working in the walled garden on open days because they were besieged by visitors seeking green-fingered secrets.

This year, according to Mr Gibbs, the garden is looking particularly promising. "I lose more through wind than frost, in spite of being sheltered by the South Downs. But we have had another mild winter and a good spring. The only damage appears to be a few frosted magnolia blooms."

He is developing the herbaceous borders, planting an old rose garden and creating a potager — a French-style formal vegetable garden with small symmetrical plots bounded by miniature box hedges.

He is also searching for a rarity. Recent research in the Parham family archives has disclosed that an unusual variety of apple, golden crispin, was first bred in the gardens there, and he would like to re-establish it. So far not even the Worshipful Company of Fruiterers has been able to find one. If any passing garden-gazers know of a source, Mr Gibbs would be glad to hear from them.

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The family of murdered tourist Julie Stott seek to grieve in peace as New Orleans man is charged with her killing

Parents bring body home

BY PETER VICTOR

THE body of murdered tourist Julie Stott, 27, who was shot by a mugger in New Orleans, was flown home yesterday. On the flight to Manchester from Chicago were her parents, Raymond and Margaret Stott, and her boy friend Peter Ellis.

They were escorted by officials and police through customs and an airport side entrance to avoid reporters and photographers. Hours earlier, Robert Jones, 19, also known as "Peanut", appeared in court charged with first degree murder.

Three other youths were charged with being accessories to the killing last Tuesday. They are Donald Oliver, 18, who was at the same address as Jones, Christopher Bordere, 19, who was arrested at home, and Pernel Harris, 19, who gave himself up to police when he



Robert Jones, centre, with Donald Oliver, left, and Christopher Bordere after their arrest for the murder of Julie Stott, above

learned that he was being sought by them.

Mr Jones, described by police as a career criminal, was arrested on Saturday by detectives at the home of relatives in New Orleans. He was also charged with a previous armed robbery, and with aggravated rape, armed robbery, kidnapping and aggravated crime. It would

be generous to describe the area he lived in as deprived. By contrast, Miss Stott lived in an up-market development in the Monton area of Eccles, Manchester. Local

police regard it as a quiet, well-to-do part of their beat. One officer said that he had considered moving into the development where Miss Stott lived. "There isn't a

great crime rate there," a police spokesman said. "No one can recall anything like a shooting there, although some parts of Manchester are like the OK Corral."

Marriage would have been the icing on the cake for Miss Stott. She was an exceptional woman, according to her colleagues, and an exceptional pupil at school. She took A levels in mathematics, art and English at Hollins High School in Middleton, Greater Manchester, where her parents live. The headmaster, who taught mathematics, said that she was the best pupil in the subject in the school. On leaving, she took a foundation course in surface design and textiles before going to college.

Tale of contrasting lives in two cities

The lifestyles of Julie Stott and the man accused of her murder were worlds apart, Peter Victor and Jamie Dettmer report

Julie Stott enjoyed a successful career with excellent prospects, a happy family life, an attractive home and a sporty Peugeot 205 GTI. Like many of her generation, she had started from reasonably comfortable beginnings and worked her way up.

Her relatives had been expecting her to announce her engagement to Peter Ellis, her boy friend for the past nine years, on their return from New Orleans. Mr Ellis, a computer analyst with BP, had been working in New Zealand and Miss Stott met him for a three-week holiday in America.

She was an exceptional woman, according to her colleagues, and an exceptional pupil at school. She took A levels in mathematics, art and English at Hollins High School in Middleton, Greater Manchester, where her parents live. The headmaster, who taught mathematics, said that she was the best pupil in the subject in the school. On leaving, she took a foundation course in surface design and textiles before going to college.

She graduated in textile and design management from Manchester University Institute of Science and Technology, which she left six years ago to join Sundour Fabrics, a Courtauld subsidiary, where she became design and development manager. Peter Robinson, the firm's chief executive, said she was exceptionally gifted, highly respected and had a promising future.

"She was excellent with people and would sometimes work through the day and night, even at weekends, without batting an eyelid," he said. "Nothing was too much trouble. She will be sorely missed."

As well as devoting her working time to Sundour, she spent much of her social life with her colleagues. Trips to the cinema, evenings out for meals or the occasional disco prompted one colleague to describe her as exceptional. "She was very lively, but sensitive. She didn't go over the top."

She doted on her sister Deborah's three children, aged seven, five and two, visiting them at the farm where they lived. Although she had moved into a second floor flat in a new development at Monton Mill Gardens, Eccles, the neighbours rarely

saw her. Her father Raymond Stott, 60, a retired ICI administrator, and his wife Margaret, 55, a teaching assistant, were yesterday at the semi-detached family home in Middleton, where Julie was brought up. Mr Stott said: "We just returned home and we're not in any fit state to make statements. We would ask to be left alone to grieve in peace."

Robert Jones's start to life was an all too familiar one in the inner-city black areas of America. He grew up on the Desire housing estate, one of the most rundown and deprived in New Orleans. His mother had 11 children. He has two young children and has never held down a job in an area of high unemployment.

His parents separated when he was young, he dropped out of high school, and led a casual, purposeless, petty criminal life. In less than a year, he was promising to change his behaviour, he seemed not to have the inner resources to reform himself.

His stepfather, Joseph Witherspoon, said that his stepson had often been in trouble with the police. But he expressed surprise that he could be on a murder charge. "Robert a killer? That's a hard pill to swallow." Later, he said: "I ain't saying he did it and I ain't saying he didn't. Who knows what kids today do when they're in the streets."

According to detectives, Mr Jones had been on a two-week crime spree before the murder of Miss Stott. Early on Saturday he was charged with several other serious offences as well as the murder.

After he was arrested for the murder of Miss Stott, a woman aged 24 identified Mr Jones from photographs as the man who kidnapped her on April 6 from the French quarter and raped her on the Desire housing estate. In that incident, three people walking together were challenged and initially told to hand over money.

Relatives of Mr Jones said yesterday that about a dozen policemen converged on their ramshackle townhouse early on Saturday. They said police found a power drill, shotgun and several bullets. A police source said the bullets are believed to be the same calibre as the handgun used to kill Miss Stott. Police said they believed Mr Jones needed money to buy drugs.

Black crime crisis

WHILE black crime poses huge problems in New Orleans, the city lags behind Washington DC, which is still the American murder capital (Jamie Dettmer writes).

The extent of the breakdown in law and order in Washington was underlined at the weekend by new figures suggesting that 42 per cent of black men aged between 18 and 35 are "enmeshed" in the criminal justice system on any given day.

The National Centre on Institutions and Alternatives, a highly respected organisation, found that 21 per cent of young black men were on probation or parole, 15 per

cent were in jail and six per cent were being sought by the police. It said that up to 70 per cent of black men in the city are arrested by the time they are 35, and 85 per cent of all black men are arrested at some time in their lives.

Jerome Miller, president of the National Centre on Institutions, says America is "criminalising people we should be treating in other ways". Washington's mayor, Sharon Pratt Kelly, said she questioned the findings. She said: "There are too many successful, well-adjusted young people - young black men in this city - for me to believe these figures."

Short keeps up the pressure on Karpov

BY RAYMOND KEENE
CHESS CORRESPONDENT

NIGEL Short of Britain is exerting great pressure on Anatoly Karpov, the Russian former world champion, in their World Championship semi-final in Linares, Spain.

After a slow start in which he lost the first game, Short has repeatedly gained the advantage. He has now adjourned Games 4 and 5, and in each case he is searching for victory. Game 5 was adjourned after 61 moves with Short a pawn ahead.

White Black
1 d4 d5 31 Nd7 Kx7
2 c4 dxc4 32 Rxd1 Rxb4
3 e4 Nf6 33 Rxd4 Bxd4
4 e5 Nxe4 34 Rf1 e5
5 Bc4 Nf6 35 Rf4 Rb8
6 Bb3 c5 36 Kd4 Kd8
7 Bxc5 Qxd1 37 Kd4 Kd8
8 Kxd1 Nxd7 38 Rf4 Rb8
9 e6 Rxe6 39 Rf4 Rb8
10 Bxc5 Nf6 40 Rf4 Rb8
11 e5 Rxe5 41 Rf4 Rb8
12 Bc4 Nf6 42 Rf4 Rb8
13 Bb3 Nf6 43 Rf4 Rb8
14 Nf3 Nxe5 44 Rf4 Rb8
15 f4 g5 45 Rf4 Rb8
16 Bc4 Nf6 46 Rf4 Rb8
17 Bc4 Nf6 47 Rf4 Rb8
18 Nf4 Nf6 48 Rf4 Rb8
19 Kd2 Nxd7 49 Rf4 Rb8
20 Kd3 Nf6 50 Rf4 Rb8
21 Nf3 Nf6 51 Rf4 Rb8
22 Rf1 Nf6 52 Rf4 Rb8
23 Kd4 Nf6 53 Rf4 Rb8
24 Kd5 Nf6 54 Rf4 Rb8
25 Rf1 Nf6 55 Rf4 Rb8
26 Kd6 Nf6 56 Rf4 Rb8
27 Kd7 Nf6 57 Rf4 Rb8
28 Kd8 Nf6 58 Rf4 Rb8
29 Kd9 Nf6 59 Rf4 Rb8
30 Nf4 Rxd4 60 Rf4 Rb8

Game 5 at adjournment

though likely to lose it. He retains a pawn far advanced into Karpov's camp. If he can win both adjourned games, he will move into a 3-2 lead.

The moves in Game 5, in which Karpov had the white pieces, were:

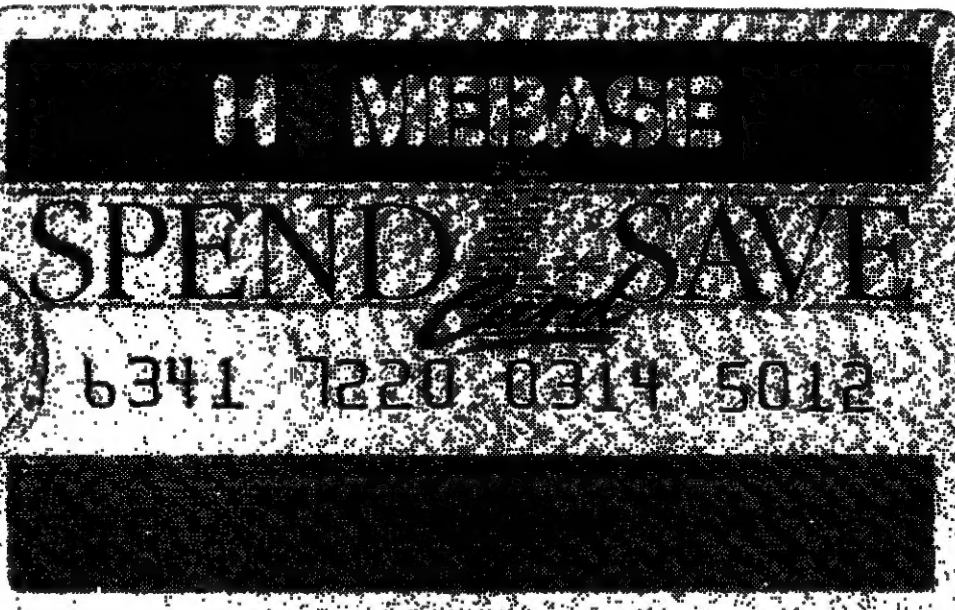
White Black
31 Nd7 Kx7
32 Rxd1 Rxb4
33 Rxd4 Bxd4
34 Rf1 e5
35 Rf4 Rb8
36 Kd4 Kd8
37 Kd4 Kd8
38 Rf4 Rb8
39 Rf4 Rb8
40 Rf4 Rb8
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57 Rf4 Rb8
58 Rf4 Rb8
59 Rf4 Rb8
60 Rf4 Rb8

Game adjourned.

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Death-threat police want removal bills paid by authorities

By RICHARD FORD, HOME CORRESPONDENT

A SERIES of death threats against police officers and intimidation of their families is leading to increased demands for police authorities to pay for moving them to safer areas.

The Police Federation will be urged at its annual conference next month to back a proposal that each police authority should meet the cost of moving and rehousing an officer and his or her family forced to leave their home because of intimidation and local hostility.

Geoff Williams, the chairman of the West Mercia police federation, wants police authorities in England and Wales to adopt a system similar to that which operates in Northern Ireland. The police authority there meets the costs of moving and rehousing Royal Ulster Constabulary officers who leave their homes because of republican and unionist paramilitary intimidation.

The demand by Mr Williams for action by police leaders follows death threats

to four officers after last year's shooting by a police marksman of a man wielding an unloaded air pistol at Telford, Shropshire.

Tari Gordon, a mentally disturbed man, was shot when officers feared that he was about to fire on them.

His death provoked two nights of disturbances and led to four officers involved in the case receiving death threats. The marksman who shot Mr Gordon had to be moved to another police division 50 miles away.

Mr Williams said that some people had wanted to "take out" a police officer in revenge for the death of Mr Gordon, 24, who was shot near Wellington railway station, Shropshire, last August. Another officer who was well known locally had to be given round the clock protection for eight weeks, he added.

Mr Williams said that the officer, who had to move to another division, had been rehoused in police property until his own home could be sold.

"I got information on the Northern Ireland schemes and asked the police authority if they could buy the officer's house. But they said there was nothing in regulations that enabled them to buy the house under such circumstances."

He added: "This type of problem will increase. It is essential we have something available so that an officer can be rehoused as a matter of urgency should the situation arise."

Some off-duty policemen and their families on Tyne-side have been singled out for intimidation after last summer's riots on the Meadow Well estate in North Shields and in the west end of Newcastle upon Tyne.

Four officers in the Northumbria force were compelled to leave their homes because of the hostility created in the community.

Three conceive by new tube method

By NIGEL HAWKES, SCIENCE EDITOR

THREE women in Nottingham are expecting babies after the use of a new technique introduced into Britain last year.

The subzonal insemination or "Suzi" method is a form of test tube fertilisation used when the husband's sperm is unable to penetrate the barrier surrounding the egg. The healthiest sperm is selected and injected into the egg, increasing the chances of successful fertilisation.

The technique was pioneered by Dr Simon Fishel, clinical director of Nurture, an infertility unit set up at Nottingham University. He does not see the technique as a panacea for infertility problems and warns that it has a low success rate. The method is offered only to couples where conventional *in vitro* fertilisation has failed.

Dr Fishel, former deputy scientific director of the world's first test tube baby clinic at Bourn Hall, Cambridgeshire, works with his wife Judy at Nurture. She said: "Simon wanted to offer couples Suzi years ago but

was refused permission to bring it to this country. Finally, after ensuring that the egg was not injured during the injection, he was given the go-ahead. This scheme represents a new era in reproductive medicine and helps certain sectors who before couldn't get treatment."

The method can help where it is the husband's sperm that prevents normal conception. About one in ten couples has fertility problems and male infertility accounts for about half of them.

In the technique, the sperm are injected using a glass needle seven times finer than a human hair, while the egg is held by suction on the end of a glass tube. Dr Fishel has used the technique in parallel with conventional test tube fertilisation in Rome and has found no evidence of damage to the foetus.

He said that more research was needed on the type of men most likely to benefit. The technique costs £2,200 per cycle compared to £1,350 for conventional *in vitro* fertilisation.



Feel for art: "thermoform" paintings restore lost pleasure to blind people

Paintings by touch bring art to blind

By SIMON TAIT, ARTS CORRESPONDENT

"FEELY paintings" is the latest attempt by the Royal Academy of Arts to make itself accessible to the handicapped. Ten works from its permanent collection, including paintings by Constable and Reynolds, have been copied in relief "thermoforms" for the blind and visually impaired in a scheme launched yesterday by the Living Paintings Trust in the academy's new Sackler Galleries.

Carolyn James went blind as a teenager. She said: "I thought I had seen my last painting. To find I could come back to appreciating art was a very emotional discovery for me. I cried when I first tried it."

The thermoform, a plastic moulding taken from a sculptor's representation of the painting, is accompanied by a Braille caption and a tape description to create an album. The £12,000 scheme has been funded by the Vision charity and 200 albums have been made to lend to the trust's 1,000 members. The scheme was launched three years ago with thermoforms taken from the Tate Gallery collections and it won a National Art Collections Fund award two years ago. Since then the moulds and commentaries have been refined and children's books are now being copied.

Dithering over Scots estate attacked

By KERRY GILL

ONE of Scotland's leading conservationists expressed his dismay yesterday at the continuing failure to settle the future of one of the most scenic Highland estates.

Kenny Taylor, of the Scottish Wildlife Trust, urged the Scottish conservation movement to speed up its efforts to ensure that the 77,000-acre Mar Lodge estate on Royal Deeside is bought for the nation. The estate, owned by the American media tycoon John Kluge, one of the world's richest men, has been on the market for more than a year with an estimated value of £13 million.

Such was the environmental interest in the land, next to the royal estate at Balmoral, that Mr Kluge was persuaded by the Prince of Wales to lower the price to £10 million and to give conservation bodies first option. A consortium involving the World Wide Fund for Nature, the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds and the Chris Brasher Trust was formed and pledged to raise £5 million if that figure could be matched by another source.

Last May a move to secure Scottish Office cash failed. Then discussions with the Crown Estate Commissioners fell through. Now the consortium is waiting to hear from the National Heritage Memorial Fund. Dr Taylor said that the longer the uncertainty lingered, the greater danger there was that the estate would be bought by someone else. "I am frustrated because it is really such an amazing opportunity. With things of that scale they do not have to advertise because there are so few people in the world able to buy."

He agreed that the market for such estates had been depressed, but said that the economic climate could change quickly and that potential buyers could appear. Dr Taylor added: "I do not know why the National Heritage Memorial Fund are taking so long to decide."

Tour insurance 'won't cover disasters'

TRAVEL insurance offered by most tour companies falls short of the basic minimum needed, the Consumers' Association says today. Only four out of 32 companies had insurance deals which the association rated adequate.

"Insurance sold through tour operators' brochures is a convenient way to buy peace of mind but it could leave you unprotected if disaster strikes," the association said.

It criticised tour operators' brochures for describing just the "bare basics" of policies. Patricia Yates, editor of the CA's *Holiday Which?* magazine, said: "They leave out the kind of small print which can sink a claim if disaster strikes on your holiday."

The Association of British Travel Agents said that the CA was being alarmist. Keith Betton, a spokesman, said: "The CA is setting a standard which would be far too high and unnecessary for the average traveller."

The CA said inadequate policies sold by tour companies included baggage

insurance as low as £750 and documents cover as low as £200, both half the minimum levels recommended by *Holiday Which?*

Mr Betton said there were "very, very few" personal liability claims in the region of £500,000, while "very few people" would take more than £750 worth of clothing on holiday.

The four companies which the Consumers' Association considered adequate are Portland, Scandinavian Seaways, Thomson and Travel Club.



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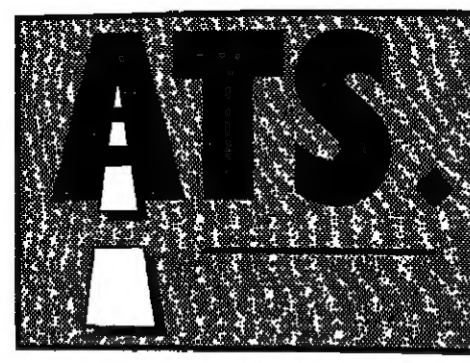


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EC rules and British bureaucracy blamed for milk shortage while farmers pour surplus down the drain

Milk muddle puts cheese farms in peril

BY MICHAEL HORNSBY, AGRICULTURE CORRESPONDENT

ONE of Britain's biggest independent makers of farmhouse cheeses is being forced to run at a third of capacity and fears that he could lose many customers because of a milk shortage. But there is plenty in the European Community and some farmers are forced to pour it away when they exceed production quotas.

John Clothier, whose Wyke Farmhouse Cheese Company makes pungent cheddar near Bruton in Somerset, blames the Mad Hatter logic of the EC's common agricultural policy (CAP) and the ponderous bureaucracy of the Milk Marketing Board, which controls the purchase and sale of milk.

"If the grief was spread evenly across all dairy manufacturers, it would not be so bad," he said. "The board takes milk away mainly from cheese-makers when supplies are short. It is suicidal." One of the consequences of the

milk shortage is that Britain, the home of cheddar cheese-making since the twelfth century, runs a £150 million deficit on trade in the product, importing five times as much from its EC partners as it exports.

This goes back to 1984 when the EC, desperate to shrink its butter and skimmed milk powder mountains, opted for an overall limit on milk output rather than drastically pruning the heavily subsidised prices. Since 1984 the quota has been cut by 18 per cent, further squeezing Britain.

"The view in Brussels is that the EC is one market and the shortfall here can be made up with dairy products from other countries," Mr Clothier said. "That would be fine if other EC countries made the sort of extra-mature cheddar I supply. But the stuff we import from Germany tastes like the bottom of my boot."

In 1990 and 1991, Mr Clothier spent £1.5 million equipping his plant with the latest technology capable of turning 8,000 gallons of milk into 3.5 tonnes of cheese every hour. Because of the dearth of milk the factory is running for less than three hours a day instead of the normal eight.

Mr Clothier says that he discussed his expansion plans with the board and was assured he would be able to get all the milk he needed under a new, market-related pricing system to be introduced in 1991. But the board proposed the change to Brussels only earlier this year and is still awaiting approval.

"I have good demand for my cheese and I would be prepared to pay up to 25 per cent more for milk than the board normally charges. Yet I still can't get the board to give me the supplies I need at any price," he said.

Deliveries from the 90



Dairy made: John Clothier sampling the produce of his cheese farm at Wyke Champflower, Somerset

farms in the Mendip Hills from which Mr Clothier gets most of his milk have been cut and the board is even withholding part of the output

from the dairy's own herd of 1,300 Friesians. Milk production from the herd cannot be increased because of the quota limit.

Mr Clothier, who believes the system is propping up inefficient farmers in other countries, expects little help from the reform of the CAP,

being discussed in Brussels, which would cut the milk quota still further. He would like all quotas and price protection abolished.

Woman dies trying to rescue sheep

A holidaymaker died in a shallow, fast-flowing stream in Snowdonia after she and a friend attempted to rescue a sheep caught in barbed wire.

Patricia Prior, 40, was found near Nant Peris, Gwynedd, after an accident on Saturday night. She was lying in less than 9 inches of water, with her neck caught in a steel fence across the river, police said.

Mrs Prior, of Matfield, Kent, is believed to have fallen while trying to cross the river after her friend, John Tucker, 37, of Burwash, East Sussex, had done so. Mr Tucker lost sight of her when he climbed down a bank to free the sheep. He retraced their steps and discovered the body.

A couple were rescued from the river Conwy in Gwynedd early yesterday after their dinghy capsized. Murray and Jennifer Taylor, of Caerwys, Clwyd, were taken to hospital suffering from exposure.

Lockerbie's lessons learnt

A blueprint for dealing with emergencies, drawn up by Dumfries and Galloway council after the Lockerbie disaster, is being distributed to local authorities, police and fire chiefs.

It lays down a management structure aimed at responding quickly to a crisis, minimising communication problems and simplifying co-ordination between official and voluntary agencies.

Bomb scare

Twelve families were evacuated near an army recruitment office in King's Lynn, Norfolk, while police carried out controlled explosions on a stolen car parked outside. The car, which was found to be safe, is thought to have been abandoned by joyriders.

Body pair freed

Two women arrested after a body was exhumed in Bradford, West Yorkshire, have been freed by police. The body of Mohammed Azam, 47, was exhumed last week after police received information alleging that he had been poisoned.

Police claim

Eric Evans, 57, of Old Colwyn, Cwyd, former deputy chief constable of North Wales, has lodged a claim for constructive dismissal, alleging that he was forced to quit. A hearing has been fixed for next month.

Monk fish

A 500-year-old fish has been found by archaeologists excavating the kitchen area at Mount Grace Priory, a fourteenth century Carthusian monastery near Northallerton, North Yorkshire.

Bond winners

Winners in the weekly National Savings Premium Bonds prize draw: £100,000, bond number 11WL 526582, from Leicester, value of holding £750. £50,000, 14KS 412738, Inverness £320. £25,000, 13LB 703710, Southampton, £185.

Diet fad takes a pounding

BY RAY CLANCY

EASTER eggs, chocolate bunnies and marzipan laden simnel cakes should be enjoyed over the next few days without fear of piling on the pounds, according to a new campaign aimed at convincing women that dieting is a nasty word.

Closely following the example of American women who have launched a craze for smashing weighing scales, women in Britain are attacking the "thin is good" message promoted by fashion magazines, television programmes and clothes shops.

Mary Evans Young, who has expanded her management stress counselling workshops to cover dieting, said: "I know women who are size 12 and can pinch only a centimetre of fat around their waist, yet are convinced they are overweight."

She found that many of the women that she spoke to at her workshops were addicted to dieting and were unhappy as a result. She said: "The fad has become so bad that nobody asks why you are on a diet, they just accept it is a normal part of a woman's lifestyle."

She is urging women to take stock, to follow the American example and to rebel against a lifetime submission to food fads and diets.

"The diet industry is a con," Ms Young said. "Diets make you miserable, they cause a lot of stress and they don't work." She is holding two diet workshops in London in May and June.

Bigger is better
L&T section, page 4

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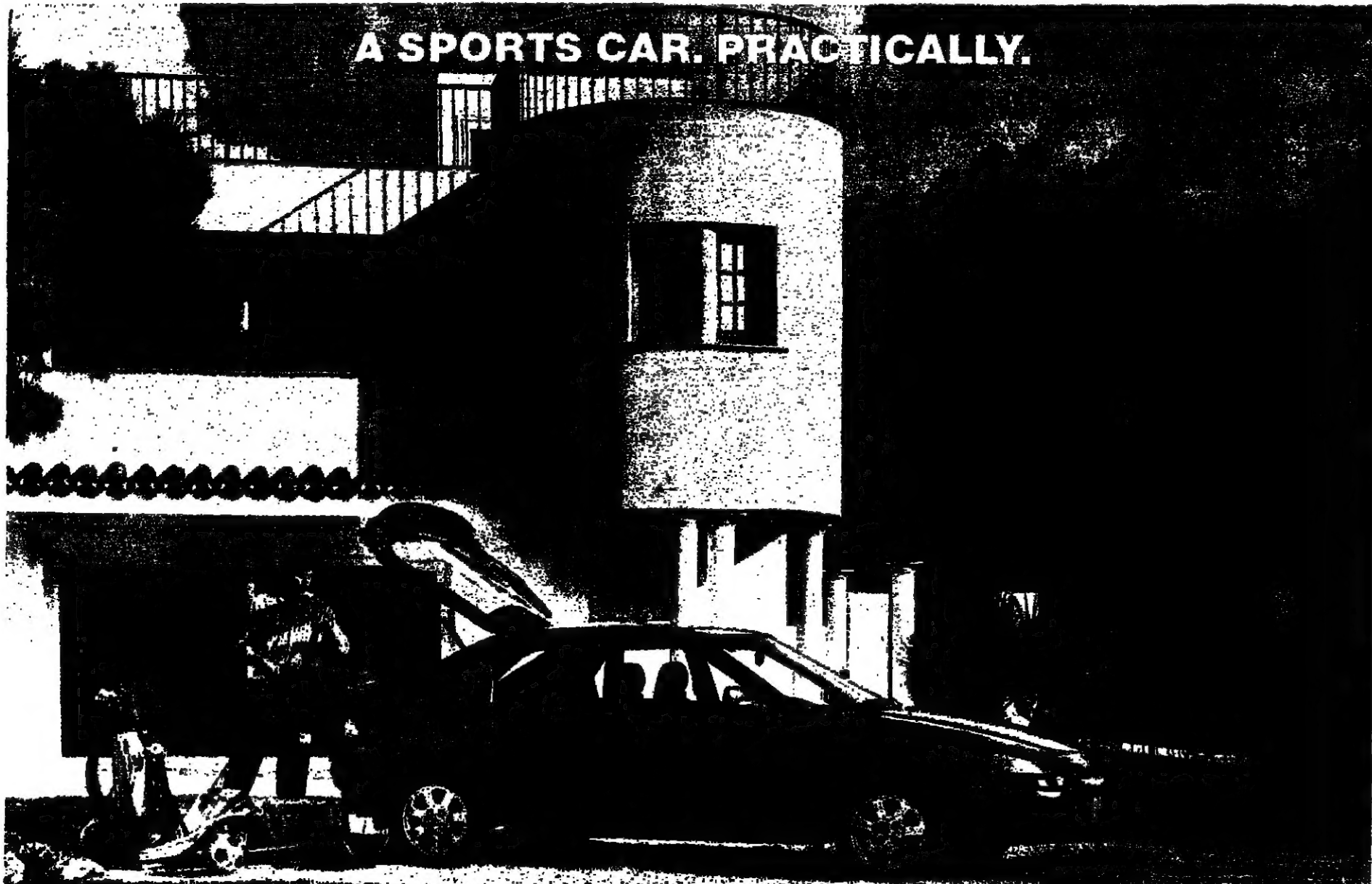
Which in turn have helped it to be listed as one of

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Mazda
Building Excitement

Hundreds to race over sea and hills

BY KERRY GILL

THE Isle of Jura Scottish peaks race, one of the most exhausting ways of spending a weekend, involving sailing and fell running, has attracted a record entry of almost 70 boats.

Boats ranging from fast multi-hulls to big sail training craft will set off from Oban Bay on the west coast of Scotland next month in the race which takes in the isles of Mull, Jura and Arran before the finish at Troon on the Ayrshire coast.

To put the teams in the right mood before the start, the runners from each vessel are sent on a six-mile dash. They are then rowed out to their yachts and the gruelling race begins. It lasts from noon on Friday, May 15, until some time on the Sunday, or even the Monday if boats become lost in the notoriously changeable weather.

Vessels are not allowed to use engines and can be delayed by conditions ranging from flat calm to storms.

Each team, comprising three yachtsmen and two fell runners, sails more than 160 miles, climbs a total of more than 11,000 feet and runs the equivalent of three marathons.

Peaks to be conquered include Ben More on Mull, the Paps of Jura and Goat

Fell on Arran. While the runners rest between climbs, the sailors have to contend with some of the most difficult waters on the British coast.

Entrants come from a broad range of backgrounds. This year there are two police teams, a group of doctors, an all-female group and, in the youth category, entries from the RAF, Dartmouth naval college and various schools.

For the "Everest Doctors" team the race will provide an important training exercise for a medical and mountaineering trip to the Himalayas in 1994. One member of the team has decided to speed things up by paragliding from the top of Goat Fell instead of running down.

Curly Mills, the organiser, said that ten years after the first race, which had only eight entries, there was still the same sense of enjoyment despite the huge growth in interest. "While the introduction of classes means that there are a number of boats which are competing for first place in their class, the challenge for the majority is simply to finish. Last year only 34 of the 54 teams that started the race succeeded," he said.

Congress finally and b

Serial killer Soviet s



Bur beh

ALONG the... in a... growth... surrounded a... painted... the... Behind the... San... K... prisoner... She was... 1980 to... being the... democracy... She is... more...



Sau Kye... years of... the Nobel... October for... change when... was engaged in... Officials denounce... advocating a... democracy and... association with... ers opposed to the... junta. Her... among the... she has been... arrest. Her name...

EC cash squabble threatens food aid

VITAL food for tens of millions of people facing starvation in Africa may arrive too late because Britain, France and Denmark are arguing with the rest of the European Community about how to pay for it, Oxfam said yesterday.

More than 20 million people are short of food in the Horn of Africa, while 17 million face famine in southern Africa, and Community haggling over who should pay for a grain delivery to the continent could cause untold suffering, Oxfam said.

The EC's foreign ministers agreed in principle earlier this month to provide an extra 680,000 tonnes of grain to alleviate the potential disaster. Details should have been ready for Overseas Development ministers to implement when they met in Brussels on May 4. But Britain, France and Denmark may scupper early delivery by insisting that much of it be paid by redeploying money from existing budgets. The rest of the Community is believed to want to allocate new funds.

Aid organisations fear a famine of monumental proportions will take hold of southern Africa by August and, since it takes three months for the first sacks of grain to reach the region

Famine threatens millions in Africa while Europe cannot decide how to pay, writes Eve-Anne Prentice.

from the moment a decision is reached, delays could be catastrophic for the men, women and children who need help now.

"We are extremely concerned," said Liam Curran of Oxfam. "We understand they will not iron out these problems until after May 4. Given that places like Malawi will take four to six months to get donor aid, and that in Mozambique alone more than three million people are at risk, the delay could cause untold suffering."

A bleak forecast of unprecedented famine and the mass movement of refugees from vast areas of Africa has been made by the Food and Agriculture Organisation, World Food Programme and other agencies. Moves towards democracy in countries like Ethiopia and Zambia are likely to be undermined by the political unrest which walks with hunger.

The map of misery shows

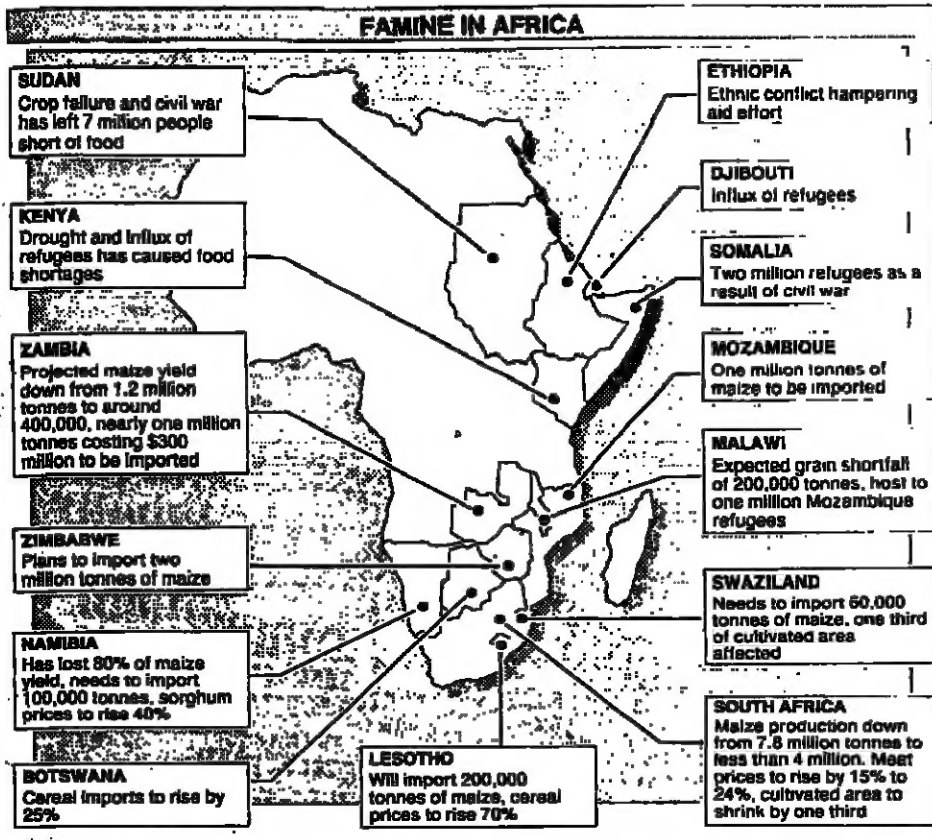
that in the Horn of Africa 23 million need food urgently in Ethiopia, Eritrea, Sudan, Somalia, Kenya and Djibouti. There are also seven million refugees in the region.

Although more open government has evolved in Ethiopia in the past year, ethnic conflict and banditry are hampering aid efforts in parts of the Ogaden.

In Sudan, crop failure and conflict between the government and the Sudan People's Liberation Army has left more than seven million people in urgent need of food. Aid agencies are particularly worried about 500,000 people who have fled to the desert outside Khartoum.

In Somalia, civil war has made refugees of two million of the country's seven million people. Kenya and Djibouti have been overwhelmed by a quarter of a million refugees from Somalia and Ethiopia and parts of Kenya are suffering drought.

In Southern Africa, the worst drought for decades has devastated crops in most countries of the region. A mission from the Food and Agriculture Organisation and other agencies has just returned from the area and warns that "only a massive international relief effort will avert widespread food short-



ages and famine later in the year". Cereal production in ten drought-affected countries — Zimbabwe, Angola, Botswana, Lesotho, Malawi, Mozambique, Swaziland, Tanzania, Namibia, and Zambia — will fall to half the normal 12 million tonnes, and South Africa's harvest could be reduced to just 30 per cent. Food stocks in Zimbabwe are reported to be at "a dangerously low level" and six million people are expected to need food aid by the end of this year. Zambia has declared a national disaster.

Oilmen rally round maverick billionaire

Oilmen sporting "Perot for President" buttons abound in Texas in a sign of the oilmen's growing discontent with their former colleague, President Bush. Billionaire H. Ross Perot's anti-Washington message has struck a chord among oilindependents, who believe their dwindling industry is being sacrificed for political expediency. Low oil and gas prices have caused thousands of independent companies to close.

Catholic bishops in Northern Italy have officially proposed Alde De Gasperi, the late Christian Democrat Party founder, for beatification, the first stage towards becoming a saint, raising a storm of protest from opponents of the tough-talking statesman who once called his Socialist enemies "repiles". The main sponsor of the controversial politician is Giovanni Maria Sartori, the archbishop of De Gasperi's native province of Trent.

FORMER president Mikhail Gorbachev, on a 10-day visit to Japan, is urging Japanese businessmen to invest in the

Commonwealth of Independent States. He told a regional session of Rotary International of Kyoto that investment was much needed in the Russian Far East.

Bankrupt Australian entrepreneur Alan Bond was flung to the ground and winded in



Bond: flung to ground by press photographer

a scuffle with a news photographer near his home in a Perth beach suburb. The Perth Sunday Times photographer, Peter Ramshaw, said he threw the tycoon to the ground when Bond tried to grab his camera.

Priest fears for Malawi bishops

FROM REUTER IN LUSAKA

JOHN Roche, the Irish bishop expelled from Malawi during the Easter weekend in a confrontation between the government and church, expressed fears yesterday for the safety of the Roman Catholic bishops he left behind.

"I am concerned about the other bishops now because the questions we are now asking are who is speaking in Malawi, who is in charge at this moment, and if they have taken this action against me what will happen to the other bishops?" he said from Chipata in eastern Zambia.

He was one of seven Catholic bishops and an auxiliary bishop to sign a pastoral letter on March 8 criticising the government of President Banda for its human rights record and calling for democratic reforms. President Banda, who is about 90, has ruled Malawi with an iron fist since independence from Britain in 1964.

Diplomats suggested that the expulsion could be part of a battle to ensure the succession of John Tembo, minister of state in the office of the president. The bishop arrived in Zambia on Saturday after three policemen and an immigration agent ordered him from his pulpit during Good Friday Mass, serving him with a 24-hour deportation order without giving a reason. He had worked in Malawi for 20 years.

De Klerk appeals for peace

FROM REUTER IN MORIA

PRESIDENT de Klerk, sharing a podium with South Africa's two most powerful black leaders for only the second time, yesterday appealed for peace to about one million black church members.

Mr De Klerk, Nelson Mandela, leader of the African National Congress, and Mangosuthu Buthe, head of the Inkatha Freedom party, gathered at the remote northern Transvaal headquarters of the Zion Christian Church for what was seen as a chance to bid for support ahead of non-racial elections.

It was the first time any of the three rivals for power in a post-apartheid South Africa had addressed the low-profile church which, with more than three million members, is one of the biggest in southern Africa.

President de Klerk appealed for an end to township violence which has killed 5,000 blacks in two years. In the latest township killing, gunmen shot dead a family of eight in Sharpeville south of Johannesburg early yesterday. Most of the family were ANC members.

Police said four men and four women, including two teenagers, died when unidentified attackers, armed with assault rifles and handguns, entered a house, ordered the occupants into a bedroom and opened fire. One person was injured.

Burma heroine kept behind closed doors

FROM ABBY TAN IN RANGOON

ALONG University Road, in a leafy suburb of Rangoon, coils of barbed wire surround a high fence painted green, courtesy of the Burmese military.

Behind the fence, Aung San Suu Kyi lives alone, a prisoner in her own home. She was arrested in July 1989 to prevent her from being the focus of pro-democracy demonstrations. She is vilified in official circles, more so after she won



Suu Kyi: nearly three years of house arrest

the Nobel peace prize last October for urging non-violent change when Rangoon was engulfed in civil strife. Officials denounce her for advocating a Western-style democracy and for alleged association with left-wingers opposed to the military junta.

Her prestige has grown among the opposition since she has been under house arrest. Her name helped the

National League for Democracy she co-founded take 80 per cent of the 485 seats in 1990's elections to the National Assembly. The junta then announced that her three years under arrest would be extended to five.

The junta claims that, largely because she bears an illustrious name, she is treated with kid gloves. Her late father, Aung San, is revered as a hero who fought for Burma's independence in 1948.

She is allowed to live in her own house and to have access to foreign radio and television broadcasts, a piano, local newspapers, and even exercise tapes.

Her British husband, Michael Aris, an academic and expert on Tibet, last saw her in December 1989. Last July she ceased communication with him and her two teenage sons, who are in Britain, after discovering her mail was being used by the authorities as evidence when journalists asked about reports of her being held incommunicado.

Officials say Daw Suu Kyi is "very demanding and arrogant". She is also accused of being un-Burmese. In a xenophobic country now closed to the outside world, being married to a foreigner is unacceptable.

American and European Community pressure for her release has only hardened the junta's resolve to keep her under arrest.

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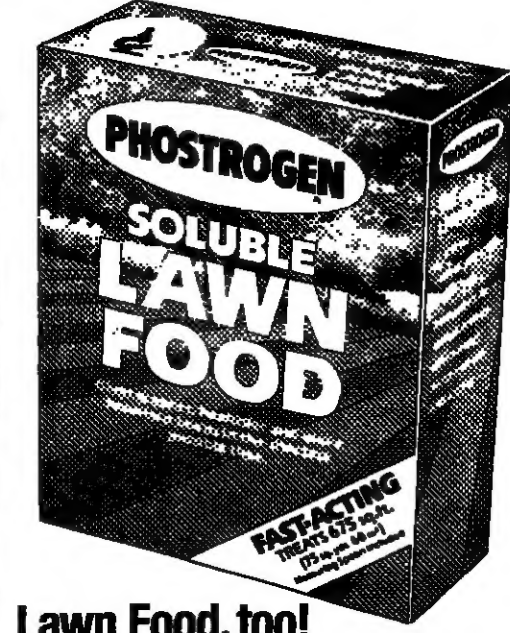
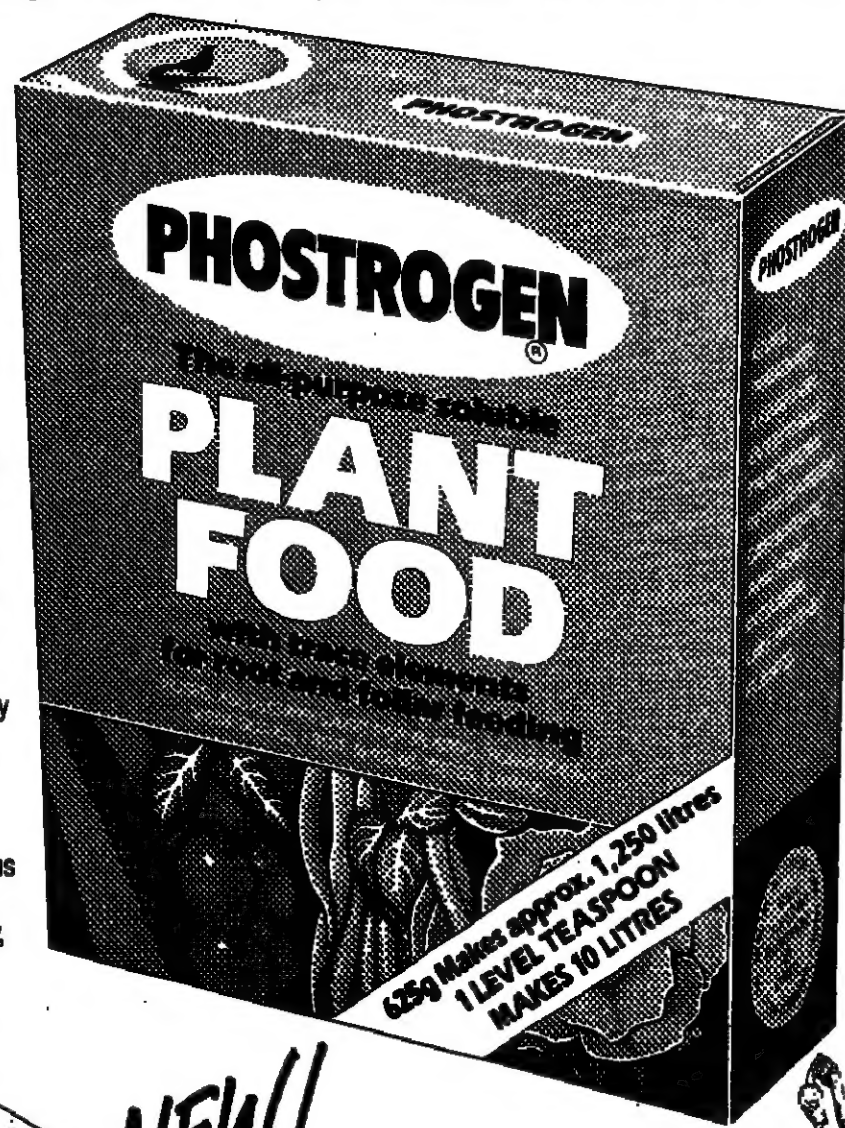
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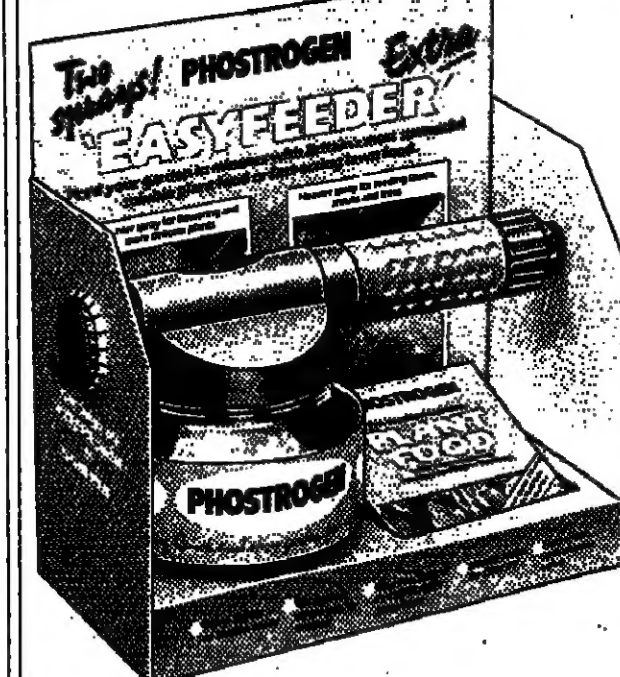
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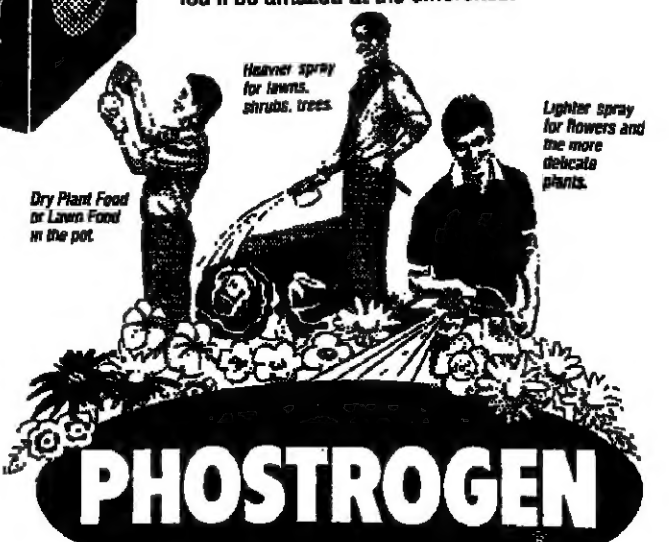
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A Tory cabinet for careerists

Major has chosen men who are on the inside looking out, says Peter Riddell

The new government has been widely regarded as unexciting. With just a few exceptions, it is a safe rather than an adventurous team, rising to, and through, obscurity. There have been none of the dramatic promotions or unorthodox appointments that Margaret Thatcher liked to make in her early days. But forming a government is rather like picking a cricket team, a comparison that has doubtless occurred to John Major as he muses over his top eleven of Surrey players or East Anglian MPs. Whatever you do, someone will criticise you. And you can only select from those available.

The point about the present cabinet and all the middle-ranking and junior ministers is that they compose probably the best team that Mr Major can find. There are few obvious anomalies — men and women languishing at ministerial level who should be in the cabinet, or talented MPs on the backbenches with obvious ministerial potential — both of which happened in Mrs Thatcher's day. In the Lords, apart from the new arrivals from the Commons, there has been the usual reshuffle of the Earl of Emsworth's more obscure advisers. The pool of talent is limited.

That is probably inevitable after 13 years in office. Most of the energetic newcomers in 1979 have disappeared, as a result of age, disagreement with Mrs Thatcher, or not being capable of handling senior posts. Of the 80-odd ministers and whips appointed by her in May 1979 only 14 still hold office, and most were then at the bottom of the ladder. There have been three cycles of cabinet teams. Michael Heseltine is the sole survivor of her original cabinet, and he has had what may be called interrupted service. The stars of the 1980s, such as Sir Geoffrey Howe, Nigel Lawson and Norman Tebbit, have all gone. Only five of the present cabinet reached that level before the 1987 election.

The high turnover of the cabinet might imply constant renewal and freshness. But it has not. I went through the new ministerial list to see how many I had heard express what might even charitably be described as an original thought. My estimate is perhaps seven or eight in the cabinet and only half a dozen outside, including new entrants to the government such as Nigel Forster and Jonathan Aitken. This is only partly a matter of ideology, or rather the declining influence of ideology at the top of the Tory party. Admittedly, some of the more original thinkers are what might crudely be dubbed Thatcherites, such as Michael Portillo or John Redwood. But the list also includes non-ideological Tories such as Douglas Hurd, John Patten, Robert Jackson and John Forster.

More important is the way in which ministers are recruited and promoted. Most of the present cabinet served a long apprenticeship as they climbed the ladder:

RIDDELL ON MONDAY

Mr Patten waited more than 11 years, Norman Lamont 10½ years and David Mellor and William Waldegrave nine years each. They may be experienced, but they have not looked at Whitehall from the outside, or regularly travelled on the Tube, for a very long time. They know the official machine and the official machine knows them. The qualities that commend MPs to the whips and lead them to be promoted — competence on the floor of the House of Commons and in ministerial committees — are those of the orthodox rather than the unorthodox. Over time most governments become more conformist. However, a positive feature of the recent batch of middle and junior ministers is that Mr Major, like a popular Test selector, has gone back to some of those passed over by his predecessor, such as Mr Aitken, Mr Forster, Charles Wardle, Tony Nelson and, with a bow to family tradition and Edwardian style, Nicholas Soames, Sir Winston Churchill's grandson.

The ministers may be experienced, but they have not regularly travelled on the Tube for a very long time

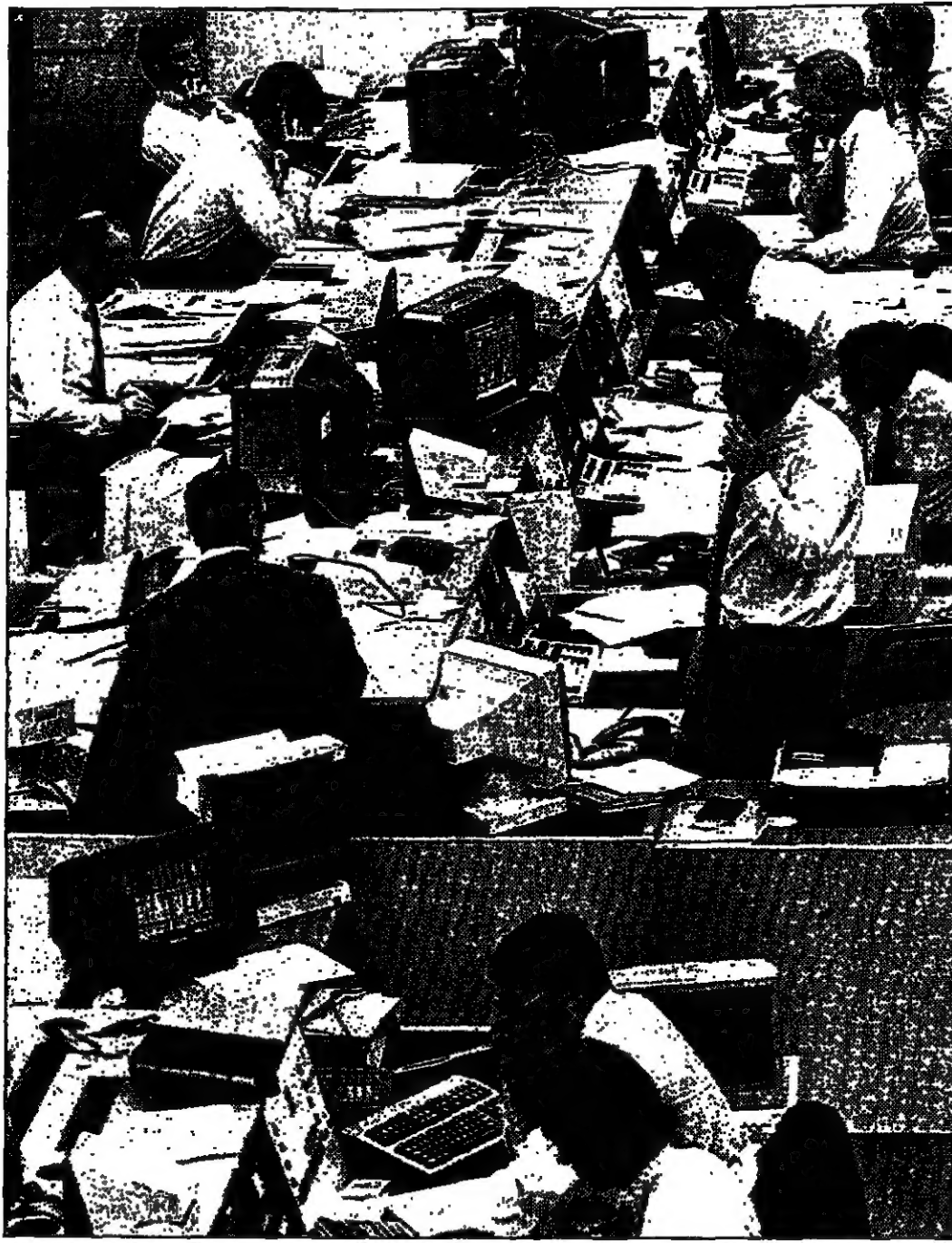
With his loud socks and even louder laugh, Mr Soames may have a hard time in the Commons dealing with Dennis Skinner and showing that he can be a serious minister as well as a character. He is a rare touch of colour, and is more welcome than Edwina Currie would have been if she had accepted Mr Major's offer of a post. She will not be missed.

Prime ministers can, of course, recruit only from the closed shop of the Commons. And that is increasingly made up of career politicians who have committed themselves to becoming MPs when young and who have never had a "real" job independent of politics. Any work has been secondary to advancing their political ambitions. Their experience is often narrow — as trade union officials, local councillors, special advisers in Whitehall, party workers and political consultants. Some of the brightest new entrants to the Commons, such as Peter Mandelson and David Willetts, come from this group. This background may fit them to rise the ladder of preferment, but it gives them little outside experience. Career politicians tend to be adept operators of the machine rather than original thinkers about politics.

It is no good complaining that there are no longer any Bradmans or Comptons around when the present pool of talent offers only the occasional Graham Gooch, Robin Smith or Ian Botham. Just as one-day cricket has narrowed the Test selectors' options, so the rise of the career politician and a long period in office has limited any prime minister's choice. Mr Major has done the best he can. What he now has to ensure is that his chosen team does not get stale.

Bernard Levin asks why the Reichmanns and other rich men risk all to make even more

That's the way the money goes



What shall it profit a man? The lure of stocks and shares goes beyond their power to enrich

Coincidences can be cruel. Here are the brothers Reichmann, of Olympia & York, with a debt of 19 billion dollars (Canadian dollars, to be sure, but that number of even those would strain most men's jacket pockets), awaiting a solution to their troubles. And just when the Reichmanns didn't want to be reminded of the truth that for every sky-rocket there is a stick, enormous headlines announce the end of the happy hours of Alan Bond, who was once so rich that he had a daily delivery of noughts, but is now officially bankrupt, and none so poor to do him reverence.

For many years, I used to harbour a secret wish that there would be a nuclear war, not out of a misanthropic rage against humanity but because it was likely to knock down the Trump Tower in New York. Similarly, I bear no ill-will towards the Reichmanns, but it seems possible that the ultimate outcome of their plight may encompass the demolition of Canary Wharf. My old rumour used to urge me to look on the bright side, and I would like to, but the trouble with Canary Wharf is that it has four identical sides, and your guess is as good as mine when it comes to saying which is the bright one.

I don't want to upset anybody, particularly on a bank holiday, but I was irresistibly reminded of Canary Wharf — many of you, I am sorry to say, will have had the same image spring to mind when I read of cases of alleged sexual harassment; this turned upon an office in which there was a distribution, at Christmas, of chocolate penises. (Would you please note that I do not make the news, I comment upon it. Some were accompanied by whipped cream, others not.) But the question is: did the Canary Wharf architect do it deliberately, or did he — er — miss the point?

I suppose most of us would like to be immensely rich, and although for most of us it remains a dream, I have always thought that although almost all newspapers put their financial pages at the back, or in a separate section, they are underestimating the interest in the news of money — who has made lots, who looks like going smash, how much Moonbeams Inc have paid for Cucumbers plc, which shares have risen and which have sagged.

I do not believe that the interest shown in money by so many people is a form of *Schadenfreude*. They do not, I am sure, lick their lips with pleasure when some great magnate is brought low, though the exception, of course, is the high street banks; whenever (it has been twice weekly as far back as I can remember) one of them announces another irretrievable loss of some hundreds of millions incurred by lending it to President Mobutu on note of hand alone, the very same high streets are soon filled from side to side with merry-makers. But nor do I believe that reading about monetary coups makes people think that they, too, could turn the magic key to Aladdin's cave.

To some extent, I think it is akin to the excitement of gambling as a spectator, with all the fun and none of the danger. We all dream of winning the pools jackpot, but although of course we would like to have a couple of million pounds — to buy a bigger house, to take early retirement, to travel the world in luxury — it is the excitement, not the avarice, that is uppermost in most people's minds.

I go further; I think most people would like to see the Brothers Reichmann find a way out of their troubles, if only because the church-path of getting into 19 billion Canadian greenbacks of debt is so

breath-taking that it deserves applause. (I think it was Kean who played Shylock so powerfully that at the moment of the villain's fall a member of the audience cried out, "The poor man is wronged!")

The biggest mystery is the most obvious one: why do men who have hundreds of millions safely stowed go on stowing, even though the new money brings danger with it? You don't have to be as monomaniacal as Tiny Rowland to be classed as obsessive; but why incur the classification in the first place? Gold is beautiful, valuable and does not tarnish; but I cannot believe that that is why it has been elevated to something almost godly. If you think I am coming it too strong, try to count the metaphors attached to that strange, passionately coveted metal, and see if anything else that can be dug out of the earth has been pressed into service so far beyond its literal borders.

The greatest double meaning to be found in money raises its head in *Timon of Athens*. It is Shakespeare's most terrible nightmare, and it is easy to see why it is so rarely revived: *Timon's* offer to

accommodate on his favourite tree as many Athenians as wish to hang themselves must strike a chord (may, a cord) in a good many members of the emerging audience. With *Timon*, Shakespeare comes closer than in any other of his plays to a real rejection of humanity: at the end even of *Leontes* ("vex not his ghost") there is a resolution that cannot be missed, despite the horrors that have gone before, but the chill that *Timon* spreads takes days to shake off.

The figure of the miser is a fascinating one, and one that I think bears out what I am saying. For the miser has taken his heart to the ultimate limit: he has the money, but does nothing with it, except — it is the familiar scene — to open his strongboxes and run the gold through his fingers.

The actual mechanics that were used to arrive at 19 billion dollars in the hole are, of course, beyond me; beyond all of us, I imagine. Do they do it in the gambler's way — one more throw and I shall recoup all my losses? Some do, I suppose, but it is inconceivable that the

Reichmanns did; there was nothing flamboyant or risky in their lives, their business or even their dismay. Incidentally, the photographs of Brother Paul puzzle me: does he brush his hair in an odd style, or is he wearing a yarmulka? Well, the latter would be appropriate for a nice Jewish boy like that, and he would always be ready for a prayer when the next billion goes astray.

There is another, very different, aspect of money: the crime to which it leads. I have a memory that illustrates that connection — but let me tell the story in full. The office in which I then worked was just off a main road which was replete with shops of all kinds. But this was before late-night shopping and even before supermarkets. Mindful of those who worked late, sensible entrepreneurs had installed, here and there, machines which dispensed cartons of milk. From time to time, when I had forgotten to visit the grocer ("grocer", forsooth; that dates me!), I would get some milk from the machine and take it home.

The machine was about the size of a fairly large refrigerator, and

held, I suppose, something like 120 or 150 half-pints of milk. One evening, after I had finished my work and left my desk, I went round the corner for some milk and to my surprise found that the machine had gone. There was a newspaper seller nearby, and I asked him if he knew why the machine had been removed. He told me that it had been stolen.

Just think. The thieves would have needed a crane or similar device, together with instruments for prising the thing out of its niche. In addition, they would have needed a substantial van or lorry for their getaway. And for what? A few gallons of milk and at most a few pounds in sixpences. Surely the thieves' enterprise could have been channelled into a legitimate course, where such cool heads (remember, it was a main road) would have been sure to prosper. Yet they not only preferred to break the law than keep it; they broke the law for a wretched pittance.

Extrapolate from that story. Our prisons must contain hundreds of men whose lives alternate between being behind bars and living high on the hog, and who, if they put their minds and strength to it, could live just as high on the hog without the intervals of prison. Again and again we are struck by the ingenuity of criminals when the charge is read out, and feel that with all that cleverness, why not go straight? The work could not be harder, indeed it would most likely be a genuinely cushy number compared with another year's porridge, and more remunerative as well. But the criminal mind is something too alien for me to offer any opinion on it.

Remember Robert Maxwell? Towards the end, when the sand was running out, reality broke in; but remember that for very many years he had been thriving, swindling, forging, lying and enjoying himself enormously. Did he think through those years, that he would never be found out? Or did he bank on the thought that he would die in criminal harness and let the world find out when he was gone? And his timing, you must admit, was almost good enough; another few years and he would not have needed to step off the yacht. Mind you, there is another riddle to unravel: did he need to be a crook? Could he not have made his millions honestly? Or — as I think — do he and those like him live in an imaginary world, refusing to recognise the real one, so that the things he did were not to him in any way strange?

And now for the national lottery: be ready with pitchforks, ducking-stools and blunderbusses, for as sure as day follows night the government will, if we let it, declare a top prize of, say, £75, on the ground that a larger sum might unsettle the winner. No; let it be millions, many millions, lots and lots of millions, so that some lucky devil will be rich beyond any reasonable doubt, and the rest of us can murmur *O si sic omnes*, or at least "me next week".

Come, we mustn't finish on so greedy a note. Once upon a time there was a mighty king, the richest in all history. He mounted his golden throne, with his golden sceptre in his hand, his very garments made of the same precious metal. Then he turned to his holy man, and said, "See — here I sit amid more gold than has ever been heaped up anywhere; how much am I worth then?"

The holy man bowed low and spoke. "Sire," he said, "the saviour of the world was bought and sold for thirty pieces of silver. Shall we say twenty-nine?"



...and moreover MATTHEW PARRIS

From where I was sitting the Mickey Mouse balloons were directly in my line of vision to the devotional Easter float. They danced before the silver cross. The float swayed a little drunkenly, borne up by the 24 little legs of 12 children who could not see where they were going, bent beneath their heavy load of purple flowers, jewelled crosses and guttering candles. Their ankles were just visible beneath the float's crimson silk skirts. Trying to shuffle to the rhythm of the music the children imparted to the float a sort of melancholy jive. The Mickey Mouse balloons bobbed more lightly in the evening air, their vendor twanking strings to attract attention. I sipped my beer and watched.

Easter in Granada is cool and sunny and a mostly Spanish occasion, although there was a sprinkling of German and French tourists in the square near the cathedral where I sat. Yards from the Easter procession, hot potatoes were on sale. A woman had set up a converted 44-gallon drum: a charcoal oven. Steam and smoke mingled with the incense as sacramental cloths brandished on silver poles moved slowly past the potatoes. No one saw any incongruity — no more than when, moments later, a man arrived crawling on his knees behind the procession, head too bowed with pain to notice the incense grins on the faces of Mickey Mice. The Roman Catholic Church finds no difficulty in gathering Mickey, Minnie and

our Lady of Sorrows in the same embrace. After all, its friends would say, the church is catholic. After all, its critics would say, it is vulgar.

On the kiosk behind the balloons was a poster depicting the Virgin Mary. She was emerging from a broken heart, opened into two halves and shown in full colour and some detail. The poster was from the Electricity Company of Seville. From the other side of the square there now arose a distraction. Four Peruvian Indians in ethnic dress had set up their band with loudspeakers. They did not directly challenge the Easter procession, but waited for lulls, then chimed in with Inca flutes, drums and maracas. Elements of the crowd gathered round the Peruvians and applauded. But soon the pagan interruption was over. Drums from the military section of the Christian forces summoned us back. The pointy-heads were arriving.

These were an extraordinary sight. Dressed head to toe in purple cloaks, their garment proceeded to a pinnacle about 18 inches above their heads. You could not see their eyes, just black holes in the satin. They looked like Ku Klux Klan followers. The effect was intimidating.

An army of purple pointy-heads, about 50 strong, shuffled past in formation. Some held ropes, apparently drawing forward the next float. This featured an image of Christ in agony, surrounded by candles and rising from a bed of white

and pink gladioli. A platoon of scarlet-pinked, powdered, blue, black and finally white pointy-heads followed, quick-stepping eyeslantly forward.

The crowd fell silent at the arrival of these phantoms. I was told the theory is that they are penitent souls and wish to remain anonymous. But their aspect excites fear, not pity.

There were also paramilitary squads of young men in uniform. These marched with the same blank expressions of obedience and collective menace that marching soldiers always show, whether marching to massacre or redemption.

After the soldiers came the police in their three-cornered hats, then more pointy-heads, then the Virgin Mary on a bed of roses brandishing a bleeding heart, then men in suits, local politicians, obviously. As they marched on, a brisk trade in hot potatoes resumed, and a Mickey Mouse balloon floated free.

And the reason for the Ku Klux pointy-heads struck me. The church in Spain has gone a stage further than our own church, which exists to fight evil. The Spanish church has got the Devil on side. The message of this procession was clear: "You have nowhere to hide: even evil has been bent to our purpose. Join us, or perish."

It struck me that Protestants make great play of the Devil and his power. But in Granada this weekend the Devil had come over. All the best people had: everyone who mattered. Beelzebub was on board.

Small seizure in Seville

INTERNATIONAL relations at Expo 92, which opens today in Seville, have suffered a blow following the seizure by the local drug squad of one of the Bolivian contingent's main exhibits.

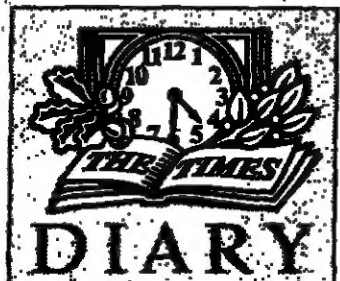
The Bolivians had planned to give visitors a taste of coca, the plant from which cocaine is produced, in an attempt to rehabilitate its image. Their plans were dashed when the Seville drug squad seized 17lb of coca leaves destined for the Bolivian pavilion, on the grounds that it is considered a drug under the terms of the Vienna Convention.

Juan Carlos Calderón, architect of the Bolivian exhibition, points out that it takes 100 kilos of leaves to make one gram of cocaine. "Really, we want to fight the scourge of cocaine and show the ancient medicinal benefits of coca leaves," he says.

The Bolivians had intended to hand out the leaves, which suppress hunger and act as a mild stimulant, to visitors to chew in Indian style.

They could have done with some at the Kangaroo pub. Expo's biggest bar, where Spanish customs officials have confiscated all the chunky meat pies, a traditional Aussie delicacy. "We had hoped to sell at least 100,000," says the director, Greg Campbell, "but they claim the EC prohibits the importation of frozen processed beef. We've had to destroy the first consignment."

The loss of the pies comes after Expo officials banned the sale of Australian beer. The Kangaroo pub, which expects 16,000 visitors a day, can serve only the Spanish Cruzcampo beer, the official brew for Expo 92.



● The former Western craze for strutting enjoyed a brief revival in Moscow recently when a publisher, his wife and two others strolled stark naked down the city's main shopping precinct and open air market, the *Shtyrbat*, in an attempt to raise the profile of the city's incipient nudist movement. Moscow shoppers took their antics in good part but the authorities were less relaxed. Nikolai Baransky and his three companions, who call themselves the *Starlings*, have been accused of "malicious hooliganism, marked by exceptional cynicism".

Diabolical drought

HOLY WATER from the Anglican shrine to Our Lady at Walsingham is being rationed to preserve dwindling supplies. The well appeared 900 years ago but the 250 pilgrims who go to the Norfolk town each weekend from Easter onwards have been over-zealous with their water cans in past years, some of them turning up with five-gallon containers.

This Easter the latest issue of the *Walsingham Review* makes an impassioned plea for pilgrims to take small bottles only. The Rev Roy Fellows, the administrator of the shrine, says: "We have had four

dry winters as well as four dry summers."

The Virgin Mary is said to have appeared in the 11th century to Lady Richelda, a Norfolk woman, and asked her to build a replica of her house in Nazareth. During the ensuing building project, Lady Richelda discovered the well, fed by underground springs.

Easter weekend is the busiest for Walsingham, which also has a Roman Catholic shrine. Hundreds of people are expected to make an Easter pilgrimage today. They will be drawing water until November. Fellows says: "I hope pilgrims show restraint, especially when the National Pilgrimage comes in May. If people bring big containers that day it will be chaos."

Di day?

THE MANAGEMENT at Thorpe Park in Surrey is hoping that the Princess of Wales's visit with her sons over the weekend will become an Easter tradition. The young royals spent last Easter enjoying the delights of the theme park's Thunder River. This year they were back with their mother to brave the newest ride, the Depth

Does your dad know you're here



Charge. Alan Randall, head of marketing at Thorpe Park, says the royal visit was spontaneous and staff found out only the night before. "They queued along with everyone else for the attractions," he says.

Well, not quite like anyone else. The royal group was escorted by the general manager, Colin Dawson, and trailed by a bevy of press photographers. The approval of the royal children could not have come at a better time for Thorpe, which faces increased competition from the newly opened Euro Disney. "Having the Princess of Wales here certainly does us no harm," says Randall.

● Such is the plight of London's leading hotels that the Ritz has been reduced to introducing gimmicks to attract customers. It and its sister hotels, the Stafford and the Dukes, are offering free flights to the United States to customers staying a week or more. A single room at the Ritz for a week costs £1,540, and in return guests can fly free with British Airways but only on economy class flights, a novel experience for most guests. Their preferred mode of travel — Concorde — costs £5,810 return, the equivalent of a month's stay at the Ritz.

Lost deposits

DIGGING into their pockets this weekend were Marjorie Mowlam, Adam Ingram and Rhodri Morgan who lost a bet on the outcome of the general election with the member for Chelmsford, Simon Burns. But Burns remains magnanimous in victory. Frank Dornan, who lost his bet with Aberdeen South and is not obliged to cough up, "It would be cruel to insist on it. I'll be asking the other three for my liver," says Burns.

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Congress deputies finally close ranks and back Yeltsin

FROM MARY DEJEVSKY IN MOSCOW

A DWINDLING number of Russian congress deputies completed two potentially troublesome items of business over the weekend — the matter of a new constitution, and Russia's policy towards the former Soviet republics. Both were dispatched with minimal damage to President Yeltsin and his radical government, leaving conservative deputies to wonder what had happened to their counter-attack of the previous weekend.

Discussion of a new constitution followed several days of tedious line-by-line consideration of amendments to the existing constitution. That so much time was lavished on

the old constitution suggested that the new one, compiled by a parliamentary commission, stood little chance of approval, and so it turned out.

Having pleased Russian Khasbulatov, the chairman of parliament, by refusing to consider any rivals to the parliamentary commission's new constitution, deputies then infuriated him by opting for the coolest form of approval they were offered. Presented with three choices: to approve the draft "as the basis" (for a new constitution), to approve it "in general", or to approve it "as the general conception for continued work", they plumped for the last. The draft will now go back to the

commission and to parliament, where it could remain for a very long time.

This will suit Mr Yeltsin and his allies well because the version drafted by the parliamentary commission would reduce the power of the executive vis à vis the legislature. Mr Yeltsin's allies managed to strengthen his position further by ensuring that the motion on the constitution stipulated that the president be consulted on specific clauses of the draft dealing with relations between the president and parliament.

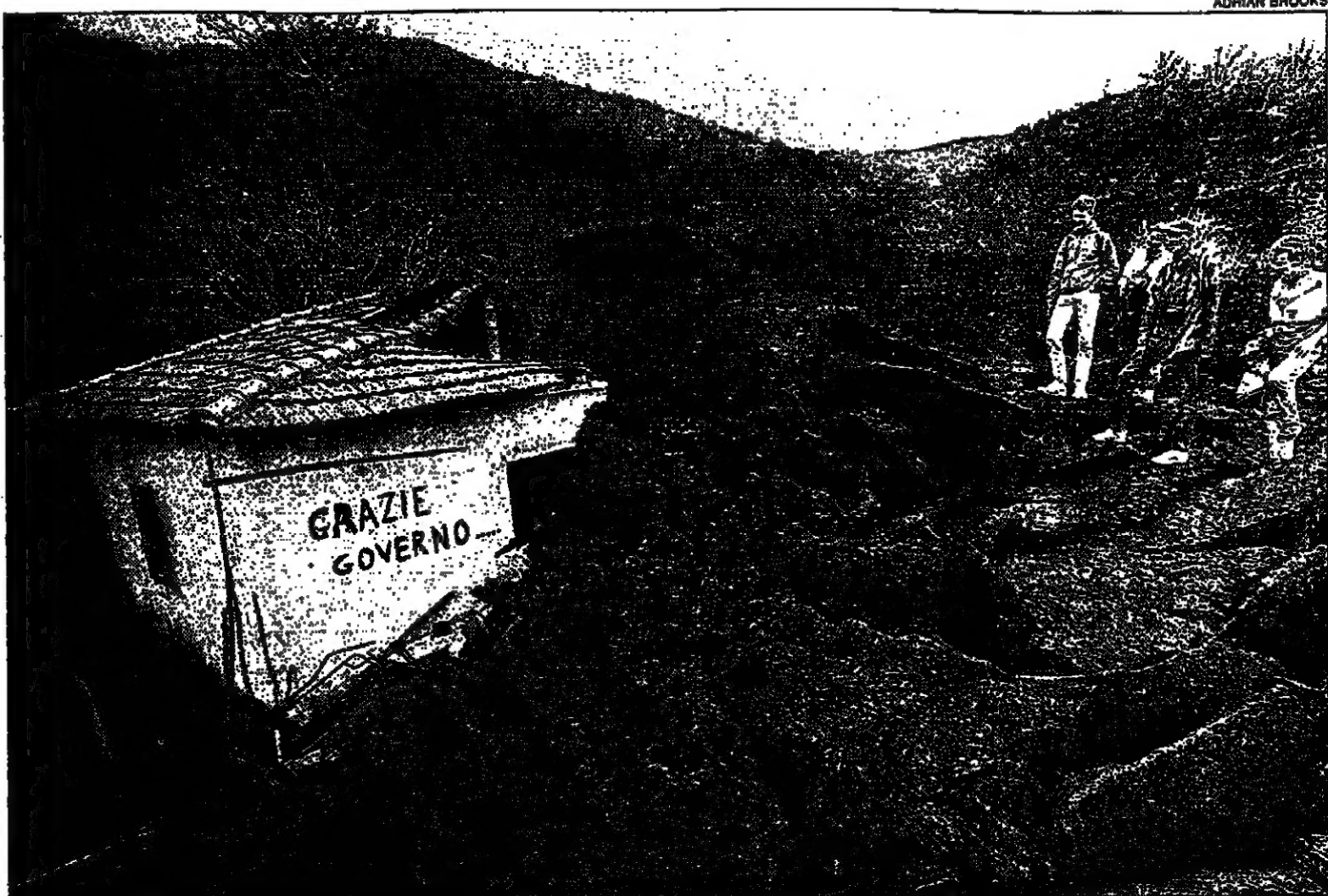
A 40-minute address by Andrei Kozyrev, the Russian foreign minister, also left the Yeltsin team almost unscathed. Some showed time-tabling — Mr Kozyrev spoke at the end of the day, when little time was left for questions and none for discussion — gave unhappy conservative deputies no opportunity to whip up dissension, and the vexed subject of Russia's diminished place in the world may not return to the congress agenda.

Mr Kozyrev, already unpopular for his somewhat wilting manner and halting speech, brought the nationalist-minded congress some even more unpopular messages. In general, he told them that Russia's priority was to mend its fences with the former Soviet republics which were now fully independent states and could not be ordered around. Specifically, he told them that any belligerence towards Ukraine, on the subject of either the Black Sea fleet or Crimea, would be inappropriate on the eve of negotiations.

In passing, he revealed that Russia would not raise the issue of Crimea and whether it should return to Russian jurisdiction so long as Ukraine was part of the Commonwealth of Independent States. The implicit threat was that if Ukraine moves to leave the commonwealth the price could be its jurisdiction over Crimea.

Such niceties of language, however, were beyond most of the 800 or so deputies who had bothered to turn up for Saturday's session. Tired, punch-drunk on petty politicking and the small print of amendments, frustrated from two weeks of living out of suitcases in tiny shared hotel rooms, most of the deputies have had more than enough.

Mr Yeltsin bowed out more than a week ago, and is expected back in the hall only on the closing day (perhaps tomorrow). His absence has left observers wondering why he does not let his government just govern.



Molten mayhem: tourists walk on warm lava from Mount Etna, Sicily, to collect lumps as souvenirs. The lava began oozing down the mountain again at the weekend as stormy weather hampered efforts by American and Italian troops to

disperse a fast-flowing underground river of lava near the mountain top at 7,800 feet (Philip Puller writes). Heavy cargo helicopters from the US Marine Corps lowered two-tonne cement blocks

around a hole over the flow. The blocks could be dropped into the hole today, weather permitting, in an attempt to force the lava to rise, disperse and cool. Lava from a reopened fissure at about 3,500 feet posed no immediate threat to the village of Zafferana and its

7,000 people. But experts feared it could join up with the most advanced tip of lava, about half-a-mile from the village, within 48 hours. Villagers yesterday prayed that the four-month-old eruption would stop. (Reuters)

Serial killer blames Soviet sufferings

FROM VANORA BENNETT IN ROSTOV-ON-DON

ANDREI Chikatilo, Russia's most vicious serial killer, who has confessed to 55 brutal sex murders, suffered torments as a child during the most active period of Soviet repression, his psychiatrist said.

"What he lived through in his childhood was dreadful. When he started telling me about his life, it was already the story of his illness," Andrei Chikatilo said in an interview. "It started from his earliest childhood." Dr Chikatilo started working with police in 1984 to

track down the mystery killer who rampaged through southern Russia, Ukraine and Uzbekistan for 12 years, raping and murdering adolescents of both sexes with a knife, a rope and his teeth.

Chikatilo, a former school teacher and active Communist party member, was arrested in 1990 for 53 murders and has since admitted 55, showing police the burial places of teenagers whose deaths had not even been recorded. He made the con-

fessions to Dr Chikatilo in the 16 months he spent in a KGB isolation cell before his trial started. If convicted, he faces the death penalty.

The 56-year-old prisoner told the psychiatrist his brother had been cannibalised by starving peasants during a famine in Ukraine in the 1930s, caused by the collectivisation of privately owned farmland.

"He was told by his nearest and dearest about an older brother who disappeared at four years old and was never seen again," Dr Chikatilo said. "He remembers the year as 1934 or 1935. He was told the child was kidnapped, stolen and eaten. He found out about it when he was four. He reacted with such terror to the idea that it was possible to kidnap and eat a child that he remembered it all his life."

The families which swept Ukraine and large parts of Russia after collectivisation in the 1930s were never recorded. The fate of many Soviet soldiers, captured by Nazi Germany in the second world war and imprisoned as traitors when they returned home, was also never written into official history. Chikatilo's father was one.

"The child was brought up as the son of an enemy of the people, a traitor," Dr Chikatilo said. His suffering as a child contributed to his becoming an adult uncannily like the psychological portrait Dr Chikatilo drew up for police during the hunt — inhibited, usually impotent, unable to make friends and dogged by a feeling of his worthlessness. (Reuters)



Chikatilo: confessed to 55 sex murders

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Invading Serbs find alibi

Serbs claim
Bosnian Muslims
are preparing for a
holy war, writes
Anne McElvoy
from Bjelina

SPRING came to the Bosnian town of Bjelina yesterday. Apple blossom hung heavy on the boughs and the last traces of a late winter melted away in the afternoon sunshine.

But there were few promenaders on the streets and the handful of café-visitors sipped at their Turkish coffees, calmly exchanging views on events that have given this small town of 28,000 inhabitants the dubious privilege of being the first to be "liberated" by Serbian irregulars on a self-appointed mercy mission across an internationally recognised border.

Bjelina had a clear majority of Muslims but most fled when the Serbian Voluntary Guard came to town at the beginning of the month. The Serbs who now control Bjelina claim that 41 people from both communities died in the fighting here and that it was provoked by Muslims. The inhabitants say that the true figure was nearer a hundred, and there are also claims that the Muslims were goaded by local Serbs to fire and thus give the irregulars an excuse to move in.

Pero Simic, director of Bjelina's radio station sits underneath a picture of the Voluntary Guard's leader Arkan, flanked by faithful troops and bearing the inscription "Serbia Calls". This

scarcely explains what Arkan — a *nom de guerre* — is doing in Bosnia, as the government in Belgrade still swears blind that no Serbian units are crossing the Drina. Mr Simic toes the new propaganda line issued by the leadership of the Bosnian Serbs and gaining currency in Belgrade. This proclaims that the republic's Muslims are preparing for a *jihad* or holy war. Arkan, Mr Simic said, had been warmly welcomed by the moderate Muslim community who embraced him with the traditional gift of the sweet *bacalava*. Given the unannounced guest's reputation for violence — he conducted the brutally effective irregular campaign in eastern Croatia — this doubtless had more to do with self-preservation than hospitality. In truth, the Muslims here are largely secular and well-integrated.

Serbian propaganda has not yet decided how to handle the Muslims. One strand has it that Muslim extremist

paramilitary groups are responsible for the fighting and that the rest of the Muslim population is happy to live in the "Serb-autonomous Republic". Another goes for the grand conspiracy theory that all Muslims have become fundamentalists.

Mr Simic has a photograph of Serbs and Muslims gathered harmoniously at the funeral of a statue of King Peter of Serbia in 1935. "Now they support Pakistan, Libya and Croatia. Why does the West not realise that we are defending Europe against Islam as we did against the Turks?"

In one deserted coffee bar an unhappy-looking youth behind the bar repeated the rueful mantra of these parts. "We used to live together with no problems." Asked about his own origins he blushed before answering in a low voice that he was Muslim.

In nearby Lomica, on the Serbian side of the Drina, 12 Serb and Muslim refugees huddle in the small house of a kindly relative. They decline to talk about either political or religious rifts in Bosnia. "The leaders wanted this, not the people," said one young woman. Her grandmother, rocking to and fro with tears of anger pouring down her cheeks said "Darun religion."

Pope's message, page 12

Final scramble to get Expo's act together

FROM EDWARD OWEN IN SEVILLE

FRANTIC last-minute preparations were being carried out at the Expo '92 world fair, which King Juan Carlos will open in Seville today.

After the fifth fire on the 215-hectare site last Friday, which partly destroyed a second pavilion, there were many prayers that there would be no more mistakes.

At the weekend, workers at the world fair were surprised to see semi-naked dancers perform a ritual at the New Zealand pavilion. They were Maoris and their bishop was expelling evil spirits. It will be a daily ceremony.

Just across the Guadalquivir river from the fair site, the last procession of old Seville's Easter pageants took place. The narrow streets have been thronged with hooded brotherhoods and echoed to clinking chains, impassioned songs and brass bands as huge religious floats wavered on the shoulders of sweating labourers, the air thick with incense.

Matthew John Smith, a British welder, was released at the weekend, but had his passport impounded and faces charges of negligence. He had been installing the

fire protection system at the South Pacific Islands pavilion but had ignored warnings that sparks from his torch would ignite its palm-frond roof.

Virgilio Zapatero, the minister with responsibility for the fair, where 109 nations and 23 organisations are exhibiting, yesterday denied that work on the site had been disorganised. He told Radio Nacional: "A work of this type always has incidents and in some cases delays, but the important thing is that, as planned, on April 20 the king will cut the tape."

Emilio Cassinello, the Expo '92 commissioner-general, tried to allay fears of a terrorist attack by Basque separatists. A security force of 10,000 will guard the fair.

One Expo exhibitor said the biggest problem about the opening was that it followed the Easter holidays, with Seville packed with visitors. Many pavilions had been unable to bring in their most treasured exhibits because officials and drivers were not working.

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Leading article, page 11

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ONE CHURCH, ONE FAITH?

The Church of England is no stranger to the controversy which has again overshadowed its celebration of Easter. The Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr George Carey, yesterday delivered a trenchant Easter sermon in Canterbury Cathedral, defending against doubters the traditional doctrine of Christ's resurrection from the dead. Doubtless he had a pre-emptive eye on last night's television schedules, which promised a heavy attack on doctrinal orthodoxy from some of the church's most outspoken radicals. Dr Carey must be asking himself whether an occasional forthright sermon is sufficient response to this challenge. At what level of fragmentation does a church start to lose its coherent identity, even its integrity?

These are questions primarily for the Church of England's own leadership and membership. But by virtue of the Church of England's status, it is the Christian religion which is established by law, not some other. Unless and until it is disestablished, radical churchmen would do well not to assume the consent of the wider community to any fundamental changes in the church's beliefs. Last night's BBC television programme highlighted the existence of a body of clergy who claim just that degree of freedom.

They have named themselves the Sea of Faith Network, after an earlier television series based on the writings of the Rev Don Cupitt, Dean of Emmanuel College, Cambridge. Mr Cupitt is difficult to pin down, but occupies a position on the religious spectrum somewhere between Buddhism and atheism. It goes without saying that he and members of this group do not subscribe to a liberal bodily resurrection, nor indeed to anything resembling traditional Christian faith in life after death. They may call themselves Christians, but it is doubtful whether anybody else would. As Dr Carey said: "Belief in the resurrection is not an appendage to the Christian faith — it is the Christian faith."

The church has had to face doctrinal dissent in its ranks before — though not as radical as now — and has managed it successfully. In the 1830s Newman and his colleagues founded the Tractarian Movement partly as a counter-attack against

doctrinal liberalism; in 1863 Bishop John Colenso was sacked from the bishopric of Natal for taking liberalism to the point where he was accused of heresy. But in general liberalism has been contained, as a distinctive part of the Anglican mix. Many on-lookers found the *Honest to God* debate in the 1960s a stimulating attempt to reinterpret Christian belief in the light of modern thought. And everything settled down afterwards, largely because of an unwritten understanding that the challenge to orthodox belief would not be pushed too far.

When Dr Carey was named the next Archbishop of Canterbury in 1990, it was said that because he combined an evangelical background with considerable academic ability, he would lead a formidable counter-attack against theological liberalism in the church. His Easter sermon made many good points. But the galaxy of Anglican belief continues to expand, with the furthest extremes moving away from each other so fast that it is hardly still possible to speak of one church, one faith.

The price of liberty of belief in the established church in England is a high one. In 1986 the House of Bishops acknowledged that the views held by the Bishop of Durham, the Right Rev David Jenkins, were compatible with Christian faith and the office of bishop, even if the majority of his fellow bishops took a more conservative line. But through the wrong end of the telescope with which the majority of the population views ecclesiastical affairs, the Durham debate added to the confused impression that the Church of England stood for too many contradictory things at once, and hence for nothing in particular.

That is an impression which does no justice to the deep commitment and clear faith of most Anglicans. But it is an impression which has become so widespread, inside the church as well as outside, that critical faculties have been dulled to the extent where the only sin is to be thought intolerant. For the sake of its good name the Church of England has to address the challenge in the Bishop of Salisbury's remark yesterday: "If you don't believe, you have no business representing the Christian church."

PERU AGAINST THE TREND

Any coup is an act of arrogance, justly distrusted. Yet President Alberto Fujimori's coup to "save democracy" in Peru may have little in common with the classic grabs for power to which Latin Americans were for decades all too accustomed. The Organisation of American States, committed as it now is to intervening wherever democracy in the hemisphere is at risk, cannot ignore the near paralysis of the political institutions Señor Fujimori has suspended.

Nonetheless the OAS mission which arrives in Lima today will insist that he cannot, whatever the provocations, dispense with constitutional legitimacy and hope to go on receiving the aid on which his plans for economic and social reforms depend. History is against Señor Fujimori's judgment that democracy is too important to be left to politicians. In Latin America, the military have nearly always been as corrupt and incompetent as they have been cruel. In a region whose politicised generals are never far from the foreground, he has caused consternation by inviting the men in uniform to join him at the controls.

His action has blighted what should be a season of self-congratulation in Latin America, where the first fruits are beginning to appear of a revolution in governance and economic policies fully as sweeping as those of Eastern Europe. Country after country has shed both military dictatorship and ruinously profligate economics based on state control, heavy domestic subsidies, high trade barriers cushioning inefficient manufacturing, and huge budget deficits financed by unpayable foreign debts. The capital that fled from South American hyperinflation in the 1980s — an estimated \$200 billion — is starting to return. Growth last year was 3 per cent after a decade of seemingly unstoppable decline. Money is real again, even in

Argentina, which has reduced inflation from a peak of 20,000 per cent to a manageable 30 per cent. And the countries that have done best are those, such as Mexico, with the most radical reform programmes.

Most of these revolutions, however, are still in the early stages, and most vulnerable to sabotage either by populist demagogues exploiting discontent at austerity or by generals out to save the military's special privileges. To bring the benefits of reform to the poorest, these new democracies have to contend with formidably well entrenched landowners and industrial oligarchies, who have seen to it that the disparities between rich and poor are wider in most of Latin America than anywhere else in the world. Failure to spread the benefits of resumed growth has been at the root of two revolts, one popular and one military, against president Carlos Andrés Pérez of Venezuela.

It is this Gordian knot of privilege that Señor Fujimori has claimed to be cutting through. A political loner without a majority in Peru's Congress, he has had a harder time than most gaining the politicians' assent to the decrees pouring from his office. His vice president, Máximo San Román, returned to Lima last night roaring defiance, but the nine tenths of Peruvian farmers with no title to their land have the right to demand that the opposition shows as much concern for their misery as it shows to due democratic form. Señor Fujimori has offered "national dialogue" with all political groups.

They should think again before spurning this outright: the president is not the only man on a tightrope, nor is he entirely wrong to argue that the *status quo ante* was unworkable. Trading insults will not cure Peru's ills. Señor Fujimori has made a mistake and seems to recognise it. He should be helped to reverse course, not hounded out.

VIVA ESPAÑA

In spite of fires, drought, strikes, and threats of sabotage, the Expo world fair opens on time today. *Mañana* has arrived at last. The greatest international show of national commerce and kitsch on earth may not be perfect or quite ready. How could it be? Out of the crooked vinyl and glass of humanity no straight thing can ever be made. But what has been achieved in so short a time on the island site in the Guadalquivir is spectacular, and a triumph for the corner of Spain that Europe once bypassed.

Many of the new buildings, opposite the old Seville of Don Juan and Carmen, flaunt the witty national favours of postmodernist architecture. The British pavilion, with its shining steel and glass wall of cooling water, seems to be a success, though the contents of the exhibit sound less well selected. A large Docklands pub is not the most imaginative symbol for modern England, even though the barmaids may serve suitably lukewarm bitter and ethnic Cockney banter. Marks & Spencer is a national treasure: but the virtue of blessed St Michael's products is that they are sound and good value, for everyday wear, not for display in pseudo-Classical showcases.

The exhibits of science and engineering are pedestrian by Science Museum standards, and the souvenir shop would be tacky even in Oxford Street. The British are even curiously snooty about commerce and about blowing their trade trumpet abroad. There must be more to modern Britain than pubs, must be more to modern Britain than dolls, and elegant but old-fashioned china dolls, and the best underwear and socks in the world.

But other countries are offering equally cockeyed self-images. New Zealand presents itself as a rocky with plastic seagulls; Switzerland serves an unfinished feast with plates bearing the remains of real food frozen in varnish; and several countries are represented by business-park sheds, "customised with traditional details".

The Great Exhibition of 1851 in Hyde Park, with Paxton's Crystal Palace, was described as "a symbol of universal happiness and brotherhood", which was putting it a bit strong, even in those rose-tinted days. These international exhibitions are a funny mixture of commerce, national propaganda, and honeypot for tourists who enjoy crowds. The ones that succeeded best were the earliest, when King Ashurbanipal in the book of *Esther* showed off "the riches of his glorious kingdom, and the honour of his excellent majesty, many days, even a hundred and four-score days", and when the Venetians displayed their wealth in 1268, with a water fête, a procession of the trades, and an industrial exhibition.

But the world was wider and more wonderful in those far-off days. Expo 1992 is giving Seville and the southwestern tip of Europe the modern communications they have needed since Spain was the springboard into the New World five centuries ago. It deserves to draw the crowds; and, for those who do not like crowds, it is a public warning to choose another year to visit romantic old Andalusia. It welcomes Spain's arrival into modern Europe and liberal democracy with a fiesta, not a siesta.

Nationalism in election aftermath

From the Honorary President of Plaid Cymru

Sir, The 1992 general election result underlines the fact that England is a Conservative nation — while Wales and Scotland are emphatically not. Between them Wales and Scotland returned only 17 Tory MPs from their 110 seats, six of 38 in Wales and 11 of 72 in Scotland. Wales and Scotland again voted overwhelmingly for the Labour party. Yet they are subjected to the fourth successive Conservative government.

Within the present centralised British state this position will continue. If Labour failed to win when circumstances were so very favourable, when can they win? English Conservatives can ensure a succession of Conservative governments in London well into the next century.

In Wales and Scotland, democracy can now only be achieved with self-government. Parliaments for both countries must be set up if the two nations are to be governed in accordance with the will of their peoples.

Despite intractable Conservative antagonism to self-rule for Scotland and Wales, the right to govern ourselves can be won. Will, not force, is the basis of the state. In the Baltic countries and in eastern Europe, people-power achieved a democratic order in the teeth of hardline communist conservatism. Estonia and Latvia are smaller than Wales, and Russia is far bigger than England.

Latent in the Welsh nation lies moral power capable of achieving a Welsh democracy, with a voice in the European Community, even in the teeth of bitter opposition of nationalist English Conservatism. To echo John Major's cry, "Wake up, my fellow countrymen, wake up now!"

Yours truly,
GWYNFOR EVANS,
Honorary President, Plaid Cymru,
Tylar Wen, Pencaerreg,
Llanfyllter, Dyfed.

From Ms Kate Ballill

Sir, In Wales on April 9 a fourth nationalist MP was elected, a Tory minister was unseated, the Liberal

Democrats were badly squeezed and the Labour party given just under half the votes.

The following day I had to travel to England. As I drove eastwards I wondered what all the pundits and commentators would make of the Welsh results. I listened to radio election coverage all the way. In the evening I watched five hours of television news and comment. On April 11 I bought three newspapers. Not an article, not a paragraph, not a single comment.

I am English and I have not lived long in Wales. But I am beginning to see that it is not a Celtic mist that swirls above Offa's Dyke but a British fog. And I'm glad I voted Plaid Cymru.

Yours faithfully,
KATE BALLILL,
Brynamor, Gwynedd,
Carmarthen, Dyfed,
April 11.

From Mr John Nichols
Sir, Now that the Labour party has suffered its fourth defeat in a row, and bearing in mind the considerable influence wielded in that party by Cete of one fringe or another (with the odd antipodean thrown in), could we now have our rose back please? I would wish to wear mine on St George's Day.

Yours faithfully,
JOHN NICHOLS,
Flat 1, 36 Buckingham Gate, SW1,
April 14.

From Mr John P. Pugsley

Sir, In your report, "Rebels risk Labour split over call for Scots protest" (April 13), you quote William McKelvey, Labour MP for Kilmarnock and Loudoun, as saying: "There is a vacuum in Scottish politics and there could be some kind of explosion."

With any sort of vacuum, there may be an implosion. An explosion is not possible.

Yours etc.,
JOHN P. PUGSLEY,
30 Liverpool Road,
Kingston upon Thames, Surrey,
April 14.

accept that our decision creates the risk of a miscarriage of justice.

Yours faithfully,
D. E. J. DRACUP
(Chief Crown Prosecutor,
South London and Surrey Area,
Crown Prosecution Service,
Tolworth Tower, Surbiton, Surrey).

From Mr Stephen Lowe

Sir, I applaud Mr Peter Ross for his fear of a miscarriage of justice and his consequent call for advance disclosure of all the elements of the prosecution case.

However, such an argument should cut both ways. As the law now stands, there is no requirement on the defence to make disclosures, except in a few exceptional circumstances. This allows the use of the so-called "ambush tactic" when a line of defence is only disclosed during the course of the trial: it is by then much too late for the prosecution to seek to find witnesses to refute what has been said.

Surely, if it is so vital in the interest of justice to have full and frank disclosure, such disclosure must come from both sides? Justice is not only about acquitting the innocent but is also about convicting the guilty.

Yours faithfully,
STEPHEN LOWE,
10 Forest Road,
Annesley Woodhouse, Nottingham.

Libya sanctions

From Lord Kennet

Sir, You report (April 15), under the headline "World court rules against Libya", that the International Court of Justice has decided that it "had no power to prevent the United Nations Security Council enacting sanctions against Libya" and that "the court ruled that the UN Charter is superior to the Montreal Convention". (This convention, as Marc Welles has shown in your columns article, March 27), provides the international law in the field of air terrorism.)

The details of the court's decision will need looking at very carefully to see whether it implies that the United Nations Security Council — as distinct from the United Nations Char-

ter — is above or beyond the court's reach and may, as in this case, turn aside a properly framed international instrument.

If this is the court's considered opinion, the world faces quite new possibilities of injustice and tyranny. The domestic analogy is the judiciary of a country declaring the executive branch excused the provisions of the law.

It is much to be hoped that the foreign secretary, with the election over, will take time to examine Britain's long-term interests in a world governed by expediency not law, and what British policy ought now to be.

Yours etc.,
KENNET,
House of Lords,
April 15.

Iranian election

From Mr A. Aghvami

Sir, The Society of Iranian Academics would like to address some issues in your leading article of April 13, "Moderating the mullahs".

Experience has proved that mullahs cannot, because of their belief and understanding of Islam, become non-radical. Islam is a religion with strict rules and there is no domain for open discussion and modifications. Its followers are totally dedicated to Islam and consider it as the ultimate rule that should control the world.

It is irrelevant whether non-believers agree with this fanatical view or not: the fact is that the rules do not allow their followers to be moderate in their thinking. It is therefore incorrect to think that President Rafsanjani of Iran or anyone else who belongs to that faction of society can ever be a moderate reformer.

Your leader believes that "President Rafsanjani's landslide victory in Iran is one of the most significant in

the recent rash of elections around the world".

"Election" has a fixed definition and concept in the world of democracy: there must be several political parties willing to participate; candidates must not be intimidated; voting must not be conditioned by any undercurrent actions such as receiving coupons for rationed goods, travelling abroad, and enrolment of children at schools, etc. Iran does not have any political parties and candidates must be approved by several councils governed by fundamentalist clergy. Moreover, it is understood that only 13 million out of 30 million eligible voters took part.

You deduce that "the election results show the moderates winning a greater share of the vote than... forecast". Even if we do not consider the above points, and accept that the

election attracted millions of moderate voters, it should only indicate that it is the Iranian people who are the real moderates and not the regime. It is the suppressed people who are sending signals to the free world, hoping to be rescued.

You say that the West should move more swiftly to "grant credits... relax control on technology exports".

The Iranian government has yet to prove that it is pro-democracy and has respect for international law. Economic and technological assistance could be fatal to the overall policies of the new world order.

Finally, you inform your readers that the election result "will embolden Iranian elites to return, cowed intellectuals to speak up for civilised values". Iranians in exile are far too intelligent to be fooled by "reform" poses. True intellectuals who are not in exile are in prison.

Yours sincerely,
A. AGHVAMI,
(Deputy Chairman),
Society of Iranian Academics,
BM Box 2998, London WC1N 3XX.

Civil war and great Dutch discoveries

From Mr Hans Doeleman

Sir, I have read today's *War Times* with joy and great admiration for the product. However, perhaps you will allow me to comment on your leading article, "A new new world".

Since you insist at the top of the page that today is December 27, 1642, you simply cannot yet know of the discoveries by the Dutchman, Abel Tasman. He is not due to return to Batavia in *Nederlands Indië* (Indonesia to you) until June 15, 1643, and nobody yet knows where he and his crew are sailing to in the vessels *Heemskerk* and *Zeehaen*.

Furthermore, it is not *Terra Australis* that Mr Tasman will discover but Van Diemensland (later Tasmania), which will wrongly be considered to be part of Australia. Soon afterwards, he will discover Staten Eiland, later to be named Nieuw Zeeland after the Dutch province.

To be even more precise: *Terra Australis* (Onbekend Zuidland in today's Dutch, which means "Unknown Southland" in your fine language) was discovered many years before Tasman arrived there. Some of the discoveries were accidental, but in 1602 two long-forgotten Dutchmen, Willem Jansz and Jan Lodewijkz, set sail in Het

Duyken to make sure that Onbekend Zuidland really existed. They were the first Europeans to set foot on Australia, reaching what will one day be known as the Gulf of Carpentaria.

Fourteen years later, on October 25, 1616, another Dutchman, Dirck Hartogz, landed on Onbekend Zuidland's western coast. To prove this he left an inscribed dish there which may one day be found and, if so, deserves to be exhibited in the Rijksmuseum in Amsterdam.

Today, Sir, at the end of this regrettable year of civil war in England, I wonder how you dare to suggest interfering in the business of my fellow countrymen. My country, which is not called the Netherlands but proudly bears the name of The Republic of the United Netherlands, will surely react violently if England — with its rotten fleet — decides to export its criminals to the land which we discovered.

You had better make peace in your poor, beautiful country and join us in the freedom fight against the papist Spaniards.

Yours faithfully,
HANS DOELEMEN,
Delftlaan 73, 2023 LC Haarlem,
December 27, 1642
(April 11, 1992).

Elgin Marbles

From Lord Norwich

Sir, Mr Brian Kemball-Cook (letter, April 13) is perfectly right when he points out that, while one would not for a moment suggest that freestanding statues should be returned to their country of origin, the Elgin Marbles have a greater claim to repatriation by virtue of being an integral part of the Parthenon. He omits to point out, however, that if they were returned to Greece the Greek government would not restore them to their original position but would consign them instead to the Acropolis museum.

In so doing, it would of course be perfectly right: once exposed to the appalling pollution of modern Athens the marbles would, within a very few years, be so damaged as to be unrecognisable. But why simply exchange one museum for another?

Let us rather make the Greek government an offer: if at any time in the future it can purify Athens air to the point at which an international committee of neutral scientists declares that the marbles can safely be

replaced on the Parthenon itself, we will return them with our blessing. Until that time comes, they should stay where they are.

Yours faithfully,
JOHN JULIUS NORWICH,
24 Blomfield Road, W9,
April 15.

From Mr A. M. Apostolou

Sir, Given that ancient Hellenic antiquities are to be found around both the Mediterranean and Black seas, they cannot be claimed to be the property of the contemporary state which just happens to occupy a small part of the ancient Hellenic homeland (letters, April 13, 16).

The Elgin Marbles, like the temples of Paestum or the ruins of Ionia form part of a heritage of all those who hold the Ancient Greeks in high esteem. It is therefore fitting that they remain in the custody of a country whose institutions and values have long drawn their inspiration from Classical Greece.

Yours faithfully,
A. M. APOSTOLOU,
33 Raleigh Drive, N20.

Falklands invasion

From Sir Rex Hunt

Sir, I was intrigued by the statement in your article, "A very British cover-up" (April 2), that the Foreign Office had minuted on a JIC (Joint Intelligence Committee) assessment of July 1981 that ministers "now had either to negotiate in good faith on leaseback or fortify the (Falkland) Islands against likely invasion in 1982" (my italics).

If this is true, it is news to me. As the then governor of the islands, I find it almost inconceivable that my own department would have kept me in the dark on such a serious assessment of the situation. I believe that they shared my view that the talks with the Argentines would continue until the annual UN debate in October 1982 when the foreign secretary, Lord Carrington, and the Argentine foreign minister, Dr Costa Mendez, would make a

final attempt to reach a diplomatic solution.

My assessment was that they would fail, that the Argentines would make life difficult for the islanders (for example, by withdrawing the air services), that such tactics would fail to weaken the islanders' opposition to leaseback, and that we should have to face the prospect of a possible invasion to coincide with the 150th anniversary of continuous British settlement in January 1983.

Nothing in the Franks report indicated that my colleagues in the Foreign Office thought that an invasion was likely in 1982. Like me, they got it wrong in thinking that a full-scale military action against the islands was unlikely until all other forms of pressure had been exhausted.

Yours sincerely,
REX HUNT,
Old Woodside, Broomfield Park,
Sunningdale, Berkshire.

Fight for survival

From Lt Col I. G. Mathews

Sir, You report (April 14) that rival councils have already put aside £3 million of "ratepayers' money to 'fight their corner' in the coming reorganisation of county and district councils.

Since the government is funding Sir John Banham's commission, which will take five years to create single-tier councils, a great deal of public money will be spent in ordering the changes.

I am all for the Banham commission, and I don't mind at all some of my taxes being used to finance it. I mind like hell the councils using my rates to try to confound it. Why shouldn't the councillors concerned be made to use their own money if they're so keen on staying alive?

Yours sincerely,
I. G. MATHEWS,
36 High Street,
Ross-on-Wye, Herefordshire.

Toil and soil

From Mr C. L. Kirch

Sir, Unexpectedly, I have had to take over the job of the school gardener. My main problem is four enormous beds that have to be weeded. At the moment each bed takes me up to two hours. Should I turn the soil over and bury the weeds, knock off their heads with a *deft swing of my hoe*, or get down on hands and knees and pluck each weed out individually?

Yours faithfully,
C. L. KIRCH
(Headmaster),
Avalon School,
Caldon Road, West Kirby, Wirral,
April 18.

BDs in EL

From Mrs Elizabeth Mostyn-Owen

Sir, Among bizarre developments (BDs) in the English language (EL) in this part of London are many signs bearing RAs (redundant apostrophes). Occasionally we also get the missing apostrophe (MA). A remainder bookshop proclaims, "Discount Books and CD's. Just cant resist!" A few yards away is "Foto's in one hour". You can buy "potatoes" and even "book's" and have your hair permed on "Mon. Wed. and Thur's". Perhaps there are other's. Who knows?

Yours faithfully,
ELIZABETH MOSTYN-OWEN,
38 Ladbroke Square, W11,
April 13.

From Mr H. T. Sowden

Sir, The comments by Dr Robert Baker (letters, April 10) about UICs (unnecessary inverted commas) lead me to wonder whether they are ever necessary. After all, the Authorised Version of the Bible gets along very nicely without them.

Yours faithfully,
HARRY SOWDEN,
Larch Cottage, Pilgrims' Close,
Westhumble, Dorking, Surrey,
April 13.



COURT CIRCULAR

BUCKINGHAM PALACE
April 18: The Prince Edward, Patron, the Scottish Badminton Union, today visited Glasgow and was received by Councillor John Young (Deputy Lieutenant of the City of Glasgow).
His Royal Highness attended

the finale of the Pilkington Glass European Badminton Championships at the Kelvin Hall, and later attended the Championships Dinner at the Mount House International Hotel, Glasgow. Lieutenant Colonel Sean O'Dwyer was in attendance.

Anniversaries

BIRTHS: Johann Agricola, theologian, Eisleberg, Germany, 1494; Napoleon III, emperor of the French, 1802-70, Paris, 1808; Adolph Hitler, Braunau am Inn, Austria, 1889; Joan Miró, painter, Barcelona, 1893; Sir Donald Wolfit, actor, Newark, Notts, 1902.

DEATHS: Eliza Barton, the "Maid of Kent", executed, London, 1534; Canaletto, painter, Venice, 1768; Pontiac, chief of the Ottawa Indians, Cahokia, Illinois, 1769; Bram Stoker, writer, author of *Dracula*, London, 1912.

The massacre of the Jews by the Germans in the Warsaw ghetto, 1943.

Steaming ahead

The Bluebell Railway in Sussex began running regular train services to New Cooombe Farm Bridge this weekend after Department of Transport inspectors approved the laying of two more miles of track.

Marriage

Mr N.A. Gilberthorpe and Ms M. Hopkinson
The marriage took place on Saturday, April 18, 1992, at St Jude's Church, Randolph, Sydney, between Mr Norman Arthur Gilberthorpe, of Melbourne, Victoria, Australia, only son of the late Arthur Hadwen and Doris Gilberthorpe, and Ms Marylyn Hopkinson, of Preston, Lancashire, England, elder daughter of the late John Ronald Sharples and Mrs Eileen Sharples, of Preston, Lancashire, England. The Rev Canon S.B. Babbage officiated.

A reception was held at the San Francisco Grill, The Hilton, Sydney, and the honeymoon will be spent in Tasmania, Paris and New York.

Appointment

Sir Peter de la Billière was to be a trustee of the Imperial War Museum in succession to Air Chief Marshal Sir Peter Terry, who resigned in December 1991.

Monks join battle to curb bee parasite

THE life's work of a monk who has become internationally renowned as a bee keeper is under threat from a parasite which could devastate honey production in Britain.

Brother Adam, 93, has dedicated his life to improving bee strains and his work at the 320 hives at Buckfast Abbey, in Devon, has been acclaimed throughout the world. He has earned the abbey huge royalties by developing a disease-resistant bee and, ironically, much of his recent work has concentrated on trying to find a solution to the mite *Varroa jacobsoni* which is now threatening Britain's bees.

The abbey said this weekend that his hives were being tested for varroa infestation and the Ministry of Agriculture confirmed that the bees are subject to a ban on being moved.

The eight-legged parasite originated in the Far East, living parasitically on local bees. In the late Seventies it began to travel across the world. Having devastated colonies in parts of the Continent, varroa was detected for the first time in Britain earlier this month in two colonies near Dartmoor. A 40-mile restriction zone was set up which stopped apiarists moving bees or hives without a licence. On Wednesday, after Ministry of Agriculture inspectors reported 36 cases of infestation in Devon, the en-

tire county was put under an emergency standstill notice. Abbot Leo, who is temporarily looking after the abbey's hives, which have been built up since 1910, said: "We are very worried about it, but varroa is here and we must cope with it as they do on the Continent."

Andrew Matheson, director of the International Bee Research Association in Cardiff, said that the restriction was unlikely to halt the spread of the mite which would seriously affect bee colonies throughout the country. "It is fair to say from experience that eventually it will spread right through Britain. By the time it is spotted by beekeepers it has already spread too far for it to be contained or eradicated. Beekeepers will have to use some form of varroa control or their bee colonies will die."

Mr Matheson said the mite could be fought with chemicals and management techniques such as creating a break in the brood rearing. "Chemicals won't eradicate it but can reduce the numbers and the impact. The only way to spot the mite is to have an active surveillance programme."

He said that the spread of the disease could affect the profitability of honey production because of the cost of chemicals and the labour involved in fighting the parasite.

Nature notes

SPRING migrants are coming in steadily, though rather late this year. The first cuckoos are back, calling loudly; they are often mobbed by small birds, when they glide off with their strange flight, in which their wings never rise above the horizontal. Sometimes their call echoes from a far hillside. First nightingales are back; they sing in overgrown copses and roadside thickets, and have two particularly remarkable passages in their song, a rich, rapid chirp and a slow, dreamy crescendo.

Resident British birds have begun breeding unobtrusively, and blackbirds, robins and hedge sparrows can all be found with small young in the nest.

Both of the common kinds of buttercup are coming into flower, the smooth-stalked meadow buttercup, and more widely the bulbous buttercup

with its furrowed stalk and turned-down sepals. Bluebell buds are poised to open and by next weekend there should be plenty in flower in the woods.

They often grow with wild garlic, or ramsons, which has two large shiny leaves and a spray of sparkling white flowers. Cuckoo-flower, or lady's smock, is out in the fields, often near a stream; it has a head of light pink, cruciform blossoms. More butterflies are chasing each other along the hedgerows, as the small and large whites emerge from the chrysalis.

DJM



Young tennis players hold up their rackets as Stefan Edberg, the world number two, and Annette Olsen leave after their marriage in Vaxjo Cathedral, Sweden, on Saturday

Lost Scott pictures go for auction

BY JOHN SHAW

A PREVIOUSLY unknown cache of photographs has been found to contain seven unique colour transparencies from Captain Scott's ill-fated expedition to the Antarctic in 1910-12.

They were taken on Sin by 7in glass plates by Herbert Ponting (1871-1935), official photographer to the expedition, and were the first colour pictures of the polar landscape.

The fragile plates will be sold together with 38 of his black and white transparencies, at Christie's in London on May 7. The colour studies

will be in three lots estimated at between £1,500-£2,000 and £5,000-£7,000. By coincidence, the sale also includes a large exhibition quality print of the photographer's well-known portrait of Scott in his study. It comes from another owner and is estimated at between £800-£1,200.

Ponting is famous for his dramatic black and white pictures of the majestic but savage terrain. His colour work is much more subtle showing delicate sunsets and the afterglow effects before the onset of the polar winter.

The pictures were taken at Cape Evans early in 1911. Lindsey Stewart, consultant to the firm's photographic department, said: "They are the only colour images known to have survived from the expedition and are reputedly some of his best."

They were taken by the early autochrome process on plates supplied free by the Lumiere Brothers of Lyons who only introduced their process in 1907. The photographic plate was covered with tiny grains of starch dyed in primary colours of orange, green and violet and

then even a coat of emulsion. Ms Stewart added: "The boxes of plates were prepared before he left but I think the fading was that by the time the party had travelled through the heat of the tropics and into the extreme cold of the Antarctic the plates would have gone through so many variations of temperature that the chance of them retaining any of the qualities they were supposed to have was minimal."

"This was the only type of colour commercially available in those days and he must have been testing it at its absolute limit. I don't think anybody else was using them under such extreme conditions. They are remarkable survivals."

Five of the pictures are meticulously dated, one labelled in pencil, 6pm, April 11, 1911. Two others bear details of the lenses used, 11 1/2 in and 14 in. Although not altogether satisfied with the results Ponting wrote modestly later: "I secured some very interesting records of afterglows with these plates."

Ponting was not included in Scott's four-man assault party on the Pole, but his picture came onto the market only five weeks after the eightieth anniversary of their death on the homeward trek after being beaten to their objective by Amundsen, the Norwegian explorer.

Beethoven's piano returns

BEETHOVEN'S piano, believed to be the most valuable instrument in the world, leaves Budapest at the end of this month for London, where it was made 175 years ago.

The piano, given to the composer by Thomas Broadwood, son of the founder of the piano firm, in 1819, has been insured for £5 million for the six weeks it is to be away from the National Museum of Hungary.

Lars Tharp, of Sotheby's music department, said the instrument was priceless. "Five million could be an underestimate of what someone would be prepared to pay

for it if it came to auction," he said.

Described by a contemporary Viennese arts journal as "possibly the most perfect Grand Piano Forte ever constructed," it was Beethoven's pride and joy. He took it with him on summer holidays and allowed only a few favoured pianist friends to play it. The instrument, though, took a hammering from its owner as he strove to extract sounds audible to his deaf ears.

After six years in the master's ownership, his friend Stumpff said the instrument had "no sound left in the treble and broken strings

mixed up like a thorn bush in a gale."

After Beethoven's death the piano was bought for £12, who bequeathed it to the Budapest Museum. Broadwood has recently restored the instrument.

Once in England there will be a concert at the Barbican, London, and a recital and concert at the Bath Festival, before the piano returns to Budapest in the middle of June. Proceeds go to charity, including the Beethoven Fund for Deaf Children.

The operation, costing £400,000, has been sponsored by Thorn-EMI.

Fred Catherwood

Seeking a Christianity beyond national barriers

On a windy day in the market of a small Fennish town I offered a little old lady a pamphlet on Europe. She looked at it, "Maggie's quite right, we should never have gone in!" I asked her what Britain would do for friends in a rough world. She said: "We don't need any friends. We've always been alone." I said that it was just as well that we had some friends in the last war. "We were all alone in 1940 and if we'd stayed alone the whole war, we'd have lacked the lot of them!"

She is not alone. I tried to persuade another determined lady that she should think of the Channel Tunnel as a cure for sea sickness. She was not impressed. "It's the rape of England!"

There are others who say that they've always hated the French. "They're our natural enemies." You feel that they'd be happy to fight Napoleon again over again. Anyone who doubts the existence of English nationalism should read the sneering tabloid comments on anyone and anything across the Channel.

Our continental friends—for they

are our friends—recognise nationalism when they hear it and understand why we do not. Europe lost 50 million dead in the twentieth century's two nationalist wars and almost every country was occupied at one time or another by foreign arms. Britain, alone of the belligerents, remained free and, in the second and bloodiest war, the killing fields were elsewhere. The English Channel was our defence. So, in continental eyes we retain the illusion of invulnerability and the innocent belief that we can play with the fire of nationalism without being burnt.

Of course the churches should have prevented the rise of the militant nationalism which led to so much bloodshed. The apostle Paul taught that there should be no racial barrier within the Christian church "all one in Christ Jesus." The apostle John had the heavenly vision of every tribe, race, nation and language. If we are good enough for God's company, we should be good enough for each other. And whatever the faults of the church in medieval Europe, it did gradually mould

the warring tribes into Christendom and argue with principalities and powers for a common Christian moral base to laws and customs. Erasmus came to Queens' College, Cambridge without a passport or work permit and communicated with his fellow-scholars in a common European language—Latin—which was still compulsory in my day for Cambridge entry.

They were following Jesus's example. He had repudiated the nationalism of his own time and pointed his followers in another direction. Indeed the Roman governor, Pilate, found him innocent of the nationalism with which he was charged. Peter baptised the Roman centurion, Cornelius, and the fiercest opponent of the new church, Saul of Tarsus, was converted and took the Christian gospel first to Asia and then to Europe. Had Paul taken the same attitude to Europe as some of our defensive nationalists, the Christian faith, the most dynamic ingredient of our history and culture—would have been missing.

The Christian faith must be outward looking. The last command of Jesus to his followers was to carry the faith to all nations. "teaching them to obey everything I have commanded you."

Part of this "everything" is the Christian respect for the individual, which as it has permeated society and politics has been interpreted as democratic government under the rule of law. Another part is freedom of speech, without which democracy cannot function and the Christian message is stifled. A third part is tolerance which springs from faith.

Nationalism, and racism are defensive, an embattled people gathering together inside the larger trusting only those of their race and colour, "ourselves alone" against the outside world.

The Christian faith has no need to be defensive. We trust in God the creator, omniscient and all-powerful. Jesus promised that the Christian kingdom would be like a tiny mustard-seed, growing into a great tree in which the fowls of the air would shelter. So it has proved. In the battle for minds and hearts over

2,000 years, Christianity has prevailed.

The European Community, following the second and most terrible nationalist war, has nailed to its masthead democracy, the rule of law, freedom of speech and tolerance, the ideals developed by a confident Christian faith. Gradually, within Europe, the autocratic regimes have fallen. Greece, Spain and Portugal are now all democracies. And, unbelievably, the last great autocracy, the Soviet Union, has fallen, not to a military coup d'état, but to these ideals of democracy and the rule of law.

We in Britain should be leaders of this process, doing all we can to make democracy stick and encourage the new republics to co-operate on the pattern of the European Community. Britain is the mother of democracy and we should continue in Europe to set an example that others can follow.

Sir Fred Catherwood is a Member of the European Parliament and author of *Pro-Europe* published by ITP.

Answers from page 14

HOLDERNESS

(b) A notable pack of English foxhounds, whose country lies in Yorkshire. The hunt dates from 1726 and the country now constituted has existed since 1765. It is thus one of the oldest established hunts in Britain.

GAFF

(a) A spar used in sailing ships to extend the heads of fore-and-aft sails which are not set on stays from the French gaffe, a boat-hook. "In the schooner both the mainsail and foresail are extended by a boom and gaff."

PASCAING

(b) In ski-touring particularly, the term denotes a technique of striding in which a kick forward is accompanied by a push forward on the pole on the same side of the body.

BOYANIE

(a) A bullfighter's term for a bull that is easy to work with: that is he follows the movements of the cape and charges straight and bravely, from the Spanish word for buoyant, which also means lucky and easy.

Veteran royal car on show

A 91-year-old electric car used by Queen Alexandra to drive round the 80 acres of grounds at Sandringham was yesterday put on display by the Queen for the six-month summer tourist season on the Royal estate in Norfolk.

The Columbia Electric, an American-built car, was fitted with a foot-operated bell instead of a horn. The car was popular for use in London and other cities at the turn of the century.

It is the latest exhibit in a museum which houses royal cars, including the limousine used by the Princess Royal when a kidnapping attempt was made on her in 1974.

BIRTHS

ALLARDICE - On April 16th 1992, our seventh anniversary, to Deborah and her husband, James, a son, James, born at 10.10am, weighing 7lb 10oz, length 19in, crown 13in.

BLACKLOCK - On April 17th at Bath, to Carolyn & Jonathan, a son, James, born at 10.10am, weighing 7lb 10oz, length 19in, crown 13in.

HUNTER - On April 17th at 17th century in Forest Hill, to John & Jane, a son, James, born at 10.10am, weighing 7lb 10oz, length 19in, crown 13in.

WILSON - On April 16th, at Hertford County Hospital, to Juliette (née Walker) and William, a son, James, born at 10.10am, weighing 7lb 10oz, length 19in, crown 13in.

DEATHS

BELL - On April 17th, John, 80, died at home, after a long illness, at 10.10am, weighing 7lb 10oz, length 19in, crown 13in.

BOONAR - On April 14th, 1992, died at home, after a long illness, at 10.10am, weighing 7lb 10oz, length 19in, crown 13in.

BUCKMASTER - On April 17th, died at home, after a long illness, at 10.10am, weighing 7lb 10oz, length 19in, crown 13in.

CONSTANTINE - On April 16th, died at home, after a long illness, at 10.10am, weighing 7lb 10oz, length 19in, crown 13in.

LANIGAN - On April 16th, died at home, after a long illness, at 10.10am, weighing 7lb 10oz, length 19in, crown 13in.

RHOES - On April 17th, died at home, after a long illness, at 10.10am, weighing 7lb 10oz, length 19in, crown 13in.

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PERSONAL APPEARS IN LIFE & TIMES

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OBITUARIES

FRANKIE HOWARD

Frankie Howard, OBE, comedian, died yesterday. He was believed to be aged 71. Born in York, his birth date has been quoted as March 17, 1921, but he may well have been born four years earlier.

FRANKIE Howard was born to be funny. His forlorn, elongated face, like a bloodhound that had mislaid its bone, the expressive bushy eyebrows, the loose, unco-ordinated limbs plus a lightning wit, sustained him for almost 50 years as one of our foremost post-war comedians. His secret was that he appealed to all sections of society. His bawdy one-liners, his ability to extract sexual innuendo from the most innocent seeming remark with a purse of the lips or a lift of an eyebrow, were guaranteed to convulse his countless housewife fans of a certain age. Yet time and again throughout his switch-back career he was taken up or 'rediscovered' by a new generation including the more thoughtful among them who saw something deeper in his shrewd side-swipes at life.

Howard's highly-strung insecurity as a stand-up performer was with him all his life and showed itself in a nervous stammer on which he quickly learned to capitalise. Many of his enduring catch phrases quoted nationwide were the result of this hesitancy. They were delivered as imaginary interruptions of some joke or humorous narrative: "Ah yes... Well, No, lie-ent... No, don't laugh... titter yes, no, no, you mustn't, it's wicked to mock the afflicted..." and so on. And if the joke didn't get the laugh he anticipated, he would draw himself up in mock high dudgeon and roar: "Please yourselves!" At other times he would exhort his audience to loosen something and enjoy a good titter. "Let us not go home tiredless," was another of his cries.

On stage, Frankie Howard, a long time favourite of the Queen Mother, was a comic of the old school who believed that the well tried lines were those best loved by his devoted audiences although they were usually sprinkled with new material being given a trial. It was a different story though, with radio, at which he excelled, and also, to some extent, his solo appearances on television when he would go to infinite pains to ensure there was fresh material on offer.

Nevertheless he had his favourite jokes. Typical was the one about two young mothers with new babies who meet.

"One mother looked at the other's baby and said, 'Oh isn't she small.' And the other mother replied, 'Oh, well, you see, I've only been married a fortnight!'"

Frankie Howard was born Francis Alick Howard — he was later to change his name to Howard — the eldest son of Sergeant Frank Howard, Royal Artillery. The actual year of birth was a secret confided only to his passport. He and his family moved to Eltham, Kent, when his father was posted to Woolwich, south east London. He was educated at Gordon School and Shooter's Hill Grammar School and as a tall, thin, shy 13-year-old he became a Sunday school teacher. He first became interested in show business when he successfully starred in his church dramatic society's production of Ian Hay's *Tilly of Bloomsbury*.

His ambition to go on the stage stayed with him in spite of a disastrous RADA audition, and he bided his time working as an office clerk until he was called up for the war in 1940, training as a gunner. He was to sum up his stock-in-trade at that period of his life as, "...born of natural shortcomings and weaned on necessity during those years at Shoeburyness."

He failed to get into the entertainment corps ENSA (Entertainments National Service Association) or, as another war-time comic Tommy Trinder once described it, *Every Night Something Awful*, but ended his war service after the cessation of hostilities, running a concert party touring north west Germany. On demobilisation and with the unwavering encouragement of his mother and his sisters, he persevered as a funny man until in 1946 he was squeezed onto the bill of a revue at the Sheffield Empire as "Frankie Howard, the Borderline Case."

He began to develop his uniquely individual style of narrative or what he called his "one-man situational comedy" rather than the conventional reeling off of a string of unrelated jokes. The first of his catch phrases also emerged: "I was amazed!" "Nor on your Nellie!" and "What a funny woman!" And when referring to his supposedly deaf piano accompanist, "Poor soul — she's past it!"

At this stage he achieved national fame on radio in the popular *Variety Bandbox* where yet another of his phrases, "Ladies and gentlemen" was born. He was soon topping the bill of the still



flourishing variety theatres and in 1949 he appeared at Buckingham Palace; the following year he was on the bill of his first Royal Variety Performance. Recruiting Eric Sykes and Galton and Simpson — who later wrote *Step by Step* and *Hancock's Half Hour* — as his scriptwriters, his career took off and remained airborne for much of the next decade with more radio, annual pantomime and trips abroad entertaining the troops including one to Korea in 1952. He starred in films like *The Runaway Bus*, *An Alligator Named Daisy*, *Jumping for Joy*, *The Ladykillers*, *Further Up the Creek*, *Watch It Sailer*.

Frankie Howard was not the world's greatest ad-libber and relied heavily on his scripts so that an appearance on the popular quiz show *What's My Line* proved dis-

appointing. But a television revival of *Tons of Money* proved successful and he scored a West End triumph at the Prince of Wales Theatre in 1953 starring in the revue *Pardon My French*, which ran for 759 performances. In 1955 he starred as Lord Fancourt Babberley in *Charles's Aunt* at the Globe Theatre followed two years later with another stage winner playing Bottom in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* at the Old Vic.

But his ever-shaky confidence was sapped in 1958 when the lavish and costly musical *Mister Venus* closed in London after only 17 days and recovery was not helped when he suffered a painful riding accident soon after. There followed the first of his slumps that were to occur during his career when in 1960-62 he counted himself

lucky to land a pantomime booking. Things brightened in 1963 when a new generation discovered him on the television satire show *That Was the Week That Was*. It was said that the producers wanted him as an exhibit of the last of the old music hall comics. Instead the canny Howard outwitted them by putting together a cracker of an up-to-the-minute routine and stole the show. He landed the roles of Prologus and Pseudolus in the hit American musical set in ancient Rome, *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*, which ran in the West End for two years. During that time he kept his name in front of the wider public with two radio series and the occasional television special.

He started on Broadway in 1968 at the Ethel Barrymore Theatre, as John Emery

Rockefeller in *Rockefeller and the Red Indians*, and in the early 1970s appeared in pantomime at the London Palladium. More films followed like *The Great St Trinian's Train Robbery* and *Up Pompeii*, which was a spin-off of his double-entendre-laden television series in which he played the mournful slave Lurcio. At first the leery nod-and-a-wink innuendoes caused some protest but his saucy music-hall delivery won over the pruder viewers and it became cult viewing, running to two series, both repeated. The even broader sequel *Whoops Baghdad* was less successful. He was never afraid to experiment outside his field; he even tried opera, playing the drunken jester Frosch in *Die Fledermaus* at the London Coliseum in 1982 as well as taking roles in Gilbert and Sullivan's *Trial by Jury* and *HMS Pinafore*. He played a number of Royal Command performances and was made an OBE in 1977. In 1986 he starred in a revival of *A Funny Thing*, both at the Chichester Festival and in the West End.

Frankie Howard was accident prone. In 1987 he fell while walking in the countryside, injuring his leg and a surgeon warned him he might have to spend the rest of his life on crutches. He once fell from the balcony of his holiday hotel while admiring the view. In the 1990s he became the darling of the new generation of alternative comedy fans in yet another resurgence of his fluctuating career. He was persuaded to do a show at Barking Town Hall which he found packed with young people eager for his autograph, and last year he made a so-called rap record which climbed the pop music charts.

A lifelong bachelor, Howard was a close friend of film actress Joan Greenwood for many years and was engaged in his adolescent years to a girl he first met at school although it came to nothing.

Frankie Howard was a complex personality nursing a mixture of doubts, some depression coupled with a powerful sense of ambition and deep philosophical integrity. He took his humour seriously and had put together a fine collection of books on the subject at his Kensington home. Beneath the insecurity that troubles many stand-up comedians because they dare to presume to amuse an audience on their own, Frankie Howard enjoyed his success. He was once asked for his favourite memory. He replied: "It hasn't happened yet."

TEASY WEASY RAYMOND

"Teasy Weasy" Raymond, OBE, flamboyant hairdresser and race-horse owner, has died at his home in Berkshire aged 80. He was born of an Italian father and French mother in Soho.

BEFORE the swinging sixties had even begun "Teasy Weasy" Raymond had created himself, with the grateful assistance of the tabloid newspapers and television, as a larger than life celebrity, shining out in the grey days of post-war Britain. Television was bringing a more sophisticated lifestyle into the nation's homes and having their hair styled was an instant and economical way for women of all classes to add a touch of glamour to their lives. Raymond was one of the first to combine the two to exploit the nationwide desire for a brighter more sophisticated existence.

With his neatly razored, pencil-line moustache, his bouffant hair-style, daintily exotic style of dressing, his Rolls-Royces and racehorses, he set a slightly shocking standard which had the public agog. As well as being a good hair-stylist he was a master of self promotion, becoming known as Teasy Weasy after a kiss-curl style he created which he said was named after one of his cats. In bringing celebrity status to hair-styling he set the standards. Vidal Sassoon, the celebrity hair-stylist of a slightly later period, called him "The Governor".

Raymond was christened Raymondo Pietro Carlo and first worked in his father's barber's shop, making moustaches from clippings left on the floor. But he always yearned for stardom. He

played the violin, but not as well as a fellow musician named Mantovani, and longed to become an actor but failed to be discovered. He also tried wrestling at £5 a bout but then took a more genteel path, opening his first hairdressing salon in Mayfair at the age of 26, just prior to the second world war.

His customers soon included the Duchess of Windsor, Gertrude Lawrence, Googie Withers and Valerie Hobson. His innovations included introducing a champagne rinse and coloured wigs. When Vivian Leigh went to Hollywood to star in *Gone With the Wind* Raymond joined her to style her hair.

Pursuing his love of horse-racing he wore a pastel coloured morning suit to Ascot and when, thus attired, he was refused entry to the royal enclosure he designed himself a Georgian style morning suit in silver grey and black. As an owner he won the Grand National twice with *Ayala* in 1963 and *Rag Trade* in 1976.

At the height of his success, when he had a chain of 34 hairdressing salons, he suffered a collapse of his health and a series of personal misfortunes. First came a heart attack in 1962, followed nine years later by cancer of the mouth, necessitating surgery which left him with severely impaired speech. Then in 1979 his pregnant daughter Amber, her husband Stephen Chase Gardner and their two sons were killed in a motorway crash after attending a family wedding.

Raymond is survived by his second wife, Rosalie, whom he married in 1965, and two daughters, Cherry and Scarlet.



COLONEL MAURICE BUCKMASTER

Colonel Maurice Buckmaster, OBE, head of the "Independent French" or F section of the Special Operations Executive from 1941 to 1945, died on April 17 aged 90. He was born on January 11, 1902.

AS SPYMASTER of the French Section of the Special Operations Executive it was Maurice Buckmaster's task to organise the activities of the British agents sent to spy, carry out sabotage and recruit resistance groups in occupied France. This had to be done without the advantage of being able to make use of such Frenchmen as succeeded in escaping from France, for although the SOE worked alongside the Free French movement they were entirely separate. It was regarded as remarkable that the SOE was able to find more than 150 British officers whose French was good enough for them to be passed off as Frenchmen and who had, at the same time, the courage and capacity for such hazardous tasks. Among the more famous of SOE's recruits were Odette Hallowes, who was tortured by the Germans and awarded the George Cross, and Violante Szabo, who received a posthumous George Cross after being tortured and shot by the Germans in Ravensbrück in 1945.

Every care was taken to ensure that the individual agents knew only what was necessary to enable them to carry out their particular task. Buckmaster alone had to contrive to know, from London, what was going on in every district of France. There was no easy system of passwords to establish camaraderie between one agent and another. Although the special agents themselves undertook many specific jobs of sabotage, they sought, on the whole, to get the French to work for themselves, thereby enabling them to fight for their self-respect as well as their freedom, while at the same time the agents showed, by their presence, that they were willing to share the peril and to aid them to do the utmost with arms and other materials. Nearly everywhere the response was magnificent — the great problem became how to control them.

The cost of the SOE's cloak and dagger activities was high. Out of



some 400 agents operating under Buckmaster's command in more than 80 networks, 117 were killed, many of them being tortured before hand.

Years after the war Buckmaster and the SOE came under attack at home. Accusations were made in 1958 that the SOE had been run in an amateurish manner, that it was infiltrated by German intelligence, that it suffered betrayals which led to the arrest of many men and women, and that these shortcomings, Buckmaster responded by saying that the SOE was no more amateurish than many other wartime units. He confirmed that the Germans had penetrated one important network but said this was only one of about 50. He described as monstrous and categorically denied the allegation that 47 British agents had deliberately been dropped to the

Germans to distract their attention from other undercover operations.

Maurice James Buckmaster was educated at Eton and made an early intellectual mark by teaching French to those only a few years younger than himself who were trying to pass Common Entrance. This natural talent for languages was to set the pattern for the rest of his life. As a young man he worked on *France-Soir* and then, from 1923-29, for the merchant bankers J. Henry Schroder & Co before becoming publicity manager, then manager of the Ford motor company's French operation and, 1936-39, head of its European department.

When the second world war began he was commissioned into the Intelligence Corps and was one of the last officers to be evacuated from the French coast near Dunkirk. His linguistic skills — he had by then perfected German — made

him a natural candidate for the highly specialised work of the SOE into which he was co-opted first as a staff officer in F Section and then as head of the Belgian section and from December 1941, as Head of F Section.

His knowledge of France and the French, his gift of leadership, immense energy and enthusiasm, instinctive love of people and, ultimately, his extraordinary capacity for achieving what he believed to be right, made him an effective leader of what was a critical area of operations and proved to be one of the greatest thorns in the side of the Nazis. It was said that Hitler so revered Buckmaster that he had put him as the third person on a target list if the German invasion of Britain had gone ahead.

Buckmaster's critics complained that he found it hard to delegate, had no first hand experience of the clandestine life of his agents and favoured some agents above others. He certainly had favourites and was equally highly regarded by them.

Buckmaster was that sort of man. His fierce and sometimes uncompromising loyalty to his own people could at times upset and irritate the military establishment. He was four rungs down the SOE ladder of command and the SOE system was such that officers, like Buckmaster, who commanded "country sections" had to be left to make most of their own decisions about men and measures, within broad outlines laid down from above, and often in dangerous ignorance of each other's doings.

One of the sections with which he had to liaise, representing the Gaullists, regarded F Section as a tire-some rival. Indeed, de Gaulle was openly critical of F Section. But the SOE maintained F's separate identity, in spite of de Gaulle's protests. Such political ripples undoubtedly contributed to the fact that the OBE was the sole British honour accorded to Buckmaster, inadequate recognition of his contribution to the war effort. The French were later to make him an Officer of the Légion d'Honneur and streets were named after him in France.

Running any of the SOE sections was an intensive and 24 hour a day task. By the summer of 1944, in spite of a determined effort by the

Gestapo to suppress them all in the previous winter and spring, about half of the *resistance* were still operational. Their strength and breadth of operation caused severe disruption to vital German military movements to the north at the time of the D-Day landings and they gave invaluable assistance to the advancing allied armies.

After D-day all SOE's forces in France were amalgamated under General Koenig, who had Buckmaster as one of his three chiefs of staff. Following his demobilisation, Buckmaster returned to work for the Ford motor company — this time in Britain — and became head of the company's public relations department, serving a number of chief executives before moving to London where he became a public relations consultant. His love affair with France continued and in 1961 he was invited by the governing body of the Champagne industry to represent them in London. He held this post until the early 1980s.

Buckmaster appeared as himself in Herbert Wilcox's film *Odette* in which Anna Neagle played the leading role. Their friendship lasted the rest of his lifetime. He published two books on the Resistance, presenting F Section's work in semi-fictionalised form; indeed, while he was happy and at ease to talk about certain aspects of his work during that critical period of history, he maintained a reluctance to reveal any "secrets".

Failing health prevented him travelling to Amneville for the unveiling in May 1991 of a memorial to the Resistance, attended by the Queen Mother, who wrote a note reflecting her personal sadness at his absence. It was a very personal touch that reflected the affection felt for Buckmaster by the royal family during the second world war.

From his first marriage he had a son and two daughters and he married again in 1944, a marriage that was to last more than 40 years until he was widowed in 1988. There were no children of this marriage.

Although a man of his time, Buckmaster had that rare quality of inspiring affection and respect, none less than among the young French people he met each year at the annual Resistance reunion in Paris.

April 20 ON THIS DAY 1927

This was one of a series of comedies of manners written by Frederick Lonsdale (1881-1954) which were very successful in the inter-war years. On Approval ran for over 450 performances and The Last of Mrs Cheyne for over 500. Lonsdale also wrote the libretto of the highly popular musical The Maid of the Mountains.

FORTUNE THEATRE "ON APPROVAL"

By Frederick Lonsdale

Helen Hays... Valerie Taylor... Miss Winters... Miss Jeffries... Richard Hutton... Edmund Brown... Duke of Midford... Ronald Squire

George, 12th Duke of Bristol, is, to be brief, a cad, but he can smile as disarmingly as Mr Ronald Squire. Mrs Wislock is, to be as brief as gallantry permits — for our language wants the perfect monosyllable, his feminine counterpart, but she can cloak her abominable behaviour with the glint of Miss Ellis Jeffries. Are we to believe that Helen, a girl of charm and taste, is in love with George, or that Richard, devoted little vulgarian though he is, has been for 20 years enslaved by Maria?

These are plainly psychological fies, but their plannings have been guided by Mr Lonsdale. In any case, who cares for truth? It is of the essence of good farce that it lifts you to a plane of absurd existence where there is no longer need to believe anything. What a gay, irresponsible existence it proves to be when in the theatre we again sit! And if truth, which belongs to comedy, dawns now and then in the course of an evening given over to delightful nonsense to poke its nose through the trail fantastic fabric, what a rent it seems to make!

Mr Lonsdale, let it be gratefully said, troubles as little with

the truth. Helen's house in Mayfair, though it has an outward aspect of comedy, belongs to farce as genuinely as Maria's house in Scotland. In one Maria suggests an experimental room with Richard so that she may see whether she loves him; in the other the experiment, with Helen and the Duke drawn in as guests, is carried out. Of course Maria, though she doesn't guess it, is as selfish, as cruel, as conceited as the Duke himself, and it is clear to Helen, and ultimately even to Richard, that the only cure for them is to "tell them off" and, metaphorically, knock their heads together. Helen and Richard escape while the snow still permits escape; Maria and the Duke are left snowed-up, isolated, twisting. After a few weeks of it, says farce the liar, they will be reformed characters whom Richard and Helen may continue to love.

Well, the truth, we know, is not to be demanded. What matters is the graceful boorishness of Mr Squire, the brilliant penance of Miss Jeffries, the grotesque, plodding submissiveness, and the sudden rebellion of Mr Edmund Brown. Here we are continuously on the plain of absurdity and enjoying the delectableness of Mr Lonsdale in keeping us there. But with Helen creeping in that questioning of truth which belongs to comedy. Her love for the Duke is never quite convincingly farcical, and the little tentative touches of sincerity which Miss Valerie Taylor gives to it do not make it any less a contradiction of the play's mood.

Maria, Richard, and George are themselves sparkling pieces of nonsense: nothing matters so long as they sparkle. But Helen asks to be taken with a little seriousness and even that little jar. This is, however, to say no more than that Mr Lonsdale has not always prevented truth from poking its intrusive nose into what it is, in all else, a gay, good-humoured entertainment which the audience conspicuously enjoyed.

Sheffield United are inspired to greater ambition

Lincoln	46	8	60
Coventry	54	5	63
Leeds	55	1	64
Sheffield	48	2	61
Southampton	50	5	57

by Julian Desborough

Range

Ticket to ride the last two big privatisations

THE Conservative party, fresh from electoral victory, believes that the next five years will represent the final culling of a tide that started in 1946. By the end of this parliament, the party believes that almost all the productive parts of the economy taken into the public sector after the second world war will have been privatised.

The two biggest assets still in the public sector are British Coal and British Rail, both specifically identified in the latest manifesto. But the time-scale envisaged means that whatever course the government decides, substantial chunks of BR at least could still be in the public sector when the party next goes to the electorate.

The remaining holdings in BT and National Power and PowerGen, the two electricity generators, are also important in terms of fund-raising — arguably more so than BR and Coal because they represent assets that already have a clear price-tag. They are worth between almost £7 billion at today's market prices.

The manifesto says nothing of these residual holdings, although eventual sale is likely. The document says merely that the Conservatives will continue the policies of privatisation, returning British Coal to the public sector, along with the local authority bus companies. Local authorities will be encouraged to sell their airports.

The government will end British Rail's monopoly, a commitment that notably falls short of an out-

right sale. The rest of the trust ports will be sold by competitive tender, as envisaged in the Ports Act 1991, after the disposal of Tees and Hartlepool, Tilbury, Medway, Forth and Clyde.

Northern Ireland Electricity is already up for sale, and the province's water and sewerage services will follow. Other extensions of private sector discipline into the public services will involve more contracting-out of services and competitive tendering by both local and central government.

The pitfalls facing the sale of the coal industry, always a prospect set to arouse strong emotions, were typified by the rumpus this year over the departure of Malcolm Edwards, the former commercial director of British Coal.

Mr Edwards, an industry man for 35 years, found himself at loggerheads with Neil Clarke, put in place early last year to oversee the sale. He had embarrassed his former employers in February with an outspoken defence of the industry before the energy select committee in Parliament.

He had warned that British Coal's output could shrink from the 70 million tonnes achieved in the year to end-March, when the corporation reported a profit for the second year running, to 25 million tonnes and that the number of pits could fall from about 50 to 14.

The government's own adviser, N.M. Rothschild, the merchant bank, is thought to have come to a similar conclusion if Coal is to be

Martin Waller reports on the pitfalls for a state sell-off of coal and the ideological confusion surrounding plans for British Rail

saleable. Crucial to Coal's future viability, and therefore saleability, are its relationship with the electricity industry, the corporation's biggest customer, and the so-called "dash for gas" that has seen that industry building gas-fired power stations that would obviate the need for coal.

British Coal has less than 12 months to finalise coal supply contracts with the two generators. It currently supplies at £47 a tonne, but coal is available on the world market for £25 a tonne. The generators need to balance security of supply and certain environmental benefits offered by domestic coal against the cost savings available elsewhere. Only when these issues are thrashed out, and British Coal has demonstrated some stability under the new price regime, can the corporation be sold.

The watering down of proposals for British Rail from outright sale to a sort of creeping denationalisation represented a considerable climbdown for the Conservatives before the election and the accep-

tion of what every industry observer had already conceded, that the network in its present form was unsaleable.

Sir Bob Reid, the BR chairman, had said in 1991 that the industry would need £10 billion for modernisation by the year 2000, and other industry voices had put the sum needed even higher. Large chunks of the business, including Network South East, can never be expected to run at a profit.

The plan, therefore, is to sell those businesses that are running at a profit and put out to tender the loss-making parts to whoever from the private sector would bid to run them with the smallest subsidy from the public purse. That subsidy will still be substantial; the bill to the government for keeping loss-making services running is likely to have risen by 50 per cent, to about £900 million, in the next financial year.

This so-called franchise solution is similar to the system for allocating independent television franchises that the television industry experienced last autumn, and it shares similar disadvantages. Most significantly, critics say, it threatens disruption of services if one of the franchise holders goes bust or is coming to the end of the franchise period with no prospect of being awarded the job next time.

Subsequently, profitable businesses, such as Railfreight and the parcels delivery business and perhaps some regional services, will be sold. There is also the option to

sell stations either to franchisees or to independent companies, which raises the intriguing prospect of big property or retail groups taking over attractive sites such as the London terminuses. Eventually, BR will merely become owner of the signalling equipment and the track on which the private sector businesses run their trains.

There is still a degree of ideological confusion over plans for the railways. All this backtracking means that the first asset sale from BR to raise funds for the public exchequer will probably come towards the end of the lifetime of this government.

The manifesto, in phrases that hark back to the golden age of steam, says the aim is "to restore the pride and local commitment that died at nationalisation" and "to recapture the spirit of the old regional companies." Franchising provides the best way to improve services for all passengers, it says.

Government sources have, since the election, indicated that the breaking of BR's monopoly will be a priority, and the plans of John MacGregor, the new transport secretary, are likely to be contained in the Queen's Speech on May 6. It may eventually mean the return under different ownership of some of the famous old liveries that were lost on nationalisation. But the cautious route the government has chosen to follow means that, unlike earlier privatisations, BR will not provide a big windfall to the public exchequer.



Platform for change: Sir Bob Reid, head of BR

Opening day for a financial drain in Spain

FROM EDWARD OWEN IN SEVILLE

NEARLY 100 pavilions and not a cricket pitch in sight: the largest ever Expo world fair opens today in Seville. Those who do their corporate entertainment at Lord's should instead be booking now for the fiesta where international networkers will be combining business with pleasure this summer.

But many in Spain say the whole £8 billion Expo project, the most extensive regional development in the EC, is a huge gamble. The Osaka Expo in 1970 made \$146 million profit, but as Spanish costs spiral Expo will be lucky to break even.

The 215 hectare Expo provides a unique opportunity to visit 109 nations and 23 multinational organisations all in one place and showing the best they have to offer. Commemorating Columbus's voyage to America, the theme is "The Age of Discovery" and there is plenty to learn.

Called "a forum for global communication" by the organisers, many pavilions have VIP suites for business visits. During Expo's six months run, 55,000 cultural events are planned. Eighteen million visitors are expected, nearly half from Spain, with an estimated 1.2 million from the United Kingdom.

Felipe Gonzalez, the socialist prime minister, who comes from Seville, has been accused of going too far with the grandiose scheme. He has admitted that by agreeing to organise Expo, he had his only excuse to justify modernising southern Spain's neglected infrastructure.

Emilio Cassinello, Expo's commissioner general, says total spending in Andalusia, including the controversial high-speed train link between Seville and Madrid, will be 1.4 billion pesetas or £7.8 billion, of which Expo itself

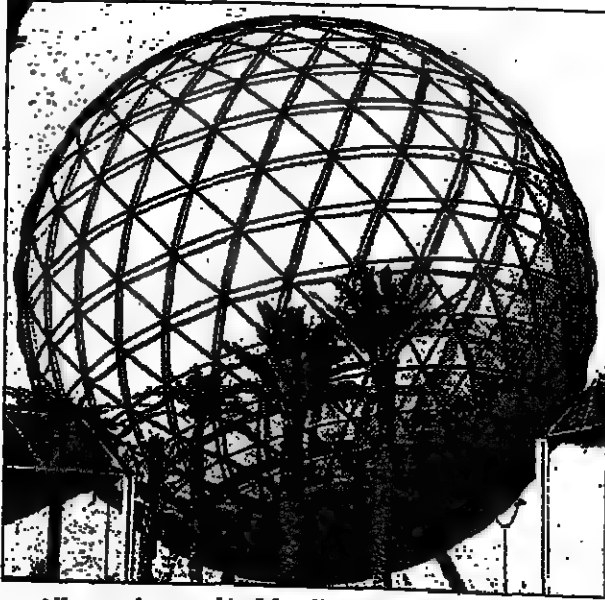
will cost £1.1 billion. Only four years ago, the budget for the latter was £406 million, and last week the government had to grant Expo another £278 million for contingencies.

But as the exhibition's costs soar, so does the number of visitors required to help balance the books, now 20 million, and a trip to the show is expensive. Local hotels have doubled, and some tripled, their prices and a one-day adult entrance to Expo costs £22.22. Add travel expenses, refreshments, souvenirs, scenic trips and entertainments. One Spanish magazine calculated that a three-day visit by a typical family of four from Madrid would cost £1,200.

Although the best way to get straight to Expo from the Spanish capital is by the new high-speed train, the Ave is trapped between Madrid and Seville because it is on the European gauge, which is narrower than the Spanish network. Three years ago Ave's budget was £944 million. Now it is £2.8 billion.

Felipe Camison, transport spokesman for the opposition conservative Popular Party, complains: "It has been used by the socialist government of Felipe Gonzalez for the greater glory of his own image, leaving aside the national necessities of rail communication in our country." In the belief that the rush to Seville will not slow after Expo, the city also has 14 new hotels, a new airport, new train station, new bus station, 35 kilometres of new bypass, seven new bridges and is linked by 1,000 kms of new motorway to the rest of Spain and Europe. Malaga and Jerez airports have been expanded.

Only time will tell if the massive regional spending was justified or if it should have been spread around the country.



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Money men who rule the business world

Even the most colourful characters in Britain's boardrooms have to pay heed to the quiet men who really control the purse strings of British industry. Some did not, and paid the price, says William Kay

Recession has brought painful changes in Britain's boardrooms. Many entrepreneurs, who looked as if they could do no wrong, have been pushed aside while the grey men, the careful, cautious, risk-averse, resume charge. More questionable are the system by which the former heroes were found wanting and the credentials of those who topped them or failed to take action in time.

A coterie of perhaps 100 key bank executives, leading investment managers of pension funds, insurance companies, unit and investment trusts, decides which companies get money to expand or, too often in the eighties, over-expand. In bad times, it decides which companies, or company chiefs, are allowed the extra few months that can make the difference between survival and failure. A pack instinct operates and when the pack closes in there is little a business can do to resist. This change of image can affect even the strongest.

Until less than a year ago, Hanson could do no wrong as a company. Then it spent £250 million buying shares in ICI and Lord Hanson allowed the City to think he was considering a takeover bid. ICI fought back with a series of revelations that damaged Hanson's hitherto untouchable credibility. Lord Hanson was publicly forced to abandon the takeover idea. City power brokers shook their heads sadly. "Hanson is running out of ideas and will slowly decline," said one leading fund manager.

The big money men — there are still few women in positions of financial power — have more say over British business than ever before. Many have been with one institution or managed investments for their entire careers. And after the high-profile bosses have been booted out, the City bosses carry on, business as usual. They are doing their best to protect people's savings, but that does not always mean they take the best decisions for British industry.

Graham Corbett, the long-suffering finance director of Eurotunnel, says: "If we were starting all over again, we would try not to have anything like so many banks lending to us." Most of us blanch at the thought of having to ask just one bank manager for a loan. Corbett and his colleagues have to face 220, of many nationalities. Eurotunnel has virtually no money coming in before it opens for business, so it depends totally on those banks.

The company has a bank relationship team working full-time on keeping in touch. Corbett and the group's two co-chairmen also spend two or three hours a week keeping the banks sweet. The central committee of 18 banks are clued up, but Corbett often needs near-unanimous votes on company plans, bringing frustrating delays while fine points are explained to banks with little at stake and that spend little time doing their homework on Eurotunnel.

Talking to corporate bankers and the fund managers is taking an increasing amount of British boardroom time, regardless of the state of the business. Recession has only added to the pressure to explain, explain, explain.

Michael Hartnall, finance director of Bower, the printing and packaging group, says: "We treat the City with great respect. They are largely the owners of the company, after all. We put down in a register the names of our institutional shareholders and our contact with them, noting changes of holdings. It's just a question of keeping in touch and being alert to their concerns."

Andrew Teare, chief executive of English China Clays, says: "A lot depends on the quality of communication. We have had a restructuring of the business, and one of the first things I did was to go and talk to a lot of institutions about it. We did what we said we would. If some don't, I'm never surprised that people get irritated."

Hugh Jenkins, the Welshman who controls the investments of the Prudential, which controls more than 3 per cent of the value of listed companies, trained as a surveyor, became property surveyor for the miners' pension fund and, as he says, "just slid into" general investment management. He has had his

hands on the purse strings of British industry for 20 years. He says the dialogue between the City and industry has become much more intense. "In the 1960s and 1970s, stockbrokers used to introduce industrialists to fund managers over lunch. That has fallen into disrepair, and every day now there is some sort of presentation being given here in our offices by quoted companies that want to explain their latest results, or why they are making a rights issue or a takeover bid. Our managers go visiting as well."

Although the money men paint a harmonious picture, business does not always see it that way. Sir Antony Pilkington, chairman of the Pilkington glass company, says: "They will understand you while you are there, and be wholly sympathetic, but they are looking at tables of figures and you are looking at assets and people."

In 1985, Pilkington managed to see off a takeover bid by BTR. Sir Antony says: "The shareholders of British industry have different objectives to the industries themselves. In the old days, there was a much closer relationship between the two, as there is in Japan now. The institutions are necessarily very much more short term than they were. I don't think any one has come up with any reasonable solution to it."

In case any manufacturing mogul should forget just who calls the shots, every so often one of them is dropped down a bottomless well into oblivion. One of the latest was Hawker Siddeley, once famous as an aircraft firm but later a jumbled engineering group less successful than Pilkington at fighting off BTR's approaches. Disillusioned fund managers had quietly been selling Hawker's shares in recent years. Those still aboard had no qualms about surrendering the company to a takeover bid.

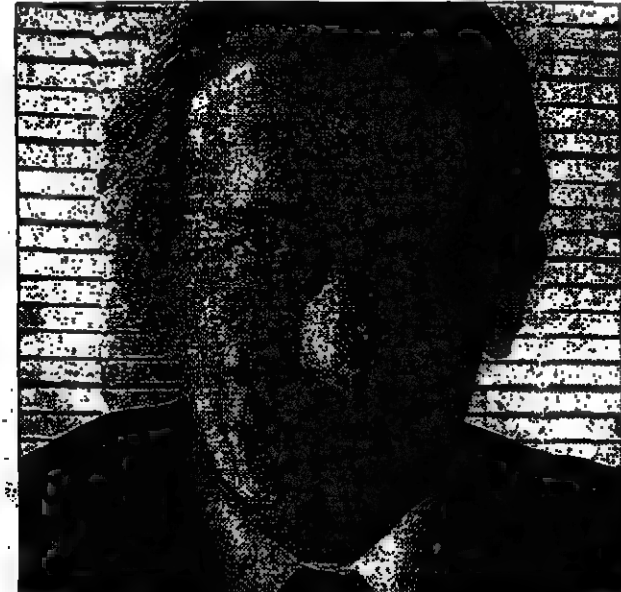
Dick Barfield, an easy-going Englishman who has succeeded in the Scottish financial establishment as the director handling £11 billion of investments at Standard Life, says: "Hawker had not gone anywhere in the last few years. BTR will manage the assets better than the Hawker management, and that has to be the yardstick."

Paddy Linaker, managing director of the £8 billion M&G unit trust group, has grown with it to become a leading exponent of its philosophy of loyalty and plain speaking in relations with company managements. He says: "It was sad to watch Hawker's decline. They had been a bit dilatory in carrying out what they said they would do to put it right."

Dr Alan Watkins, Hawk-



Relative values: Paddy Linaker is an exponent of M&G's philosophy of loyalty and plain speaking



Alive to danger: Michael Hart of Foreign & Colonial

rektor in charge of relations with the 400 top companies, explains: "Let's say a company is in difficulty. If you look at it and find the recession has shown this is actually a poor business and it was only in business before because of the ease with which anybody could make money, then you clearly would take a very different view."

"It would be lovely if you could take your money back immediately, but it just does not work like that. A lot of the time you are not in a position to do it. The borrower is in default, and you've agreed facilities, so you've got to live through it. If they're in default, then you can renegotiate the contractual arrangements. Then you have to say to yourself, 'maybe we don't like it any more, but that doesn't mean to say we have to do something which drives it out of business'. So you've got to look at how safe you think you are, and how quickly you might need to look at what you're doing."

One of the bitterest sufferers at the banks' hands has been George Walker, ex-husband of the entrepreneur who found himself fighting a rear-guard action from mid-1990 until he threw in the towel before Christmas. He says: "Banks clearly have the right to call in their money. But do they have the right to say 'we are not going to call in our money, but this is the best

leading bankers lending to Eurotunnel. He says: "That is a first-class example of how the banks backed an idea, although I think we'd have preferred to have had less of a struggle over the last couple of years." Eurotunnel was at one stage in default, but a happy association can take heartache along the way.

The real test for Eurotunnel and its shareholders will come when it starts operating, and has to meet targets for turnover and cash flow. "We shall have a fair idea by 2000 whether it is going to be a success: then we'll have to decide whether to finance a second tunnel," Byatt says.

Some big City investors admit openly that they are liable to be led astray by a plausible manner and an alluring set of figures. "Our trouble is that we stick with companies longer than we should," says Michael Hart, the unassuming managing director of Foreign & Colonial group, whose long record of success in its flagship investment trust, the oldest and now largest, has given him an influence beyond the £4.5 billion he controls. "We like to get to know the management of companies, we see them a lot, and the big danger is that you fall in love with a company. It's only when we get thoroughly disillusioned with the management and they keep on disappointing us that we think about selling."

Prudential's Hugh Jenkins adds: "We want to be able to look into a company chairman's eyes and establish whether he has the credibility in which we can invest our confidence. We make allowances for problems like the recession, but we have to be able to believe what they tell us."

That helps to explain why some businessmen, like Gerald Ratner and the Saatchi brothers, could enjoy such star status, only to plunge to earth in a welter of recrimination. In 1985, for instance, John Richards, of Wood Mackenzie, the City's top retail analyst, said: "Ratner knows the market and can be totally confident of running an undermanaged company round." The trouble began in 1990 when Ratner paid £234 million for Kay Jewelers in America, which many reckoned too much. Then, last spring, he made his infamous speech to the Institute of Directors, when he described his shops' cut-glass sherry decanter set as "total crap". The shares collapsed.

Ratner also combined the roles of chairman and chief executive, something fund managers dislike but ignore so long as things are going well. Ratner stepped down as chairman, but by then the company's profits and reputation had gone.

Professional investors are frequently criticised for not asking the tough questions until things go wrong and not digging deep enough to find out what is going on in the companies whose shares they hold. Companies sometimes give shareholders a carefully doctored version, disguising bad news in the hope it will be countered quickly by good. In the past year, more skeletons

have been tumbling out of the cupboards than the most nimble tycoon could hide.

Fund managers have grown more willing to campaign for boardroom changes but are still frightened of being accused of trying to run the companies in which they invest. There is a legal reason for that. An outsider deemed to have a direct influence in how a company is managed can be as liable as the directors for any wrongdoing.

Nevertheless, the Bank of England has made it clear that it sees fund managers as the people to supervise the country's leading businesses. John Charkham, an adviser to the Governor of the Bank and a member of Sir Adrian

Cadbury's committee on corporate governance, told a recent conference that shareholders should not shut their eyes because profits and dividends were rolling in, because then "anything goes, including caution, good sense and, sometimes, probity".

Instead, Charkham urged fund managers to ask: "Does the chief executive look strong enough? If he is charismatic, pack a parachute. If he is a superannuated hero, hand him one to float into honourable retirement with."

The Institutional Shareholders' Committee has condemned "concentrations of decision-making power not formally constrained by

checks and balances appropriate to the particular company", without actually recommending its members to wade into corporate messes themselves. There is a suspicion that their liking for more powerful non-executive directors is a way of avoiding responsibility themselves.

The greatest concentrator of boardroom power in his own hands was Robert Maxwell. Most fund managers claim to have avoided the late tycoon's companies or bailed out long ago. Had they stayed, they might have deterred Maxwell from plundering the pension funds. Because of their boycott, Maxwell's shares were too lowly rated to use as bid currency. So he borrowed. Today the bankers have the red faces.

One lender to Maxwell says: "The problem is that people think you just get in for £100 million, just like that. You don't, of course. You tend to have modest exposures, and they grow, sometimes because the companies grow and you've grown up with them. Sometimes the company goes one acquisition too far. That has been one of the problems of many of the corporate collapses after the boom."

Analysts claim Maxwell over-reached himself when he bought Macmillan Inc in America in 1990. By then, Maxwell had several banks at his beck and call, and was able to play one off against others. Bankers do not like to be the odd one out. When that failed, he resorted to his famous bluster, shouting critics down.

During the boom, bankers were under heavy competitive pressure to lend money to grow profits, often at low margins, as international banks struggled for market share. The fear of being left behind or losing big customers left banks wide open to the elegant persuader and the demanding big borrower. That was a big element in their gullibility in the face of Maxwell.

The recession dried up lending opportunities, loan losses sapped lending power and central banks raised capital requirements, giving banks the perfect excuse to get some of their big corporate borrowers off their back: the cupboard is empty.

The pressures on fund managers can be as strong as on bankers. Their immediate customers are trustees of pension funds and the directors of investment companies, who want to know why they

are not near the top of the monthly league tables.

Ironically, the pension fund trustees who demand better performance from their fund managers are often the same who, as company directors, complain that their institutional investors take too much of a short-term view of their company's prospects.

Sir John Harvey-Jones, TV management pundit and formerly of ICI, says: "There is endless argument between the City and industry that if we would just talk, all would be well. The reality is there is a conflict between pensions and shareholders, and between shareholders and managements. We have set up a man-made system because of the fiscal advantage we have given to pension funds. The penalties of failure are substantial. These are perceived as pressures to perform."

As Richard Branson and Andrew Lloyd-Webber have demonstrated, some self-made

'There is a conflict between pensions and shareholders, and between shareholders and managements'

businessmen are not inclined to put up with the buffeting they can receive on the stock market. "When it came down to it, Andrew wanted all his toys back in his own attic," was how a merchant bank adviser to Lloyd-Webber described his decision to buy back the shares in his once-public Really Useful Company. Branson prefers to raise finance for his Virgin airline in Japan, or by selling other assets, saying: "We can concentrate on running the business, with no distractions."

Most ambitious businessmen need the stock market to help finance expansion. Anita Roddick, Britain's most successful woman entrepreneur, has, however, managed to avoid all but fleeting visits to the City since her Body Shop International was floated in 1984. She says: "When we were going public, I had to attend hundreds of meetings with guys in City suits using a lot of jargon I couldn't understand. Finance bored the pants off me. I fell asleep more times than not." Many wish they could shrug off the City so lightly.

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Bored: Anita Roddick fell asleep at City meetings

Names find that hardship means a small flat and £10,000 a year

BY JONATHAN PRYNN

AN INCOME of £10,000 a year and accommodation in a £120,000 rented property may not sound like the bread-line. But for hundreds of once comfortably-off Lloyd's names it is an almost unimaginable reduction in means.

These are the typical terms offered to names who apply to Dr Mary Archer's hardship committee. All the other significant assets and income of the name must be surrendered to Lloyd's to pay off losses. The property that the name is allowed to live in is effectively owned by Lloyd's and is sold on the death of the name if there are still outstanding liabilities. A flood of appli-

cations to the committee is expected after Easter following the decision by Mr Justice Saville in the High Court last week to uphold Lloyd's right to draw down on names' deposits to pay cash calls. The drawdown procedure is expected to begin this week. David Coleridge, the chairman of Lloyd's, said that the judgment confirmed the primacy of the "pay now, sue later" principle.

The judgment has brought near-despair to hundreds of names faced with losing their entire life's savings and investments. About a third of applications to the committee result in offers, which will usually require the name to sell their homes and move into more modest accommoda-

tion, which Lloyd's effectively owns. One name contacted yesterday expects to have to sell his £700,000 central London family home and move into a small flat on the outskirts of the capital. His losses are around £2 million.

Single and married names without dependent children are generally expected to live in flats or small houses with a typical value of about £120,000. Allowable living expenses are around £10,000 a year for a single name and up to £14,000 for a married couple. Names with small children are given more leeway and can live in larger family houses. Some names have said that they will not apply to the hardship committee, even though that means they

may be made bankrupt, because of the tough terms they would be offered and because spouses are also expected to reveal detailed information about their financial status.

The prospect of imminent drawdowns on deposits has spawned an array of ingenious schemes to put assets out of the reach of Lloyd's. One is said to be planning to pay his Lloyd's losses from the sale of his half of the family house to his wife. Others are known to have squirreled as much of their wealth as possible in off-shore financial havens such as the Cayman Islands.

However, Lloyd's desperately needs the money to pay off heavy losses resulting from the wave of claims washing around

the market. It will use every legal power available to it to force names to pay up.

Some names may be affected sooner than others. Elbom Mitchell, the City law firm that advises Lloyd's members' agents who are responsible for carrying out the drawdowns, has written to its clients warning them to take a "cautious approach" to drawdowns relating to losses incurred by Gooda Walker syndicates. An affidavit lodged with the courts in April raised serious questions about some transactions carried out by the underwriter of Gooda Walker syndicate 290. The Gooda Walker Action Group is expected to seek an injunction preventing drawdowns in the courts this week.



Coleridge: 'pay now'

Houses worth less than owner's mortgage

Thousands fall into homes valuation trap

BY LINDSAY COOK, MONEY EDITOR

MORE than 380,000 homeowners have mortgages that are higher than the value of the property, according to statistics from the Council of Mortgage Lenders.

Falling house prices in the past three years mean that in the worst hit areas some people who put down a deposit of as much as £25,000 on a £100,000 property could now find that their liabilities exceed their assets.

The figures are likely to depress the housing market even further. The market is desperately looking for a boost over the holiday weekend, the traditional start of the housebuying season.

The borrowers are technically insolvent because their debts are larger than their assets, but as their lenders will not call in their loans they will be able to continue to live in their homes as long as they can afford the mortgage payments.

Mark Bolat, director general of the Council of Mortgage Lenders, said that it was difficult to give precise figures but his research showed: "At the end of last year, 380,000 people had a mortgage bigger than the value of their house."

"If they can afford the mortgage, they are clearly not

insolvent. If they don't intend to move it is irrelevant. A fair number that have negative equity have arrears. We estimate that only 100,000 have negative equity because of house price falls, the rest are because of arrears. Only a small number of people paid the prices at the peak."

The Council of Mortgage Lenders represents the providers of 95 per cent of mortgages. Since the research was carried out, prices have fallen further.

A senior executive at a clearing bank this week ventured that there were prob-



Bolat: few paid full price

ably more people personally insolvent in Britain now than at any other time in its history. Those people caught in this housing trap cannot move because they will have no deposit for the next property and could be pursued for the shortfall between the price their home sold for and the mortgage outstanding.

If an indemnity policy is operating because they borrowed more than 75 per cent of the value of the property, the lender should not suffer the loss. The insurance company will pay the difference to the lender but are, in some cases, pursuing the borrower for the money.

In addition, there are millions more people whose property value has fallen since they bought it, although they still have equity in the house, and large numbers of repossessed houses and flats are depressing the market.

A large proportion of those who have bought since the beginning of 1988 have homes worth less than they paid for them and they find it psychologically hard to sell for a lower price.

Among them are many people who are over-extended and want to trade down. They cannot sell at too great a loss because it will push them further downmarket. Those wanting to move to a more expensive property are still reluctant to reduce their prices, even though they are buying more cheaply than they expected.

Valuations are also hampering the market. Many valuers use the previous two sales in an area to help them to arrive at a value for a property being sold.

In the southeast, a great many of those previous sales are of repossessed properties and are depressing the values of houses being sold normally. Low valuations prevent first-time buyers with small deposits from entering the market.

As property prices continue to fall, many are deterred from the market, for fear of losing their deposit. While they can get a real return on savings, there is no rush to buy a first home that could fall in value.

Most of those with mortgages larger than the value of their homes were first-time buyers. They accounted for a little more than half the house sales from 1989 to April this year. Since then, their share of the market has fallen.



Major road ahead: Gillian Shephard will play the role of job-seeker's friend

Training holds the key to reducing Shephard's flock

BY ROSS TIEMAN, INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

GILLIAN Shephard, the new employment secretary, is facing urgent pressure to address the failure of the government's Employment Action programme for the long-term unemployed to attract trainees.

In spite of a massive rise in long-term unemployment, latest figures show that only 16,250 trainees have joined the programme.

Officials at the Employment department are unable to say whether the government pledge to provide 30,000 places by the end of March was met.

That is because of difficulty in collecting statistics from operating agencies among the 82 Training and Enterprise Councils (TECs) in England and Wales, and 22 Local Enterprise Companies (LECs), in Scotland.

Critics of Employment Action were unhappy that the scheme provided trainees with only £10 above their normal benefits. The TUC re-

fused to co-operate because trainees were not given the rate for the job.

The unions also said that the training content was inadequate.

The government had budgeted £110 million during the financial year which ended this month for the programme, which only started in late October last year.

It is unlikely that all of the money has been spent.

A further £170 million has been set aside to provide 60,000 places in the current year. However, the slow take-up may provide an opportunity for Mrs Shephard to redirect some of the cash into programmes with a proven track record for getting the long-term unemployed back to work.

Mrs Shephard has already promised to review the range of measures available to offer unemployed people "practical and effective help in getting back to work."

Tackling the problem of

unemployment, which now has 2.7 million Britons in its embrace, will remain at the top of the department's agenda.

Mrs Shephard, aged 52, a former schoolteacher, has already impressed senior officials at the department with her capacity for hard work and her evident commitment.

But the government's determination to remove "barriers" which it believes restrict job creation will continue to bring the department into conflict with trade unions.

The job of abolishing the wages councils, which set minimum pay rates for four million Britons, is likely to go to Michael Forsyth, the department's first minister of state.

Mr Forsyth, a former Scottish Office minister and ardent Thatcherite, may cast himself in the role of Mr Nasty, leaving Mrs Shephard to play the role of the job-seeker's friend.

Merchant banks planning £8bn of new issues

BY OUR BANKING CORRESPONDENT

INVESTORS are preparing for an £8 billion flood of new issues this summer as merchant banks work on a series of huge flotations.

The Conservative election victory and the buoyant stock market has given the green light to companies who are planning to raise new funds. The sales are likely to stretch the budgets of many institutions, already committed to paying instalments of almost £8 billion on privatisations such as British Telecom, National Power and PowerGen, and the regional electricity distributors.

Merchant banks are said to be discussing the timing of the flotations with the Bank of England. Sellers are led by the Wellcome Trust, the charitable organisation planning to sell up to 48.6 per cent of the drugs company later this summer, in a float worth some £4.5 billion. Other flotation candidates include 3i, the venture capital business, which plans to become the stock market's largest investment trust in a sale worth more than £1 billion.

The international scene is

dominated by GPA, the Irish aircraft leasing business, which hopes to raise up to \$3 billion. The float is likely to include \$750 million in new shares to help finance the group's ambitious expansion plans.

The growing list of corporate collapses is also providing investors with new opportunities.

The summer should see the New York flotation of Del Monte International, the fresh fruit subsidiary of Polly Peck, which should be worth up to \$875 million. Meanwhile the administrators of British & Commonwealth, the collapsed financial services group, are organising an institutional placing of shares in Exco, its money broking subsidiary.

Elsewhere, established public companies are floating divisions to strengthen their balance sheets. Rascal is selling its Chubb security business in a float early this summer worth up to £500 million. MFI hopes to attract up to £750 million in a sale to eliminate debt and improve the group's working capital.

Coopers to pay \$50m settlement

FROM PHILIP ROBINSON IN NEW YORK

COOPERS & Lybrand has agreed to pay a record sum of up to \$50 million to settle legal action brought over its work for Miniscribe, the collapsed Colorado-based computer hard disk maker. But the accounting firm still faces a dozen other law suits where damages claimed in just four cases total \$500 million.

Three years ago, outside directors and new auditors of Miniscribe conducted an investigation. They reported that senior company officials broke into trunks containing auditors' paperwork for the year ending December 1986 and inflated stock values by \$1 million.

Building bricks were packaged to look like \$4.3 million of hard disk sales and sent to the distributors so they could be counted as stock in transit.

In February, a Texas jury found against Coopers. Miniscribe's investment bank Hambrecht & Quist, its founder William Hambrecht, and Mr Q. T. Wiles, a former chairman of Miniscribe, were awarded \$28.7 million in compensation and \$530 million punitive damages.

Coopers' portion of the fine was set at \$200 million, but the firm has settled for a payment of between \$45 million and \$50 million, estimated at a tenth of Coopers' \$500 million net worth.

Hanson to appoint new chief

Hanson, the acquisitive conglomerate, is expected shortly to appoint the group's first chief executive in Derek Bonham, currently finance director, in a move that will shift some of the burden for the day-to-day running of the business from Lord Hanson, the chairman.

The appointment would be the second significant board change this year. Last month, David Clarke was named deputy chairman and chief executive of Hanson Industries, the American arm.

Mr Bonham, widely credited for creating the system of financial controls and tax planning that has enhanced the group's performance, even during the recession, is not seen as a potential successor to Lord Hanson.

Vickers to sell R-R car firm

Sir David Plastow, retiring chairman of Vickers, will this week tell shareholders of plans to sell the Rolls-Royce motors business, but he is unlikely to have any firm progress to report at Thursday's annual meeting.

Rolls is expected eventually to find a new owner in one of the big motor manufacturers from overseas. Vickers still believes the luxury car business to be worth some £200 million. Serious offers, however, have proved to be some way short of this figure.

BR sell-off plans advance

The government has wasted no time since the election in progressing plans for the ending of British Rail's monopoly on running trains, and a detailed scheme for bringing in competition to the network is likely to be announced in the Queen's Speech on May 6.

This privatisation will not follow the pattern of previous state sell-offs and bring in a huge windfall for the City in the form of advisers' and stockbrokers' fees.

Next steps, page 24

BOMBED BY THE IRA! Suddenly, our need is as desperate as that of the young people we help

Just Ask is a charity which provides counselling and help to young people in London who are unemployed, homeless and on a low income.

Increasingly in today's world we have to deal with their emotional and psychological, as well as practical problems.

On Friday 10th our new headquarters in the City - generously provided for us rent-free by Legal & General - was badly damaged by the IRA. To reinstate our helpline and continue our vital work, we need your help now as never before. Please send a donation to:

Just Ask, 46 Bishopsgate, London EC2N 4AJ

Or call us on 071-628 3380

to make a credit card donation.

Sat / Sun / Mon 10-3 plus

usual working days 9-6.

To: Just Ask. Please

accept my donation of £

Name

Address

Postcode

☐ I enclose a cheque ☐ I wish to pay by Credit Card

☐ Visa ☐ Access ☐ Eurocard Card expiry date

Signature

Date

JUST ASK ADVISORY AND COUNSELLING SERVICE

Just Ask is part of London Central YMCA, a registered charity no. 1001043

How one firm survived difficult days in the City

BY NEIL BENNETT BANKING CORRESPONDENT

CITY workers will return from the Easter break to find part of the Square Mile resembling a building site, as crews clear up the debris after the IRA bombing. Half the windows in the City may have been broken and more than 35 firms are looking for premises, but for one small merchant bank in the midst of the debris it was business (almost) as usual.

Ten days ago, the offices of Close Brothers in Great St. Helens took the full force of the blast. Most of its windows were smashed and doors, telephone cables and furniture were damaged.

The boardroom was left studded with broken glass that the directors

prised out with knives. In spite of the damage, the staff stubbornly refused to leave.

Rod Kent, the managing director, said: "Why should I be moved out of my office by some Irish thug? Close never closes."

John Hudson, the financial controller of the investment management division, even continued working the night of the blast. He was in the back office completing management accounts when the bomb exploded but, luckily, avoided being hurt.

The power failed and the traffic stopped, but within a few minutes the lights and his computer came back on. He continued to work for another hour, before closing up and walking out through the police cordon. Mr Kent first knew about the damage on

Saturday evening, minutes after returning from a skiing trip.

By Sunday, Close had started a full clear-up operation, with staff toiling alongside contract cleaners and workmen. Mr Kent said: "Once you get going with a Hoover it is amazing how you get things moving."

The firm called in a third of its employees on Monday to tell clients about the damage, and returned to full staffing by Tuesday, although many worked in darkness after the windows were boarded up.

Even then, the firm's problems were not over. On Wednesday, staff arrived to find the square cordoned off, while workmen cleared smashed glass from the Standard Chartered building above. The merchant bank decamped to the bar of the Great Eastern Hotel,

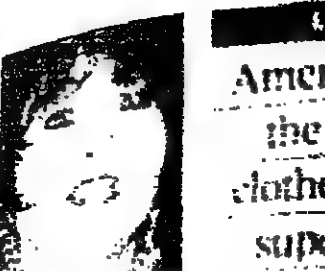
Liverpool Street, and rented two rooms for the money market team.

British Telecom diverted two telephone lines to the rooms and the dealers began to trade their £150 million book from memory.

When they were finally allowed back into the bank in the afternoon they discovered their calculations had been out by only £200,000.

Throughout the week the oil painting of WB Close, the founder of the merchant bank, looked down on staff with its familiar sardonic smile.

Mr Kent said: "This is the third peril we have survived in ten years. We have had a small fire and a flood. We won't have a famine so long as our profits keep rising. I don't think there are many disasters left, apart from plague."



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LOOKS
America leads
the way in
clothes for the
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LIFE & TIMES

MONDAY APRIL 20 1992

1X

EDUCATION
Is America
winning the
battle against
truancy too?



New kids on the beach

Bank holiday battles are not what they used to be. Paul Barker goes in search of some mythological mayhem

In the early summer of 1964, when Chief Superintendent John Albourn was aged 18, Mods and Rockers turned Brighton's pebbly seafront into a battleground. "I was down there with my stone," he remembers, with a snort of laughter. "I thought I'd enjoy it. Along Madeira Drive, by the aquarium, the police would run, then we would run." He was, he says, neither Mod nor Rocker. But no teenager with anything about him wanted to be left out.

Now John Albourn is the head of the Brighton police force. This bank holiday weekend, in the town where he was born and bred, it has been his job to keep an eye out for any return of seaside confrontation. "We're a cult country," he says. "Something occurs, out of the blue. Then it goes in a cycle."

Those mid-1960s days of early youth culture, with their set-piece showdowns, are now a generation away. This makes them a candidate for instant nostalgia. In early May, Philip Ryan's play, *In the Midnight Hour*, comes to the Young Vic in London, after provincial success. It is a hymn to Mod days: "the era of mohair suits and Lambretta scooters," when Wilson Pickett and Otis Redding topped the hit parade.

The plot is simple. "A group of young Mods anticipates another weekend of dancing, fighting and loving. Kicking their Monday to Friday lives aside, they reach for their starkest dreams, empowered and emboldened by the emotional, bittersweet music of Tamla Motown."

But is that really the way it was? And what has happened to bank holiday seaside towns since? Where have all the Rockers gone?

That summer of '64 I was, for a time, the world expert on Mods and Rockers. I too was on Brighton beach, as a reporter for *New Society*. The year's headline battle between the two subcultures, Clacton, Margate, Brighton, Hastings, I organised a social survey of all the Mods and Rockers convicted by Margate magistrates. It was published in time for the August bank holiday. *The Mirror* reprinted it across its centre spread. As I went down, by train, to Hastings — that summer's last battleground — I saw teenagers reading it. They were checking how they ought to behave when they got there.

Hastings today is like a first world war battlefield in Flanders. A place for quiet retrospection. In St Leonard's (which is to Hastings as Hove is to Brighton), "the Woodcock generation", in one local resident's words, settled in the Victorian terraces and created "a kind of bohemia". Some probably first dapped eyes on Hastings from the back of a Vespa. From the enemy Rocker camp, groups of bikers, also now in their forties, still come down to Hastings "to look at the historic battlefield and say,

"Didn't we have a good time?" Both the Mods and the Rockers have acquired mortgages, and teenagers, of their own.

Brighton is less of a backwater. If there is trouble now, it is usually at the bottom end of West Street, running down to the seafront from the station. Four fruit-machine arcades cluster around a fish and chip shop. Bianco's cocktail lounge offers 007 Vodka ("shaken not stirred") and Orgasm ("Baileys and Cointreau on a bed of ice") for £3 a shot. First Leisure Corporation's Paradox Disco-Tec offers "the Essential Dance Statement". (It stands on the site of a house Samuel Johnson visited, to take the waters.) Here, too, is Brighton's largest night club, The Event, which can hold 1,800. For afterwards, fluorescent red and green posters on a nearby hotel propose an "£18 Special per person — sharing double or twin".

But the man filling a lucky dip with fluffy bears outside the Family Leisure arcade has more anxieties about locals than about invaders. Those who know their way around computer programmes can clear out a fruit machine with a single £1 coin. "I reckon it's quieter because of drugs," he says. "People aren't drinking so much. They're meant to be happy drugs. It turns them into happy people. Takes you back to the 1960s."

The past is, of course, a malleable place. This is not the battling 1960s the nostalgic bikers remember.

After a Brighton bank holiday, Mr Albourn says, "Cars are found abandoned, stolen from all over the country. And Brighton cars are found abandoned elsewhere. Bank holiday means borrowing other people's cars." It also means hiring a minivan or a minibus. Few now arrive by train.

Many who come to Brighton scarcely see the seafront. At all resorts, shopping has become a bigger experience than the sea. The Benidorm and Alicante have lessened the charm of the chilly English Channel. "More and more shops open, up in the town," says a seafront rock-seller. Her livelihood is drifting away from her. "It's not really a bank holiday like it used to be. They don't come down as far as the prom."

The bank holiday cycle has swung through several turns since 1964. "In the 1970s," Mr Albourn recalls, "there were the Mod and Rocker revivals. And then we had skinheads setting fire to the Volks Railway [a miniature railway] at Black Rock. We lined them up, on the grass, without their boots. I don't think we could get away with it now." For a young sergeant, "these were quite tasty occasions". A mobile unit on double pay was "a pleasant way to pass the time".

Acid House is another cult that is now dying. "We have had hundreds of police every weekend on stand-by," Mr Albourn says. "There are warehouses and empty



Soul survivors: Rockers used to call Mods effeminate but in the early 1960s they were one of the first stirrings of a youth culture in Britain

factories around Brighton. One night we arrived at 10.30 at a party at an old clothing factory, where they'd got the key. We found Rotwellers and everything. But we got through. "No one wants to pay £25-35 and get nothing for it. At a bank holiday, it is easier to find Acid House on the other side of the Channel. Euro-Dopey?"

For police at resorts, the biggest hazard is when local football derbies fall on a bank holiday. Brighton, unlike Hastings, is home to a major club. "They come down and bevy up on the Friday, sleep on the beach, then run around through the shops. When it was Leeds v. Brighton in 1990," Mr Albourn says, "they ran us ragged all weekend. You remember the 'Bournemouth riots' that year? We had them a fortnight before."

Even without a local derby, you get fights between rival club supporters. Millwall slugs it out with Portsmouth. But the police still welcome all-day opening. On a hot day, drinkers would be turned out in the afternoon and sleep it off on the beach. On a cold or rainy day, they wandered round to restaurants and then refused to pay. Now most of them, most of the time, just sit quietly in the pub.

At Hastings, John Albourn's opposite number is Superintendent Ian McDonald, who was a 14-year-old Midlands schoolboy that summer of '64, "so I missed it all". Mr Albourn's openness shows one way in which the police have changed since those tighter-lipped days. McDonald shows another change. He talks like a sociologist.

"There aren't the tribal elements now. Youth groups are much more heterogeneous. We have individual and small-group problems, not

"Let's go to Hastings for a bundle". It's unplanned, spontaneous aggression. There's not the ganginess, not the tribal nature. If you go for the Beatles or the Stones? Within each group there's a wide variety of sub-groups." And he is right. Brighton's "No. 1 late nightbar", the Helsinki, describes its wares with clinical precision: "Garage, Trancy Dance but no Hardcore." There is a faint after-echo here of the Mod-Rocker divide. Hardcore folk (fans of Seal's "Killer" or Lords of Acid's "Take Control") have a reputation for being more interested in aggression than the music. Their latest fad is to wear toy robots around their necks. These serve the same purpose as a club tie — except that, handily, you can tuck pills into the empty battery compartments.

Standing on Brighton seafront and looking back in time, I think those confrontations in 1964 marked the beginning of something; but, perhaps more importantly, the end of something else.

Yes, they were one of the first stirrings of a youth culture in Britain. This was especially true of the Mods. The Rockers derided them as "effeminate", but most of the succeeding fashions splintered off from Moddery.

More ominously, the seafront posturing was the first sign of formal showdowns between young people and the police. At the time, most newspapers reported on the (minimal) violence between Mods and Rockers. This still shapes recollection. But what struck me most, as I went up and down beaches, was the ritual nature of the

supposed battle. Mods and Rockers were like flocks of pigeons, clustering, flying up, dispersing. The main point was this: both of them were against the police.

This has had gruesome consequences since, not only where the young people were mostly black (as in Brixton, Toxteth or Tottenham in the early 1980s), but also in the poll tax riots. John Albourn was among the police in Trafalgar Square in April 1990. "It was unbelievably violent. The level of violence in the Mod-Rocker days bore no comparison."

But, starting out in the ruins of West Pier, half-collapsed in the sea, it is the sense of an ending that strikes me even more forcefully.

The Rockers, in my 1964 social survey, were working-class heroes of a very recognisable kind. Their ambition was to grow up to be like their fathers. They typically had unskilled jobs. At least as many had journeyed by train to do battle as by bike. (The same applied to the Mods. Not every Mod could afford a scooter.) The flocking together at a set time, among people like yourself, was a continuation of the old Wakes Week and bank holiday outings which made the English seaside what it was. "I went to be in with the brethren," one of them said. "Good old weekend sort of business."

John Walton, the Lancaster University social historian, has chronicled such regular, predictable invasions in his study of how the seaside resort evolved. Crowds always milled around. As wages rose, and younger people could afford to come on their own, towns such as Brighton and Bournemouth feared incursions by "the rougher unwashed element". Trip-

pers from "the more anonymous and often unskilled working-class environment of Liverpool and London", according to Walton, caused the worst troubles. Now, of course, they can stay at home to riot (or joyride), and be labelled the "underclass", rather than the "unwashed".

This era of British life was the heyday of what social historians have called "the structured crowd". It manifested itself in trades unions as well as in seaside outings. It gave rise to (among other things) the Labour party. But those days are dead. There are too many individual choices for that sort of structure to work. Mod-Rocker invasions were one last gasp of an old solidarity. From the mid-1970s onwards, blue-collar workers ceased to be a majority of the workforce. If you have the funds to hire a minivan for bank holiday, you can go anywhere, not just where the excursion trains run.

Today, most of the remnants of rebellion have been co-opted. Modern states show infinite guile. Why send in the police, when you can buy rebels off? In his cabinet appointments earlier this month, John Major judged it more important to have a "Ministry of Fun" than a Ministry of Energy. At The Event I see they are advertising "an uncontrollable night of Non-Stop R'n'B/Blues/Gospel & Soul Mayhem". This "mayhem" is supported, I note from the poster, by South-East Arts. Thus is revolt gelded.

Arts	2.3
Looks	4
Modern Times	5
Education	6.7
Science	9
European arts	10

TOMORROW
David Plowright on TV's future

**DO YOU REALLY
NEED 50p MORE
THAN HE DOES?**



50p a day won't get you very far but use it to sponsor a child in need and it could go a lot further than you ever thought possible. Just £25 a month helps us provide clean water, healthcare, basic education, seeds and tools for growing food... all the things that could make life better, not just for one child, but everyone in the community. In return, we'll send you a photo of your sponsored child, and regular progress reports from our fieldworkers. If you wish you can write and receive letters. That way, you not only see your money working, you'll feel really involved.

Could you honestly spend 50p any better?

Sponsor a child. Please.

☐ YES! I would like to sponsor a child and enclose my first contribution.

☐ £15 (monthly) ☐ £180 (yearly)

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☐ £200 ☐ £100 ☐ £50 ☐ £25 ☐ £

☐ Please send more details.

Name Mr/Ms BLOCK CAPITALS

Address

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Make cheques/P.O.s payable to ActionAid. Send to: The Rt Hon Christopher Chataway, ActionAid, Tapscott Road, Chard, Somerset TA20 2AB.

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Tapscott Road, Chard, Somerset TA20 2AB. Registered charity number 274467.

This is the head that was hunted in vain

A headhunter rang me the other week. There, I've said it. You were going to turn the page, weren't you? Suspecting insufferable vainglory and some turgid account of how they offered me the Midlands-and-Shanghai Bank chairmanship with 500 K and a dress allowance, well, pleaded really — and how I told them heck, no, I couldn't desert my public.

And who is to say that I did not have some such fleeting thoughts myself? After all, a fresh eye, a woman's touch, the earthy savour of an experienced mother might be just what they thought they needed at the helm of today's caring multinational. Or was Euro Disney in leadership trouble already? Or was Someone spreading the net a bit wider in the search for a palace press officer? Or a woman High Court judge, rocky on law perhaps but qualified to deliver snappy 300-word judgments complete with matching headline?

Well, they weren't. Frankly, the job was part-time, ill-defined, governmental and clearly likely to prove so irritating that they will be lucky to get Roland Rat. Nor did the time fit in, nor was the money great. Nor would I have been any good at it. So amicably we drifted apart, Mr Headhunter and I.

Oh, but I did enjoy those low, murmurous conversations, those assurances of discretion, that assignment in a discreet corner of the Savoy foyer. I challenge anyone not to. A cynical headhunter once told me that almost everybody (except a few disappointingly down-to-earth women of a certain age) visibly preens at the first approach. What they most want to know is "Who brought my name up?" It is like the moment when you get into that secretive institution, *Who's Who*, suddenly in mid-career and for no clear reason. You feel as if you had been singled out by grey, powerful, infinitely perceptive figures like those chaps in John Buchan novels who are always calling our hero into Sir Walter Bullivant's office and saying things like "We've watched you, Hannay, ever since the business at Roovetersrand, and you seem to have the kind of nerve we need for a tricky job". It's nice to be watched and approved of. Ask any three-year-old.

It all came back to me during this week's rash of media speculation and articles by recruitment consultants about what use might be found for a slightly battered former leader of the Labour party. Lucky, lucky Mr Kinnock. He will be getting the discreet phone calls now, the Savoy meetings, the

WORKING LIFE

Libby Purves on the secret pleasure of multiple job offers



unexpected suggestions. "We realise you may never have considered this sort of work but we think — and our client thinks — that you have the qualities we're looking for." And there he will be, off in a lovely daydream about becoming headmistress of Rodean, or governor of the Falklands with plumes in his hat, or taking over from Philip Schofield in *Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat*. Mr

Schofield himself is a case in point: when the Really Useful Company rang him saying "Can you sing?" he says he thought it would be "some dodgy pantomime in 'Woking' and tried to put them off. When they made the Palladium offer, he thought it was a hoax then went into shock. A perfect head-hunting scenario.

Except, of course, that Philip Schofield actually took the job, was a clever choice, and does it rather well. The thrills I am talking about are the kind which wear off when you begin to contemplate the actual job. Some of us are incurable fantasists who read the appointment pages and Mitty ourselves into every role which does not boringly require paper qualifications. I have spent many a happy minute briefly taking on the role of "Regional Arts Supervisor" or "Go-ahead trainee reporter, Dardington Herald". The words "Applications are invited for..." have me flying happily from cloud to cloud, mentally sharpening new pencils and laying them out on an imaginary clear new desk. That I am not even sure what a head of supply does, or a compliance advisor, or a group financial director, does not stop me dreaming.

But the point of being headhunted is that it takes the

process one step further. Someone else is daydreaming on your behalf. If you are naturally diffident about your own abilities and lack single-minded ambition, it is marvellous to have an authoritative, experienced, suave headhunter come up to you and say "Barclays de Zoete Wedd has just the niche for you!". If you live in a ragged, unformed freelance way, unsure what you will do next time a particular employer gets sick of you, such bland self-assurance is a powerful drug. Condé Nast magazines once hypnotised me into editing the *Tatler* this way, sending down big BMWs to get me and the baby-basket in the snow and expansively refusing to listen when I explained that I disliked Society. It took six months to tunnel out. History did try to repeat itself three years later but in the nick of time I stuffed my ears with cottonwool and tied myself to the mast, like Ulysses' sailors passing the sirens' rock. You have to, when you're just a girl who can't say no.

So I am slowly learning. And there is even a perverse thrill in being invited, and refusing. Ask Edwina Currie about that sometime.

TOMORROW
Mid Life: Neil Lyndon

WILLIAM TELLS John Cui's production of Rossini's opera, conducted now as in the production's first incarnation by Michael Pittman, has the impressive Gregory Yurchak in the title role, while the leading part of Arnold is taken by the high tenor Chris Merritt. Jane Eagles takes the role of the beautiful and Pauline Bardon is Hedwig.

Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, London WC2 (01-240 1066), 6pm
THE NATIONAL SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA under the baton of Sir Charles Mackerras performs a concert of Rossini, Vaughan Williams, Grieg, Aram Khachaturian, Elgar, Dukas, Stravinsky and Tchaikovsky. Andrew Haigh is soloist in Grieg's Piano Concerto.

Barbican, St. Paul's, London EC2 (01-638 8891), 7.45pm
REASONS FOR FUND
CENTURY CONCERT A programme of Elizabethan song from the Elizabethan Song of London, followed by music from the early Romantic period in the 20th-century on both period and modern instruments by the English Performing Arts Ensemble under the baton of Sir Charles Mackerras.

Queen Elizabeth Hall, South Bank, London SE1 (01-928 8800), 7.45pm
MY FAIR LADY The Lerner and Loewe musical gets an impressive new look from stage designer David Houghton, featuring his work with English National Opera and a new cast including John Wood as the Duke of Alton and Helen Hynes as the role of Professor Higgins.

English Theatre, Lime Street, Liverpool (01-509 1555), 7.30pm, 2.30pm, 7.30pm, 2.30pm
STARS FROM THE BOLSHOI BALLET Bolshoi Ballet's Natalya Bessonova leads the company on an extensive 14-week tour from now until July. Under the direction of Bolshoi director Yuri Gropovitch, the group will perform two programmes, including the second act of Swan Lake and Giselle, presented with a selection of contemporary costumes designed to bring a taste of the Bolshoi to venues too small to accommodate the full company.

BACK UP THE HEARSE AND LET THEM SING THE FLOWERS The art of the salesman, William Kingston's comedy points out the tricks but simplifies deeper issues.

THE COTTON CLUB An impression of the Harlem nightspot, high on energy, low on story.

THE DARK REVEREND Accomplished reveal of Rodney Atkinson's 1937 dramatic play, set in an English drawing room during the Second World War.

FROM A JACK TO A KIDNEY A play and a play of a play, set in the world of rock and packed with stories.

GOOD RUCKUS A comedy of manners, set in a London drawing room, featuring a cast of 10.

HEARTBEAT A play about a heart, set in a London drawing room, featuring a cast of 10.

THE NIGHT OF THE GUANO A play about a guano, set in a London drawing room, featuring a cast of 10.

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TODAY'S EVENTS

A daily guide to arts and entertainment compiled by Karl Knight

Revlon, Bournemouth D202 (01-202 7272), tonight-Wed, 7.30pm

SCOTTISH BALLET The season's premiere of Peter Wright's fine production, the first time the Glasgow company has ever performed Coppelia.

Theatre, Kingston Square, Hull (0452 226655), tonight-Sat, 7.15pm

THE WORST WITNESS A new family musical based on J.M. Barrie's bestseller of the same name, following the adventures of a young boy and his dog.

Wynne Theatre, Weymouth (01929 524481), daily mat, 2pm

THE FREDDIE MERCURY TRIBUTE The sold-out concert for AIDS awareness brings together David Bowie, Montserrat Caballé, Roger Daltrey, Def Leppard, Extreme, Guns N' Roses, Ian Hunter, Elton John, Annie Lennox, Metallica, George Michael, Robert Plant, Spin, and U2.

Wembley Stadium, Wembley, Middlesex (01-900 1234), doors open 4pm, performance, 6pm

REMARKS BY THE WAY One of the National Portrait Gallery's generous biographical exhibitions, this one is devoted to the life of Michael Holroyd's much-praised biography, this does not have as its main theme the showing of art per se. On the other hand, few figures of the 20th century apart from de Gaulle have been so extensively depicted in painting, sculpture and photography. And what more fitting subject for a portrait gallery than the life of a biographer? As well as the Queen Mother's portrait and the Queen Mother's portrait, the show includes a lot of documentary material, which naturally includes set and costume designs as well as portraits of leading theatrical figures who worked with him.

National Portrait Gallery, Trafalgar Square, London WC2 (01-939 3211), Daily, 10am-6pm (incl. Fri to Sat), until May 24

Queen's, Shaftesbury Avenue, WI (01-494 5042) Mon-Thurs, 8pm, Fri, Sat, 8pm, Sun, 2pm, 7.30pm

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THEATRE

IS THAT big bent structure at the back of the stage a Patriot missile launcher, ready to intercept any Scots aimed at Scotland by that rogue nation, Norway? Since this *Macbeth* is directed by Michael Bogdanov, and performed by the English Shakespeare Company, that seems a fair assumption. Certainly, the flashes, crackles and booms coming from the wings have not been produced by the clashing broadsword that weirdly materialise in Act V.

The tattered witches scavenging in the debris of the battlefield, seem familiar, too. They would not look out of place among the bagwomen in Edinburgh's Grassmarket in the wintery 1990s. It is hard to understand how hags able to afford such delicacies as nose of Turk and Tartar's lips should be reduced to poking into plastic bags for rotting cabbage leaves to eat; but this is an ESC production, so they are.

Only the literal-minded will fret about such tiny anachronisms. But it is reasonable to ask what the company's contemporary updating adds to the play. The answer is little, if anything. The company is not really interested in following its Falklands *Henry V* with some Gulf War *Macbeth*. Despite the whirling helicopter blades, khaki uniforms and other modern minutiae, this is at root a pretty orthodox reading, no more or less topical than one set in 1100, 1600 or 3000 AD.

There is nothing wrong with that, of course. In fact, there is much right with it, especially when Michael Pennington's usurper is in one of his dark, angry moods. He makes no very exceptional impression in the play's first half. He is bluff, genial, imaginative enough to see that the full of royalty may be out-balanced by its dangers, and sufficiently sensitive to

feel the horror of murder. In other words, he is a good conventional *Macbeth* in the tradition of Garrick, who emphasised what was decent and sympathetic in the character.

Yet there are already suggestive touches. Isn't Derek Smith's Duncan a bit warier of Pennington's *Macbeth* than Colin Farrell's bland Banquo, and isn't *Macbeth* himself more ill at ease with his comrade-in-arms than his hearty manner implies? Such hints find some justification in the text, and help explain the bitterness and rancour that both motivate and destroy Pennington's protagonist.

Rarely have I seen a *Macbeth* more obviously seething with jealousy as he orders Banquo's killing. Rarely have I seen one so devastated by his own vindictiveness as Pennington, by the end of a wild, white-haired troll whose speech is one exhausted sneer.

This is a performance that grows in power as the play proceeds, unlike Jenny Quayle's Lady *Macbeth*. She begins as a brisk, competent PA determined to get her man the job of company chairman, and fails to deepen with time, let alone motivate her decline into what seems less mad despair, more the kind of work-related stress fixable by a couple of weeks in the Canaries. The supporting actors, Michael Muller's menacing Malcolm apart, are not strong. Nevertheless, the evening does have its moments.

I don't see why the witches' cauldron should have one of those giant vats in which borough councils reproach their rubbish, or why they themselves

clamber in, as if ingredients in their own recipe. In the seamy and white light they are suddenly transformed into punk fauns with huge, deformed grins and Pennington is among them, drowning in their poison. That is the

kind of striking image for which the ESC is known. Perhaps more will evolve as the production continues its tour through Britain.

BENEDICT NIGHTINGALE

Growing in power: Michael Pennington in the title role of *Macbeth*

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BENEDICT NIGHTINGALE

Growing in power: Michael Pennington in the title role of *Macbeth*

Mugwumps on the menu in Morocco

CINEMA PREVIEW

William Burroughs's explicit novel *The Naked Lunch* was thought unfilmable, but David Cronenberg has brought it to the screen. Oscar Moore reports

Described by an American judge as a "revolting miasma of unrelieved perversion", William Burroughs's *The Naked Lunch* was both reviled as pornography and acclaimed as great literature at the time of its publication in 1959. Blacklisted by British Customs and the US Mails, its publication whipped up a storm of debate in venues as varied as the Edinburgh Festival, the Massachusetts Supreme Court and the pages of the *Times Literary Supplement*.

The book offers fractured snapshots of life in the Interzone, a mythical metropolis peopled with the secret agents of drug cartels peddling rare hallucinogens to a shifting population of hustlers, writers and addicts. It is an extended and disturbed metaphor for control systems, whose malign intelligence Burroughs never identifies, but whose operatives wander the back alleys of his fictionalised Tangier like deranged versions of Western frontiersmen.

Propelled into the spotlight by a literary wrangle that ranged from Norman Mailer and Mary McCarthy behind Burroughs, *The Naked Lunch* became a literary lodestone of the early Sixties, a frontline in the clash between the establishment and its critics.

But unlike many of its more modish contemporaries, *The Naked Lunch* has survived both fashionable plaudits and official outrage. Indeed, according to David Cronenberg, the Canadian director of such cinematic shockers as *Scanners*, *Shivers* and *The Fly*, and whose film of *Naked Lunch* opens in London on Friday, the book has matured as it has aged.

Cronenberg, who has compared the novel to *The Bible* and the *I Ching*, describes it as "a work of consolation. Of course it was not originally seen that way. It was seen as revolutionary and shocking. But the book was never shocking in a four-letter-word or scatological way. If it had been it would have lost that effect with time."

But as time goes by those initial shocks become touchstones for our sensibility and our time. The more distant we become from the late Fifties, the more prophetic the book

seems, and for those who have some relationship with the Burroughs universe, there are different layers to be discovered each time you go back to the book.

Cronenberg had long cherished the notion of making a film based around *The Naked Lunch*. The painter Brion Gysin, who had been Burroughs's lover when the writer was living in Tangier, had storyboarded a literal attempt but Cronenberg was not attracted to the idea of a straight adaptation.

"The book is really quite an epic," says Cronenberg. "If it were to be made into a film it would be the mother of all epics. It would cost \$400-\$500 million to make and would be banned in every country because no culture could withstand it." Instead, Cronenberg wanted to make his own *Naked Lunch*, germinated by Burroughs's book but grown inside the director's own imagination.

The first practical seed of this week's film was sown almost ten years ago when Cronenberg met producer Jeremy Thomas at the 1983 Toronto Film Festival. Thomas says he "had read *Naked Lunch* somewhere back then, and never thought about it again except that I found it difficult and disturbing and strong." But when Cronenberg mentioned his desire to make a film of the book, "it suddenly flashed into my head that *The Naked Lunch*, Burroughs and Cronenberg was an ideal cocktail for something fascinating, stimulating and possibly popular."

Thomas, who promptly bought an option on the title which he continued to renew over the ensuing years, patiently waited for Cronenberg to write a script and vindicate his hunch.

"In 1985, I went to Tangier with Burroughs and Cronenberg on a kind of atmospheric pilgrimage, to see the place where (and about which) the book was written, to try and stimulate Cronenberg into writing the screenplay," explains Thomas. The travellers, who included Thomas's associate Hercule Belleville, dined with Burroughs's old Tangier associate Paul Bowles (whose *Sheltering Sky* Thomas was later to film with Belloc), and conducted a kind of



Trio in Tangier: Director David Cronenberg (left), a Mugwump and actor Peter Weller on the set of Cronenberg's film of William Burroughs's *The Naked Lunch*

informal location recon, but the script remained trapped inside Cronenberg's head.

Burroughs himself had no interest in scripting the film, although he was enthusiastic about the project and has since given the film his blessing. "Burroughs saw the problems in his book, and saw that the only way to film it was to read and absorb it and then burn it," says Belleville.

At a press conference held by Cronenberg and Burroughs in Toronto, the writer publicly endorsed the film declaring that "I wouldn't, couldn't expect to see more than a tiny fraction [of the book] on film."

Cronenberg finally started writ-

ing the script on a transatlantic flight. Travelling to England in order to appear as an actor in Clive Barker's film *Nightbreed*, he opened his new laptop computer and "to my surprise [the script] was just there waiting for me. It just flowed out onto the page."

Thomas read the script and "saw a film that could be made that was true to Burroughs's work and also contained many of the things that I liked about Cronenberg's films."

"So I was pretty happy. And then the awful task of trying to raise the money started: trying to persuade people that *Naked Lunch* could

make a movie, because there were years and years of censorship towards the book, that had therefore built up subconsciously towards the film."

Cronenberg and Thomas had planned to shoot in Tangier, but the outbreak of the Gulf war put an end to any plans to film in North Africa and the production relocated to a Toronto studio. It was a necessity that transformed into a virtue for both producer and director.

For Thomas, the fact that the production would now shoot entirely in Canada (and for about \$1 million less), suddenly made possible the film's registration as an Anglo-Canadian co-production,

bringing with it access to government and state funding by way of Telefilm Canada and the Ontario Film Development Corporation.

For Cronenberg the studio shoot lent new creative opportunities. "It helped to create that claustrophobic, interior feeling, and that hallucinatory quality: the fact that out of the same window you can see, at one time Tangier and at another New York." A complex but smooth shoot ensued, with Peter Weller as Burroughs's alter ego Bill Lee and Judy Davis in a dual role as his wife and later lover, each interacting with multiple models of typewriters transforming into cockroaches and man-sized mugwumps dripping intoxicating effluent.

Davis herself was initially taken aback by the project, and on first receiving the script remembers "throwing it some way across the room. There may even have been a touch of outrage that this guy — David Cronenberg — would even think of me for this film."

For his part, Thomas is delighted with the film's critical reaction and pleased with its reception at a Berlin Film Festival press conference earlier this year, despite one journalist's suggestion that the film was not very original.

A smiling Cronenberg was stung to comment in reply: "I want you to admit that you have not, in any other film, seen a typewriter that talks through its ass."

TELEVISION REVIEW

Triumph of the old-timers

Towards the end of *Memento Mori*, shown on BBC 2 last night, someone spoke with unselfish respect of the "stubborn gallantry" of the old men and women who had spent the play coping with their own flagging energies, each other's irritating behaviour, and phone calls from an anonymous Angel of Death. Seldom can so many venerable thespians have been crammed onto one television screen, and seldom can they have given such sturdy yet subtle performances. There must have been centuries of stubborn gallantry there; and it showed.

Michael Hordern, Thora Hird, Maurice Denham — shall I go on? very well, Cyril Cusack, Renee Asherson, Robert Fleming, Stephanie Cole, plus Maggie Smith and John Wood, to represent those still a bit too young to qualify for their bus passes. If I had to bury a time capsule that would

show the future how sound and solid the foundations of our theatre were in the 1990s, I think I might choose Jack Clayton's production. The finest actors cannot of course be excellent in a vacuum, nor were they here. Alan Kelley, Jeannie Sims and Clayton himself had combined to adapt Muriel Spark's original novel with considerably more sensitivity to both detail and meaning than is usually associated with three-person working parties. The little irony of patients sharing their horoscopes in the geriatric ward ("Virgo — a brisk day for business entertaining") was still there and still reverberating. So was the idea that old and young alike should

neither forget death nor let it dampen their instinct for life. The main plot involved Geoffrey Colston and his wife Charmian, a novelist apparently succumbing to senility after the loss of her companion, Taylor. Their tensions were exploited by Taylor's replacement, a considerate, seemingly predator prepared to lie, steal, blackmail and coolly undermine what little belief her employer had left. Maggie Smith played the part, filling her fake-genteel vowels with frosty menace; and Hordern's tetchy, self-satisfied Geoffrey, who had sexual secrets to hide, was understandably terrified. But the play had no less punch when the supporting

crooks came tottering onto the scene. These included Cyril Cusack, a superannuated post still feuding with Maurice Denham for having described him as a "quite competent versifier", and Stephanie Cole, who was ending a lifetime spent organising other people by stuffing her will with punitive codas.

There was a hilarious post-mortem party ("I want to kiss the ashes if they're cool enough") and sad visits to the NHS ward ("How are our bowels today, Granny Barnacle") in which Thora Hird's shrewd, unselfpitying Taylor had been left. No trace of mawkishness, condescension or anti-ageist correctness spoiled the picture.

Perhaps the Colston's problems were too easily solved, thanks to Taylor's native wisdom and the intervention of a retired policeman genially played by John Wood, but that hardly mattered, given what had already been suggested about the approach of the Grim Reaper. Some reacted to the phone caller's intimations of mortality with fear, some with annoyance and Renee Asherson's gentle Charmian with polite gratitude. The play ended on what some may have thought too upbeat a note, with her senility seemingly cured by the world's rediscovery of her books and a reunion with her old companion. If only Alzheimer's was just a matter of sickly confidence! But by that time I was happy to believe anything. I cannot remember enjoying a television play so much.

BENEDICT NIGHTINGALE

Sparkling at ENO

ENGLISH National Opera is to cut seat prices next season. Top stalls during the week are to go down from £43 to £39.50 and new discount schemes are to be introduced, but the lowest price of £4 is to be increased to £6.

Next season will include Jonathan Miller's Mafia-style *Rigoletto*, a new work by

ARTS BRIEF

Jonathan Harvey and David Rudkin, *Inquest of Love*, and Ken Russell's ENO debut directing Gilbert and Sullivan's *Princess Ida*. This will be Russell's second attempt to produce for the Coliseum stage. A planned *Tannhäuser* in 1989 was cancelled after a cut in the Arts Council's grant.

Last chance... THIRTY-SIX years have passed since Levi Stubbs, Obba

Benson, Abdul "Duke" Fakir and Lawrence Payton first performed as The Four Tops. In the Sixties they became a pillar of the Tamla-Motown empire thanks to a string of hits including "Reach Out I'll Be There", "Standing in the Shadows of Love", "Bernadette" and "Walk Away Renée". Their British tour ends with dates at Plymouth Pavilion (0752 229922) tonight, BIC, Bournemouth (0202 297297) tomorrow and Colston Hall, Bristol (0272 262957) on Wednesday.

How could we forget Gertie, the Gaiety girl?

She was, Noel Coward wrote, "the essence of enchantment in the theatre". W. Macquenn-Pope, British theatre's most effusive historian, described her dancing as "a will-o'-the-wisp twinkling in the twilight", while her bubbly disposition inspired him to pronounce her a complete, living smile. She sang in a pert, breathless voice and her nimble feet, so the rumours went, were the smallest in London. Her name was Gertie Millar, and she enjoyed Edwardian theatregoers in a series of musical comedies largely presented at the Gaiety Theatre.

When she died, 40 years ago this week, aged 73, she had already been retired for more than 30 years, most of them spent in comfort as estrange, Countess of Dudley wife, and then widow, of the 10th Earl of Dudley. The estate she adorned, at the time of Aldwych and the Strand, had closed in 1938 and become derelict; the site now houses the London headquarters of Citicorp International Bank. Gertie Millar would seem to belong to a vanished world, beyond recall. There are no film appearances: when Gaumont's camera in 1909 shot a few scenes in one of her best shows, *Miss Gibbs*, the star herself was mysteriously absent. Yet all is not lost. A small number of recordings survive on 78rpm records and

Geoff Brown looks back at the sunny appeal of Miss Gertie Millar, star of many Edwardian musical comedies

one out-of-print LP. The voice lacks the astonishing range and technique of musical comedy contemporaries such as Florence Smithson or Evie Greene. A mill-worker's daughter from Bradford, she has a voice wonderfully alive with mischief, and however silly the words, she makes them live.

She shines brightest in songs by Lionel Monckton, who spotted her talent in the provinces, and brought her to the attention of producer George Edwards, the Gaiety's lord and master. Her first London show was *The Toreador* (1901). She sang "Keep Off the Grass", wagging a finger and stealing all hearts. Monckton's included, by the time of her next show, they were married.

Our *Miss Gibbs*, in 1909, provided her best-remembered number, "Moonstruck". "I'm such a silly when the moon comes out," she bubbled. "Skipping, hopping, never never stopping..." On stage Gertie pranced in a



Smiling across the years: Gertie Millar in typical pose

Pierrot costume, a large bow at her neck, and a pom-pom cap; in the recording, you can still hear the prance in her voice.

She survives as well as an exquisitely pretty face on thousands of postcards, tinted sometimes in crazy colours, produced during the Edwardian postcard craze: she retired, coincidentally, just as an increase in stamp rates in 1918 (from a half-penny to a penny) hastened the fashion's end.

She appeared in costume in scenes from her shows: as the Hon. Violet Anstruther (her first major role), a horticultural college pupil in *The Orchid* (1903); as Mary Gibbs, shopgirl at "Garrod's" in *Our Miss Gibbs*; as Prudence, heroine of *The Quaker Girl*

(1910), cast aside by the elders for drinking champagne and whisked off to Paris to model fashions. Through these scattered mementoes, Gertie Millar can still bewitch, 80 years on.

She also opens the door on a largely forgotten, but delightful era of British musical theatre. When Gertie made her London debut in 1901, shows such as *Florodora*, *A Chinese Honeymoon* and *The Geisha* had firmly established a new tradition of musical comedy, blending aspects of burlesque, variety, Gilbert and Sullivan's comic operas and a touch of music-hall swagger.

When she retired, in 1918, new tastes for American ragtime and pep had already

brought another gear change. In between, though, came a succession of frivolous, escapist shows — the word "Gaiety" featured prominently in the titles — that well deserve exhumation. Monckton, Sidney Jones, Howard Talbot and Paul Rubens regularly provided the music. Owen Hall, Percy Greenbank and Adrian Ross the librettos.

The best of the music still casts a spell. Lionel Monckton, Millar's first husband, epitomised the period style. You can hear foreshadowings of early Jerome Kern, who absorbed the Edwardian musicals at first hand and provided several interpolated numbers. Yet there remains a distinctive English lilt, a neatness and poise, to Monckton's melodies.

Fully-fledged stage revivals might well be hindered by the flimsy books, constructed to showcase the personalities of the day. Many offer nothing stronger than a shopgirl courted by the aristocracy in disguise; while today's ethnic sensibilities could be bruised by some lyrics.

Yet Edwardian musicals served our amateur societies well enough in the past, and the return of some of the strongest pieces — *The Arcadians*, say, or *The Quaker Girl* — would be a welcome change for societies presenting their umpteenth *Oklahoma!*

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American fashion companies lead the field in good clothes in big sizes, but the 'super-large' still seek considerable improvements

Bigger is getting better

The hot news from America that dieting is bad for you is not really news at all. Anyone who has dieted, or simply watched the gone-today-back-tomorrow struggles of Roseanne Barr, Oprah Winfrey and Elizabeth Taylor knows that it is so.

The fact that women, by far the greater victims of prejudice against the well fleshed, have only just got around to taking a symbolic axe to their bathroom scales shows how long it takes, once the text has been written, for the believers to move into the evangelical phase.

The gospel was Susie Orbach's *Fat Is A Feminist Issue*. Published in 1978, it argued, as Naomi Wolf reiterated last year in *The Beauty Myth*, that it is only the particular society we live in which stipulates an ideal appearance for women which most can never attain and which, as they try and fail to attain it, makes them insecure, self-hating and pretty damn miserable.

Prejudice against large women has had some very serious consequences, not least in the ritual humiliation of the fitting room. One American designer is renowned for declaring that if a woman didn't have enough self-respect to starve herself into a size 12 he, for one, didn't want the out-of-control slob wearing his clothes.

In Britain, too, it is mostly taken for granted that anyone measuring more than 40in round the hips would prefer to fade into the wallpaper in something decently voluminous, shapeless and wallpaper-coloured. The rest of us, who are only just the majority (47 per cent of British women are size 16 or

over), should learn to accept and admire wide variations on the human theme.

Increasingly vociferous pressure groups have had some effect. Evans, the fashion chain which stocks only women's clothes of size 18 and above and which has nearly 300 stores throughout the country, has accepted that a large percentage of large women are young and want to wear jeans, leggings and glamorous, plunging tops. (Cotton shorts, below left, cost £15.99, a cable cotton sweater £17.99.) Imports such as the Italian Marina Rinaldi, an offshoot of the MaxMara empire, have further raised expectations.

Yet it is America, land of endless fat-diets, outpatient-rip and tuck, social X-rays and aerobic addicts, where big women can be well dressed, and without having to endure the ill-concealed contempt of undernourished sales assistants.

Of the leading American companies who take physical variety in their commercial stride, two are now in business here. Leslie Fay produces a range of collections of varying degrees of formality from high glamour (Nolan Miller) and up-market elegance (Albert Nippon and Joan Leslie), through working girl sharp (Kasper) and fashion vanguard (Breckenridge), to smart knits (Outlander). It encompasses all sizes in all its ranges.

"But they don't hang on the same rail," says Laura Pomerantz, the senior vice-president of Leslie Fay. "The label is the same but in Harrods, as in most stores, large sizes or petite ones are in a different department with sales assistants specially trained to understand the needs of their market. That makes it easier for the customer."

"We started allowing for wide variations in sizing as far back as 1947 when Leslie Fay was making dresses for the women's corps of the services and found that many women were not standard 10-14. All that experience has taught us that you cannot simply scale a design up or down, you have to do special designs, but keeping them in the same label means they are designed in the same spirit and that's important."

Clothes in larger sizes do not generally cost more than "regular" sizes, but price is particularly important at Leslie Fay. Ms Pomerantz is dismissive of foreign companies that claim it is impossible to offer a high-quality suit for much less than £1,000 in Britain. "Certainly," she says, "we are an enormous company and we have economies of scale but, apart from Nolan Miller, which is mostly hand-headed and expensive to



Larger than life: Oprah Winfrey, left, has been fat and thin and always striking

make, our prices are extremely competitive because keeping prices down is a priority." A simple Leslie Fay cotton/polyester shift dress and jacket costs £132, a navy and white summer dress, £170.

The other company which has just established a toehold in London with its own New Bond Street shop is the hugely successful St John label in which the German company, Escada, now has a majority holding. St John specialises in separates and suits of classic simplicity and impeccable finish. It includes sporty casual wear, outfits suitable for office or special occasions and glamorous grown-up evening wear. It's expensive (£250 for

knitted dress, \$400 for a jersey trouser suit) but the clothes are built to last and span a wide range of sizes. Waistbands tend to be elastic, which makes for comfort, and jackets are structured at the shoulder-line but skim down the torso, giving a rounded figure a sharper, more flattering definition.

In a more discerning and careful market place, it is not only the "differently sized" who would be advised to take a look at the transatlantic newcomers.

BRENDA POLAN



Big stars: actresses Roseanne Barr, left, and Kathy Bates



Sally Smith is so fat she cannot travel by air unless she buys two seats on the plane. But even when she does, no airline in America will grant her double frequent flying miles.

This is just one of a long list of grievances Ms Smith, who wears dress size 32, cites as evidence that the much of the world remains unfair to the "super-large".

"It's a form of discrimination that most people are not aware of," she says. "We call it Sizism."

As the head of the National Association to Advance Fat Acceptance (Naafa), based in Sacramento, California, Ms Smith, aged 33, is in the vanguard of an nationwide effort to change Americans' perception of obesity. Her group now

boasts 3,500 members in 60 local chapters and issues publicity with such slogans as: "It's time to do something about your weight: accept it."

Although she no longer weighs herself, Ms Smith, who was an eight pound baby, estimates her weight as somewhere between 22st and 23st. Like others, she suffers as a result. "I feel discriminated against every time I want to go to the cinema and I can't because there is nowhere to sit," she says, adding that one potential employer also turned her down for a job because of her appearance.

"Our world is built for smaller people, for average size people," she says.

Naafa has an enormous potential constituency — the estimated 38 million people in the United States who are at least 20 per cent heavier than their "ideal weight".

Membership of the group, which was founded in 1969, has more than tripled in the past four years. Members describe it as an outgrowth of the feminist movement of the 1960s, which also included such radical organisations as the "Fat Underground".

But the truth is that Naafa was set up not by a fat woman nor by a fat man, but by an engineer called William Fabrey, an "average-size" man who loved fat women, particu-

larly his fat wife, Joyce. "There has been some discussion of this," Ms Smith concedes. "Who is more discriminating? Is it the man who is attracted to women between 130-150 pounds or the man who is attracted to women of 150-400 pounds. The second has the broader range."

The group's members include both men and women, fat and average size. Ms Smith, the daughter of a thin mother and a fat father, says she tried just about every type of diet. "I have been fat all my life. My parents put me on my first diet when I was seven years old. I spent the next 20 years yo-yo dieting up and down."

Much of the research into obesity, which is still not understood, is funded by the makers of weight-loss products (America's \$37 billion diet industry produces everything from apple pie baked with sugar substitute to liquid slimming meals).

Naafa does its best to counteract the scientists' support for the cult of thinness, and has disrupted scientific conferences sponsored by the diet industry. The organisation issues pamphlets combating common myths about fat people, with edifying advice to those who have lost the Battle of the Bulge.

Myth: Fat people can't find romantic partners. "One brochure reads, 'Facts: It's estimated that at least 5-10 per cent of the population has a preference for a large-size partner.'"

Ms Smith says the group plans to push for legislative protection for fat people. Only Michigan bans discrimination on grounds of size or weight as part of its catch-all civil rights legislation of the early 1970s.

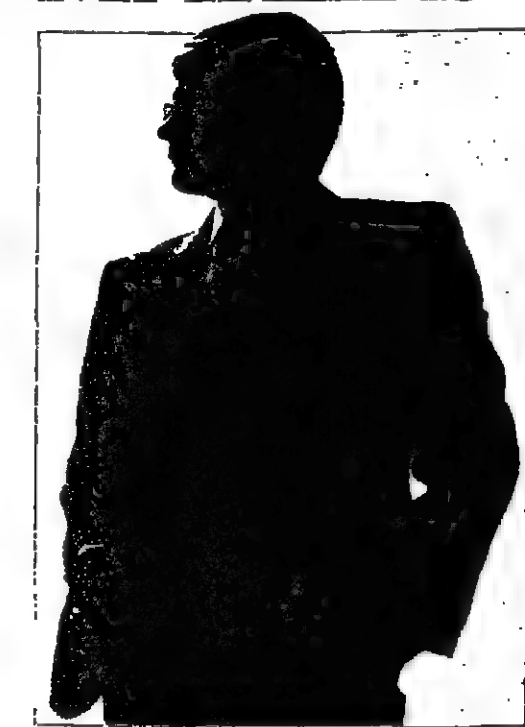
The group does not plan to let sizeist airlines off the hook. A demonstration is planned against South West Air to protest about a recent incident in which a fat passenger was escorted from his seat by four armed policemen because he was "encroaching" on his neighbour.

JAMES BONE



Sharp: an outfit by Evans

WHO ARE THE REAL POLICY-MAKERS?



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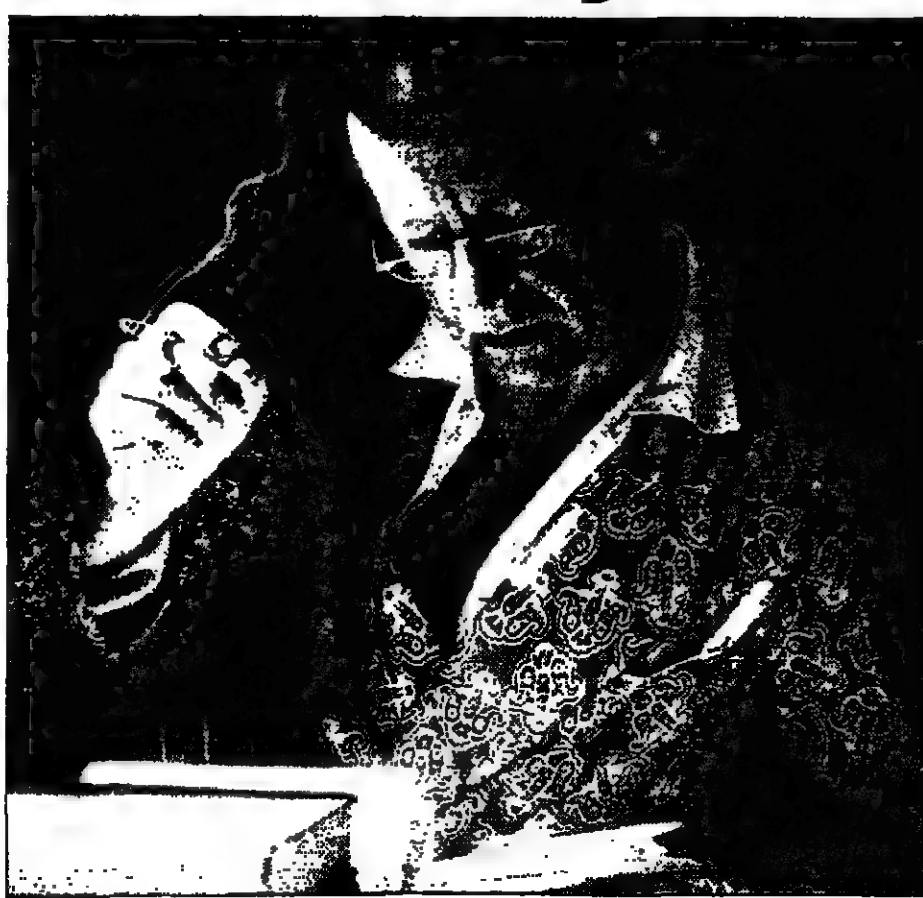
An exhibition in London this week focuses on the work of a son who never quite matched up to his famous father

Just a little Lutyens

The splendidly columned and corniced Selfridges building apart, Oxford Street merits an entry in few architectural itineraries of London. This is a street in which raising the eyes above the level of garishly competing shopfronts seems more than usually difficult. So, many visitors will probably not have noticed that it contains a building with the name. The Pantheon, picked out in yellow, high up on its distinctive facade of black, polished granite.

Yet The Pantheon is not unknown to the public. Standing a hundred yards or so to the east of Oxford Circus, the building belongs to Marks & Spencer, and receives thousands of shoppers each day. The Pantheon gained its name from a famous building by James Wyatt that once stood on the same site and the name is still used by Marks & Spencer to distinguish the store from its other site on Oxford Street, near Marble Arch. Inside, both stores look much the same, in corporate colours of beige and green.

It was not always so. When The Pantheon opened in 1938, it had a ground floor of Bianca del Mare marble, and fittings of walnut and oak. At the time there was a fashion for black facades, so the exterior or may not have seemed so remarkable as it now appears. All the same, the repetitive vertical emphasis of the windows bays, relieved by stepped recesses, the yellow, metal framed windows, the medallions at the top of each bay, and, of course, the use of the name indicate that this was a commercial building that aspired to be regarded as architecture.



President: Robert Lutyens, who criticised the uninspired trends in town-planning

The name of its designer is one of the most famous in British architecture. In 1981, the Hayward Gallery exhibition of the country houses, castles, commercial buildings and viceregal buildings at New Delhi designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens, sealed the reputation of one of the very few architects who is admired by Modernists and Classicists alike. The Pantheon is by his son Robert Lutyens,

whose work is far less known. Robert, who was born in 1901, left school at 15. He worked aboard a steam tug, attended and was sent down from Cambridge and subsequently eloped with a Polish Jewish woman seven years his senior — all by the age of 19. He then tried journalism, beginning at *Country Life* and moving on, somewhat reluctantly, to the *Daily Mail*. "I had never so much as glanced

at the *Daily Mail*", he later wrote, "and its raison d'être escaped me then, just as it does still." Nevertheless, he became the paper's art editor. Eventually, his lack of ambition betrayed him and he was effectively fired. It was then, in the late 1920s, that he began his architectural work, even though he had no formal training. During the 1930s he designed two country houses, one of them the extraordinary



Lutyens's lobby in Marks & Spencer's Pantheon

Ridgeway, built for the flying ace Captain Wool Barnato.

This "hacienda style" house was commissioned, according to Lutyens, because his clients had been on holiday abroad and were reluctant to "surrender the regional apparel of an experience whose essence was at best fugitive". Ridgeway is situated in Englefield Green — the village near Windsor where the Duke and Duchess of York's own "ranch-style" country house can now be found. The house cost £80,000 to build and was sold after the war for £22,000. No one could afford this kind of place any more, a fact that helps to explain why demand for Lutyens's services subsequently fell away. Ridgeway is now an old people's home.

However, Lutyens's main source of work during the 1930s was Marks & Spencer, a company with which his wife had family connections. In partnership with Harold Greenwood, from his father's office, he devised a modular system for the design of all Marks & Spencer shop facades. Most have since been rebuilt, and the facades have been lost.

After the war Lutyens re-

turned to journalism, and to portrait painting, a field in which he was also to become moderately successful. His divorce, and a brief second marriage, probably estranged him from his Marks & Spencer contacts; moreover the nature of the architectural market had changed.

He certainly did not lack architectural precedence. As some of the writings used to caption a forthcoming exhibition of his work will show, he foresaw many of the problems of post-war planning. "They seek a sedate facadeism and an even skyline", he complained in 1945, "through traffic routes and remote shopping centres, conceding to human needs only the poor prospect of 'neighbourhood units'."

Ridgeway completed, Lutyens wrote in 1940: "If only I have the chance, I know I can go on to better work and keep father's idiom alive in contemporary buildings." But the chance never came.

CALLUM MURRAY

A Personal Tribute to Robert Lutyens, 1901-1972, April 22-May 11, Concord Lighting 174 High Holborn, London WC1E

مكتبة ابن بطوطة

Perfumed memories of Provence

Peter Mayle was not the first British writer to discover the charms of Provence. Barry Turner has been reading Lady Fortescue's gem of a country diary

Watch out Peter Mayle, travel writer of the year and best-selling exponent of the Gallic tendency. Provence is no longer your exclusive province. Lady Winifred Fortescue's *Perfume from Provence*, first published in 1935, is about to be reissued.

Fears that a travel book of such vintage will fail to hold modern readers should be dispelled. Provence has a timeless quality. Away from the urban excesses of the Côte d'Azur, the tiny hill villages are much as they were in Lady Fortescue's day, undeveloped and seemingly immune to change.

Anyone who has warmed to the Mayle books will find themselves on cosy familiar terms with the cast of *Perfume from Provence*: their passion for talk before action, their contempt for authority and their haggling at market.

The homespun philosophy permeating Mr Mayle is easily

traced back to such as Monsieur Pierre, the Fortescues' indolent bee-keeping neighbour — "He sweeps a brawny arm towards the majesty of mountains rising above a sea of grey-green olive foliage and asks me why people spend their lives striving to make money when *Le Bon Dieu* gives them all this beauty for nothing" — and Hilaire, the amiable gardener, with his unerring talent for alternative meteorology.

A small walk across a path with only one horn extended. Hilaire abandons his watering of the garden, for it will certainly rain. Carriage crows come flying down from the heights into the valleys — there will be a storm. The *cigale* has been heard in the olive groves — *la grande chaleur* com-

mence and sure enough summer has come next day and the great heat! Readers of the Mayle books will also discover that the two authors are as one in their faintly patronising regard for the daily affairs of simple folk ("the children of nature", as Lady Fortescue calls them), their frequent resorting to classroom French (they sit down to *déjeuner* to eat a *morceau* and drink lots of *vin*) and the preoccupation with household trivia, whether caring for stray animals or positioning the garden furniture. Both are shy about their partners — Madame and Monsieur remain shadowy background figures.

Beyond their Francophilia, however, it is hard to imagine the daughter of a Victorian clergyman and wife of the Royal Librarian of Windsor having much in common with a former advertising man and the author of the *Wicked Willie* books. Mr Mayle went

rian and royal librarian. Though 27 years her senior, John was, she immediately declared, "my man", even if as a settled bachelor with a mission in life — to write a multi-volume history of the British army — he played moderately hard to get.

They were married just before the outbreak of the 1914 war. Military history did not pay well and librarianship in royal service was regarded more as a privilege than as a career. To help with the family income, Winifred began contributing to *Punch* and editing the women's page of the *Morning Post*.

The move to France came in 1930 when the army history, which had taken 30 years to write, was completed. At 69, her husband, now Sir John, was ready to put his feet up. Inspired by the jottings of W.J. Locke, an earlier writer who had fallen in love with Provence, Lady Fortescue went to Provence in search of sun-drenched days succeeded by "cool night relief from *la grande chaleur*". She settled on a grey stone cottage just beyond the village of Opio in the Alpes Maritimes. Faded pictures show a two-storey house tucked into a hillside, heavily wooded with olive groves and vines.

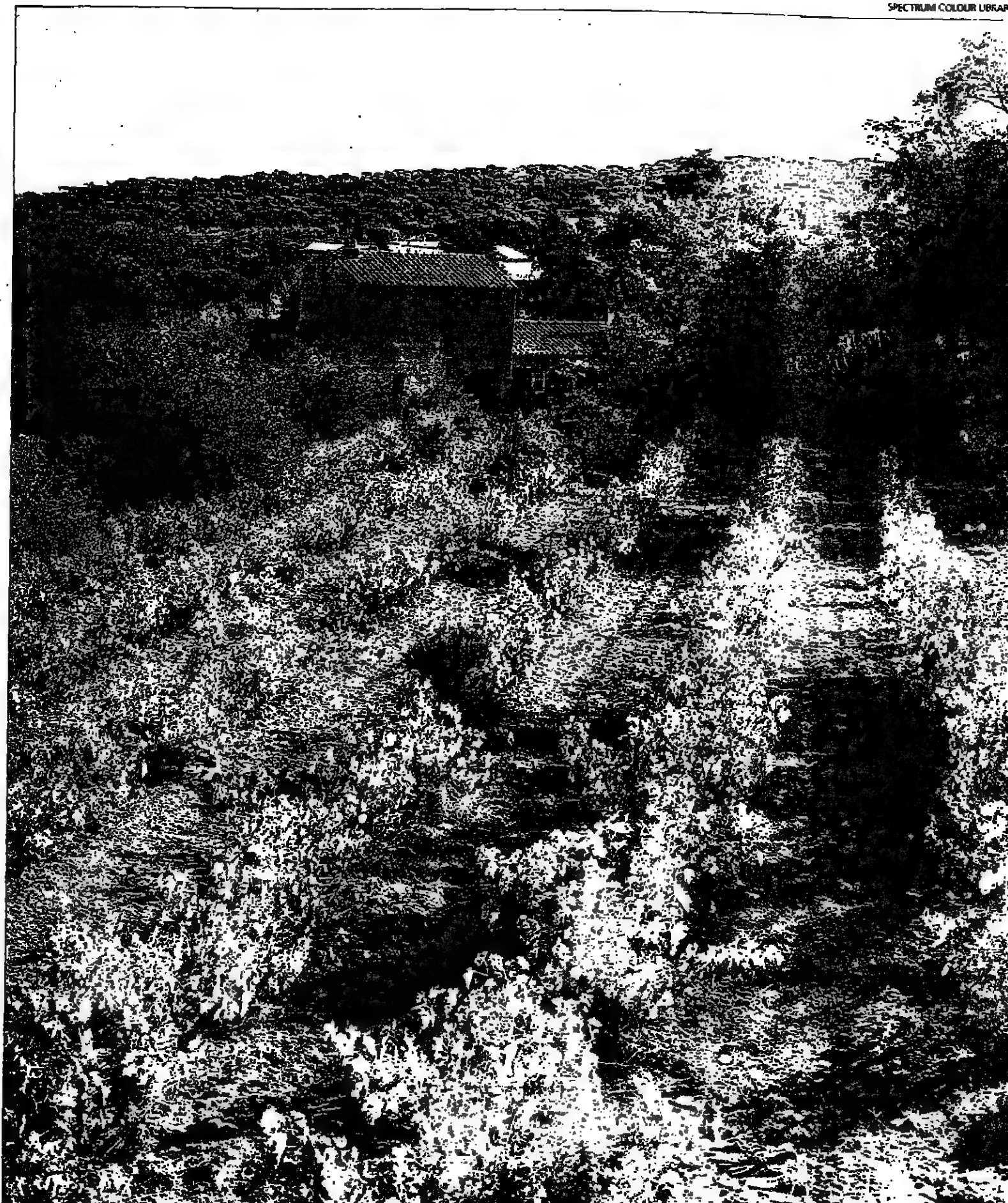
Hardly had Fieldings left the scene before Lady Fortescue was busy on her everyday story of Provencal folk. Her style was deceptively simple. "Hilaire is tending his vines today. For months he has been alternately spraying the fruit with powdered sulphur and the leaves with *sulfate de cuivre* to keep off *la maladie*... and now he is tucking great bunches of Muscats into net bags to protect them from what he calls *méchantes abeilles* which I call wasps."

What enchantment! What adventures!

For a shopping expedition here, one requires a large and capacious string bag. Foreigners are apt to line their string bags with some attractive colour, thus protecting their purchases from dust and rain and modestly concealing their household supplies. Not so Provencaux, who prefer an unvarnished bag so as to allow the fat carrots, stout leeks, rutabagas and other prizes sliced from under the very noses of early rising *bonnes* in the market to raise the envy of the *désolés*.

And, as Mr Mayle has tirelessly reassured, local customs are so diverting. "The hand shaking in Provence is most exhausting. My hand is shaken at least 60 times a day, shaken in greeting, in parting, and on every possible pretext, by every variety of hand in every possible condition of dirt." It all proved a beguiling mix for a reading public more accustomed to penny pinching without dignity or fun. Not unlike today, but *Perfume from Provence* ended on a sad note, with John Fortescue's death in 1933.

A second bestseller, *Sunset House*, appeared in 1937. It was much the same recipe as before except that Monsieur



Bathed in a golden glow: the more remote areas of Provence have changed little in the years since Lady Winifred Fortescue lived there

was replaced by best friend Mademoiselle, later identified as Elizabeth Starr, a wealthy American-born Francophile who had bought the nearby chateau.

Political crisis elsewhere in Europe was not allowed to intrude on tranquil Provence. Only the calamitous fall of the value of sterling rates a mention. But when war came, Lady Fortescue stood forth as a true *femme formidable*, opening up Sunset House as a billet for footsore *poilus* from the Alpine army. She mended uniforms, baked cakes and listened to their sad stories.

She stuck it out until the near certainty of French defeat. Then she handed over the keys to her maid, Margharita, pilfered an ancient Fiat and set off across the country to St

Nazaire where she just missed the last boat, and to St Malo where she almost missed the last boat because she insisted on taking her dog. After numerous telegrams to Whitehall came news from the Ministry. "We give permission for Lady Fortescue's black Cocker spaniel to embark." In some of the grimmest moments in British history, with the Dunkirk evacuation already under way, Winifred had pulled it off.

Back home, Lady Fortescue became a fundraiser for the Free French and an propagandist on behalf of her adopted country. But dreams of Provence were never far away. Five years after her departure, in May 1945, she

caded a lift on an RAF flight to Marseilles and hitched into the mountains to find that Sunset House — and her maid — had survived unscathed.

Lady Fortescue spent her energies raising money for the children's hospital founded by Elizabeth Starr. She also found time to create a garden of English roses. And she lived long enough to enjoy one last, extravagant Provencal celebration — the golden wedding of her friends, the Paganis.

"Monsieur Paganis, such a handsome old man, though toothless, looked magnificent wearing a loose white linen shirt belted into baggy black trousers with a wide black belt studded with steel, a large black sombrero hat tilted at a jaunty angle over one eye, swaggered to meet us followed

by Madame Paganis, her generous proportions upholstered in the sober black worn by all elderly peasants... We were led into a huge *chambre verte* in which all 36 members of the family were somnolently drinking liqueurs. They had eaten themselves to a standstill..."

Nobody seems to know what happened to Sunset House. Efforts to trace Lady Fortescue's family have also failed, though the prospect of royalties may now stir a few memories. As Peter Mayle can testify, the Provencal gold is far from exhausted.

Perfume from Provence is published by Black Swan on 21 May. © Times Newspapers Ltd 1992



Traditional pastime: Provencaux playing pétanque

traced back to such as Monsieur Pierre, the Fortescues' indolent bee-keeping neighbour — "He sweeps a brawny arm towards the majesty of mountains rising above a sea of grey-green olive foliage and asks me why people spend their lives striving to make money when *Le Bon Dieu* gives them all this beauty for nothing" — and Hilaire, the amiable gardener, with his unerring talent for alternative meteorology.

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mence and sure enough summer has come next day and the great heat! Readers of the Mayle books will also discover that the two authors are as one in their faintly patronising regard for the daily affairs of simple folk ("the children of nature", as Lady Fortescue calls them), their frequent resorting to classroom French (they sit down to *déjeuner* to eat a *morceau* and drink lots of *vin*) and the preoccupation with household trivia, whether caring for stray animals or positioning the garden furniture. Both are shy about their partners — Madame and Monsieur remain shadowy background figures.

Cars are safer than ever, yet the accident rate is still high. Should motorists be tested as rigorously as their vehicles?

They are smashed against concrete walls, immersed in baths of salt and put through tests that make their future life on the road seem like a trip to the playpen. Cars have never been so safe. Motorists can buy cars with protective wrap-around steel cages, anti-lock brakes and air-bags to protect them from steering wheel injury. And every year their cars have to meet an increasingly rigorous MOT.

As cars become mechanically safer, driver error is now estimated to be responsible for as many as 70 per cent of road accidents. The accident toll rate is running at more than 5,000 deaths a year. So shouldn't drivers have an MOT every year, too? Three reports in the past month have advocated testing the human as well as the car.

The DVLC (Driver Vehicle Licensing Centre) issues driving licences until the age of 70. After that, the driver renews the licence every three years by filling in a form to say he or she still feels fit to drive. No medical check, other than the eye-sight test at the initial test, is required. A licence holder must sign a declaration of health, and is responsible for making known any disability.

Almost 650,000 people over the age of 70 are licensed to drive private motor vehicles in Britain. But are they safe to do so? The Bristol Memory Disorders Clinic recently examined the driving practices of people with dementia. One-fifth of 329 patients with documented dementia continued to drive after the onset of the disease and impaired driving ability was noted in two-thirds of these. Dr Desmond O'Neill, the investigator of the study said that

Drivers in the hot seat



regularly got lost, went up the wrong side of dual carriageways and across neighbours' gardens.

A week after Dr O'Neill's study was published in the *Journal of the Royal Society of Medicine* the AA warned that the most dangerous group on the road was, in fact, the 17- to 20-year-old male. Of every 100 young male drivers, 22 caused an accident last year compared with six in every 100 in the 31-40 age group.

The AA has called for more intensive training for young drivers who are likely to display "aggressive tendencies at the wheel". As with sex education, training should focus more on attitudes and relationships and less on the mechanics, their current view.

Even the 31-40-year-old age group has been criticised. A study by scientists at Aston University, Birmingham, published two weeks ago, shows that a high percentage of Britain's 4.5 million company car drivers could be displaying symptoms of stress that severely affect their driving judgment. Last year 43.5 per cent of drivers of fleet cars were involved in an insurance claim and for every 41 company cars on the road there was one death or injury.

Designers, psychologists, motoring organisations and accident researchers are all beginning to concentrate on the role of motorists in accidents. Murray Mackay, a professor of transport safety at the University of Rimmington, thinks that it is impos-

sible to weed out potentially dangerous drivers. "Driving behaviour is extremely erratic, it fluctuates with daily life. I'm sure we all know lots of granules who are blind as bats and quite deaf yet still drive, but they are probably safer than a ditherer, a girl applying her make-up, a jilted boyfriend or someone who has just got the sack," Professor Mackay says.

Professor Mackay believes the solution lies in making cars as idiot-proof as possible. "Controls need to be simpler. As many decisions as possible need to be taken away from the driver." He also advocates intermittent testing to ensure drivers are still roadworthy.

Age Concern does not feel it is fair to single out older people. "It is

blatant age discrimination. Just because you are 70 you are not on the scrap heap," says Sally Greengross, the director. "The old are probably far more responsible. Have you ever heard of a joy-riding grandmother?"

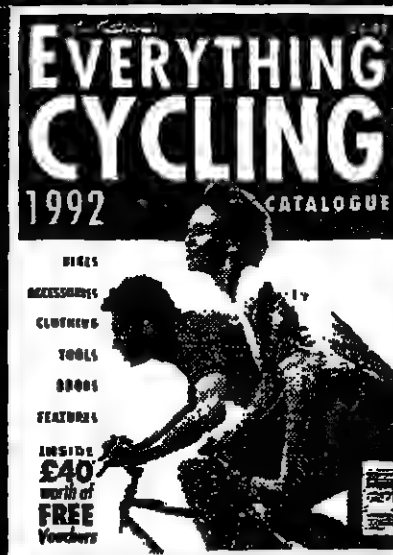
At Reading University they have spent ten years trying to fathom driving habits. "The main problem is that the vast majority believe that they are superior drivers and nothing will ever happen to them," says Frank McKenna, a reader in psychology. "We make people imagine that accidents are their fault and their driving immediately improves. To be a good driver you have to learn to predict all types of danger." According to Mr McKenna, it is not a question of tougher tests, it is the type of tests that are wrong. Older people need medical checks, the young need to learn they are not all natural racing drivers.

Mr McKenna says the main problem is that the human body is not designed to go at speeds greater than 20 miles per hour. His view is supported by the RAF pilot training department. "Nobody would dream of getting into a plane without months of training and medical checks and they are taught about potentially dangerous situations. If we put drivers through the same tests we would end up with far fewer accidents."

The AA says that driving on bank holidays is no more dangerous than any other time of year. In fact, according to a spokeswoman: "People are forced to drive more so it means fewer accidents."

ALICE THOMSON

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EDUCATION TIMES

Unions seek fresh cause

John O'Leary looks at the stance that the teachers' unions must take if they are to retain members and remain a force under a fourth Tory government

No unions can expect an easy ride in a fourth term of Conservative government, but the four representing classroom teachers may have particular cause for concern. The unions have been ignored by ministers and regarded as an irrelevance by many of their own members. The annual Easter spectacle has done nothing for the public standing of teachers, which has never recovered from the disputes of the mid 1980s.

The timing of the general election made this year's conferences highly unpredictable and also crucial for the unions' future. If frustration with the Conservatives' victory encourages a new militancy, the unions may lose their chance to recover lost ground through a better relationship with a more sympathetic education secretary.

They may also precipitate a membership decline in a traditionally unionised profession. Now that pay rates are in the hands of a review body and many schools are likely to opt out, possibly ending union recognition in the process, some teachers will question the justification for membership.

Peter Smith, the general secretary of the Assistant Masters and Mistresses Association (AMMA), acknowledges the risk that some teachers will prefer a low-cost classroom insurance policy to union membership. He told delegates at the annual conference last week that members would be attracted only by unrivalled advice and analysis, and high-quality training and organisation, as well as legal support and insurance.

The moderate AMMA is still growing, however, having doubled membership since 1978. The risks are greater for the unions on the extremes. The National Union of Teachers (NUT), on the left, and the Professional Association of Teachers (PAT), on the right, have lost members and, for different reasons, could face bigger difficulties during the next five years.

The non-striking PAT, which came close to a merger with AMMA last year, has lost its founding father and general secretary at an unfortunate moment with the retirement of Peter Dawson. Teachers no longer need a refuge from constant industrial action, and PAT has been unable to sustain the growth that would have increased its influence.

The NUT, whose conference finishes tomorrow, has provided most of the more lurid headlines during recent years. Although still the largest union, with a strong base in primary schools, it has had financial problems, and its leaders have an annual struggle with a growing block of conference delegates who are clearly unrepresentative of the membership.

Doug McAvoy, the general secretary, saw further trouble ahead even before the election result was known. He said some members would want to abandon the union's two-year campaign for public support for state education if the Conservatives were returned and take a more militant line.

Mr McAvoy's fears were aroused by six separate motions for the conference demanding industrial action. There was even a call for

Teachers are going to need a union more than ever

action next year if the government refuses to abandon the present form of testing at seven and 14.

Last year's resounding defeat for the left in the NUT's previous ballot on a testing boycott underlined the gulf in attitudes between the general membership and many of its activists. The response of associations such as Camden's, in north



The Peter Smith approach: members will be attracted only by unrivalled advice and analysis

London, is to propose that a ballot on non-cooperation with appraisal should contain only material supporting the boycott.

Mr Smith believes such attitudes may soon die out, as the NUT and other unions are forced to come to terms with political reality. Having grasped the nettle of accepting opt-out, he warned his members against complacency, suggesting that rival unions would also reassess their strategies.

The National Union of Schoolmasters and Union of Women Teachers (NASUWT), which begins its conference today, may not embrace opt-out, but it chooses its ground for confrontation carefully. The agenda contains only one proposal for possible industrial action, on class size.

Sue Rogers, the NASUWT president, is by no means pessimistic about the prospects for her union, whose membership grew by 1 per cent last year and 3 per cent this year. She says: "Teachers are going to need a union more than ever

with so many redundancies in the air. We have had a lot of success in local disputes because people are much more willing to take action when necessary at a school or local authority level, rather than joining national campaigns."

The union has seen its involvement in disputes rise steeply in the past year, largely because of local authority budget cuts. Mrs Rogers expects many more as Labour authorities run out of room for financial manoeuvre.

All the unions are relying on the government seeing its reduced majority from an election, in which education was more prominent than usual, as a reason to resume traditional levels of consultation.

John Patena, the new education secretary, may be more prepared than his predecessor, Kenneth Clarke, to meet their leaders, but it is hard to imagine him restoring them to their former positions of influence. The fact that the unions are divided on several key issues, from pay review to opt-out, adds

to their difficulties. The opposition parties are likely to pay them more attention, however. The Liberal Democrats discussed the teaching unions at the first post-election meeting of the parliamentary party, keen to build on the popularity of their manifesto commitments.

Jack Straw, Labour's education spokesman, has always tried to distance himself from the teaching unions but will want to nurse the majority support his party enjoyed among teachers during the election. Within five days of defeat at the polls, Mr Straw was speaking at the AMMA conference.

Such attention may be flattering, but it will be little help to the unions in the next five years. They are likely to demand a more efficient local service to face a multitude of new employers in newly independent colleges and grant-maintained schools. Meanwhile, the unions' public profile is unlikely to improve until Easter ceases to signal what Mr Smith calls the "annual whingers' think-in".

Illuminating with true knowledge

A P.D. James thriller, published in 1989, was splendidly entitled *Devices and Desires*. This nicely balanced alternative phrase comes, of course, from the general confession said at morning and evening prayer.

Apparently, Lady James refused to have the source glossed in the book, arguing that people should know the prayer book. She is right. They should. Regrettably, however, younger readers are unlikely to know anything about the beautiful 1662 statement of the liturgy of the established church, *The Book of Common Prayer*.

There is a good case to be made for the inclusion of the book in the national curriculum, not necessarily for its religious dimension but for its wider educational and cultural value.

It is, or should be, a vital source for the history of thought and language. It must not be allowed to slip away from the national consciousness for reasons espoused by the religious education, which argues that it is too "difficult", and that its images are out of date. But nothing could be simpler than, for example, "Oh Lord who for our sake didst fast forty days and forty nights" or "Man that is born of woman hath but a short time to live". Have those who rejected it actually looked at it? The predominantly English vocabulary avoids latinisms. Consider the potential for "learning about language": a national curriculum requirement. The prayer book presents numerous examples of old verb (bath, doth, saith) and pronoun forms (thee, thy, thine).

In importance, it is inferior only to the King James Bible of 1611 and the first folio of Shakespeare of 1623. Developed during the 16th century, it underwent revisions that were tidied into the 1662 version, so it is largely the work of those superb writers, the Tudor clerics Crammer and Ridley.

The London primary school I attended in the 1950s did not particularly emphasise religion, but we all knew *The Lord's Prayer*. We also had to learn the Magnificat and the Nunc Dimittis. Memorable phrases such as "He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts" were part of my personal experience of language. I doubt that I understood them, but it did not matter. Poetry can communicate before it is understood and I was developing a love of words: surely the basis for all successful English teaching?

Although the grammar school to which I transferred in 1958 was not a church school, the headmistress ran it on Christian lines. I quickly learnt, for instance, to chorus back "And his mercy endureth for ever" in response to "O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is gracious".

I have since rejected the Church's doctrinal teaching, yet I attended services regularly in my adolescence, which further reinforced my knowledge of the prayer book, for which I am grateful. Today few children have any knowledge of the book. "Series Three" and the like are in vogue now because they are considered more "accessible". You certainly could not have anything more banal than "And also with you," substituted for "And with thy spirit".

The Book of Common Prayer is a source of fine poetry and should be a key text. Our children are entitled to it.

Susan Elkin



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NUS centre to the fore

Students come to terms with the election

The heavens in Blackpool last week were as grey and forbidding as the mood on the Winter Gardens conference floor, as the National Union of Students opened its main annual conference under the unexpected cloud of a fourth Conservative victory.

A fortnight ago, NUS leaders were confident that they would soon be sitting in the office of Jack Straw, their former president and Labour's prospective education secretary, negotiating a new student support package and sharing up the union's position.

They hoped to find friends among Neil Kinnock's closest advisers, such as Charles Clarke (president, 1975-7) and Neil Stewart (1982-4). This vision of the promised land proved, however, to be a mirage.

"It's an absolute disaster," one member of the national executive told me. "I think everybody is shell-shocked, especially those who spent a lot of time canvassing. It's still sinking in."

The union now faces another five-year haul of unpredictable relations with a government that has made no secret of its wish to impose individual membership on "the last closed shop". As a federation, the NUS is funded by block payments from 880 affiliated college unions and individual membership could easily spell financial ruin at a time when the union is trying hard to get its books in order.



Winner Lorna Fitzsimmons, centre, celebrates her election as the NUS president

the real issue of voluntary membership.
"A historic fourth term for the Conservatives gives them a mandate for ongoing and, in some cases long overdue, reform. The time is ripe for students to be liberated from the last closed shop."

Yet the gloom shrouding the spring conference was deceptive. Little more than a month ago, the national union was tearing itself to pieces in Wolverhampton over reform plans put forward by modern-

of the week. In the race for the presidency, Lorna Fitzsimmons, for Labour, captured Liberal Democrat support in the final round of votes to defeat Left Unity's Janine Booth. Labour took all three vice-presidential posts, while Ian Figg, a Liberal Democrat, was elected secretary. The unstated Lib-Lab pact conquered all, with an efficiency that the opposition parties would do well to note. From the press desk, it looked a bit like a velvet revolution—with a dash of long knives for good measure.

Despite its disappointing showing, the hard left remains a force to be reckoned with, sharply organised and blessed with impressive speakers, such as Miss Booth. Its activists still contest the abolition of the winter conference, traditionally the scene of the union's most raucous in-fighting. More generally, Labour's failure in the general election may prompt a hardening of student militancy in its existing strongholds and a further wave of sit-ins and rent strikes.

None the less, the national union's reformist wing has a clear mandate to press ahead with devolution, financial re-

form and forging better links with the government.

"Anything that decentralises power from London is a good thing and I very much hope the reforms work," said Jim Guild, the president of Dundee University's student association, which belongs to the national union but runs its own services.

"I should also like to see the NUS reinstate in its constitution the clause that restricts it to talking about education and nothing else."

This probably goes too far for most of the union's new leadership, who will not easily surrender the option of political campaigning. But Miss Fitzsimmons recognises that "the future of the NUS is going to be one of hard decisions".

Top of her agenda, as the long vacation looms, will be the spread of student hardship.

"What are we going to do this summer, when there are fewer jobs and less housing provision than last year?" she asks. "There has to be a breaking point. But we can provide the government with rational alternatives if they are prepared to listen."

She takes over a union clambering back to credibility.

MATTHEW D'ANCONA

New for children

...and as the new year begins, the children's world is full of new possibilities. The new year brings with it a fresh start, a chance to begin again, to learn new things, to grow up. For children, the new year is a time of excitement and discovery. It is a time when they can explore new worlds, make new friends, and learn new skills. The new year is a time when children can learn to be responsible, to be kind, and to be brave. It is a time when they can learn to love learning, to love school, and to love life. The new year is a time when children can learn to be the best they can be.

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Truancy often leads to crime, and one way of breaking that link is skills training, as a method introduced here from the US is showing

New hope for lost children

Cities in Schools has a simple objective—providing a second chance in education for some of Britain's 200,000 habitually truant children. The scheme was created in New York in 1977 as a last-ditch attempt to wean Harlem's teenage drop-outs from a life of crime and living on welfare. It has since spread across America, where it will educate 500,000 truant children by 1995.

The scheme is organised as a partnership between the local community, schools and industry, with all three groups contributing financial and human resources to the programme. For example, in Atlanta, Georgia, a department store has turned a former sales floor into a school for truant children, where the staff join teachers in tutoring the children. As they progress, the teenagers are offered part-time jobs.

At the store, they receive basic skills lessons and counselling sessions in order to change their attitudes. Previously illiterate and unemployed teenagers have become worthwhile members of society.

In the past decade, Britain has also acknowledged the effects of its truancy problem. Organisations offering youth training found that 25 per cent of trainees had difficulty with reading and writing, and 17 per cent could not do simple arithmetic. Seven out of ten habitual truants are illiterate and many turn to crime, with the result that the peak age for offenders is 15.

As the parliamentary select committee on education puts it, "the prison population is characterised by low levels of literacy and numeracy and by a high incidence of school truancy."

The obvious way forward is to catch them young and equip them with academic and social skills to get out of the ghetto before they end up in court. The success of the scheme in the United States

prompted its introduction into this country.

"Its benefit," says Michael Spillane, the British director of Cities in Schools, "is that it develops self-esteem of truant children in an environment that encourages them to achieve their full potential." Our first pilot project in Tower Hamlets, London, in 1990, run in partnership with a local authority and Grand Metropolitan, started with 70 truant children. Of these, 80 per cent had a criminal record. But in the 18 months they attended our special academy, where they learned language, maths and life skills, not one re-offended.

"Even more encouragingly, 50 per cent attended every day, with 96 per cent turning up 80 per cent of the time. Their employment prospects were also transformed: 76 per cent obtained jobs and a further 16 per cent decided to take further education courses."

The success of this first academy has led to the creation of another four and, next year, the partnership will establish its first school-based project at Morpeth, Northumberland.

Mr Spillane says the intention

The scheme also provides a service for parents who also quit school

will be to catch pupils about to drop out and give them skills training and counselling so they can return to normal lessons. "We also plan a summer school, and eventually we hope to provide a service for primary schools, as in America. Potential truants can be spotted at the age of six. We think that by catching them young and proving



Second chance: Kim Murphy, aged 16, a former truant from Tower Hamlets in east London, doing work experience at Hambro's bank in the City of London. She is taking part in Cities in Schools and attends one of the assessment centres opened to help children to fulfil their potential

the advantage of education, they will avoid truancy."

Cities in Schools is also offering a service for parents because many who see no value in education, and have been truant themselves, pass their views onto their children. Some are among Britain's six million illiterate adults, so they are offered basic skills courses. Others need counselling so they can build good relationships with their children. And some are unfamiliar with the idea of an education system and need to be told about the importance of regular school attendance.

Mr Spillane is convinced that Cities in Schools is successful because it is a partnership. The organisation's second project—based at Lillway Comprehensive, Newport, Gwent—has taken two years to organise to get the partnership balance right. It now has five industrial backers (ranging from the Post Office to British Steel) and is supported by Gwent LEA, the local police and Barnardo.

Gila Davies, its coordinator, is a magistrate who has worked in the prison service for 11 years. "I joined Cities in Schools because I was tired of reading endless social inquiry reports on young offenders

Prison numbers may fall if Cities in Schools goes nationwide

that said they had dropped out of school, lacked qualifications and had no jobs. Something has to be done to prevent this waste of young lives. And I think that this project will give these youngsters hope."

John Brewer, head of Lillway Comprehensive, agrees. "We want to build on our existing truancy prevention project which provides

intensive counselling by a teacher for any pupil with academic, social or emotional problems," he says. "That scheme caters for only about 15 pupils a year. Cities in Schools, with its own building on the school campus, will be able to do much more. I believe it will help encourage truant children to return to normal lessons by starting them off gently by, for example, using the swimming pool or sports hall."

Ms Davies is convinced that Britain's prison population will fall if Cities in Schools goes nationwide. After Gwent, a project is due to start in Hounslow, west London, and the hope is that 20,000 pupils will be operating within two years.

"We cannot afford to go on neglecting all these young people," Mr Spillane says. "They need care to sort their lives out and Cities in Schools is one of the few organisations able to provide that."

IOLA SMITH

Caring that can crack the gangs

Three students killed in a week is nothing to be proud of at the Burger King Academy in North Long Beach, California. But this is the gang capital of the United States, with 128 gangs in the area. They have more firepower and manpower than the police and the sheriff's department put together," says Meloy Alexander, the director of Gang Abatement and the community liaison officer of the Cities in Schools project at Jordan High School.

The academy is a mobile unit in the school grounds and Burger King, along with a number of other companies, is backing the project.

Every year almost a million young people drop out of American public schools. The result is a growing number of uneducated, unskilled and untrained youngsters who get into trouble and who will continue this spiral of degradation with their own children.

Cities in Schools is the largest non-profit-making dropout scheme in the US. The scheme was established in the 1960s and has 61 programmes on 309 sites throughout the country. "You will

have to go outside the home to get this care. They need someone to care for them and to worry about what happens to them. This is what we can offer at Cities in Schools."

The way to solve the gang problem is to treat the members as individuals and to make use of their strengths," Ms Alexander says. "They have been rejected by society and their families. In the gang they have power and influence. The members care for each other, as a family should. They have to go outside the home to get this care. They need someone to care for them and to worry about what happens to them. This is what we can offer at Cities in Schools."

Instead, she hopes to finish school and go to college to be a social worker. Her school grades are improving.

They get one-to-one attention. If they do not turn up at school, we go and get them. We care, and we are not frightened to show it. If a kid improves grades, then we rejoice. If they are sad, we are sad, and they know it. When someone cares, it makes a difference."

Families from Long Beach and other areas move to avoid the problem. Unfortunately, the problem often moves with them. Ms Alexander's warning should be taken seriously, as there seems little sign of a solution in Long Beach, and in the other states and school districts in the US that suffer the same fate.

GEORGE TURNBULL

The author is the editor of Business Matters, published by the Associated Examining Board.

Families move but the problem usually moves with them

The empire shrinks back

What will the departmental changes mean?

The expected departure of Kenneth Clarke was always likely to mean a change of character at the education department, but no commentators expected the process to go quite as far as it has.

Not only has there been a clean sweep of ministers, but the very name of the department is to alter next month. John Patten will preside over the Department for Education, passing responsibility for science to William Waldegrave, the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster.

Far from extending its empire by taking over the employment department's training functions, as some expected, education has also lost responsibility for sport to the new heritage department.

The changes may allow back into the fold civil servants who could not be accommodated in the department's smarter but smaller new headquarters.

The loss of science, explained by John Major's view that science and technology should permeate all departments, may cause complications for universities, most of which receive a substantial proportion of their funding for research. Higher education's new funding councils will now have to juggle institutional budgets from two different departments.

One consolation will be the combination of further and higher education in a single ministerial brief. Tim Eggars, the particular interest and experience in further education produced a division of responsibilities in the last administration which took no account of the closer relationship developing between the sectors.

Mr Patten's team retains the usual political balance by including as junior ministers Eric Forth from the right of the Conservative party, and Nigel Forman from its left. Mr Forman's academic experience, which includes degrees from Oxford, Harvard and Sussex universities, will be put to good use as higher education minister, while Mr Forth will take over many of the duties of Michael Fallon, a kindred political spirit.

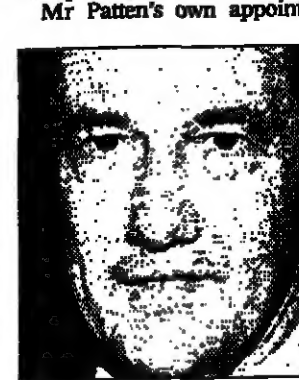
Mr Forman will have to guide two new funding councils, as well as advising the



JOHN PATTEN, as Secretary of State, will deal personally with public spending negotiations and the funding of education, pay throughout education and European Community matters.

An MP since 1983, he spent the whole of the last Parliament as a minister of state at the Home Office. He has also been housing minister and an under secretary in Northern Ireland.

Mr Patten is said to be "reading himself in" before beginning a round of meetings after the Easter holiday period.



ERIC FORTH, one of two new junior ministers, arrives from the employment department. A former Euro MP, he has also held office at the trade and industry department. He is responsible for local management of schools, building programmes in schools and further education colleges, school governors, school transport, meals and milk, admissions policy, education research, discipline, independent schools and special education.

He also has responsibility for health and sex education, including Aids and drugs.



BARONESS BLATCH, the minister of state, will speak on education in the Lords.

She is responsible for teacher training and supply; appraisal; city technology colleges and opt-outing; the school curriculum, testing, assessment and examinations, including A and AS levels; school reorganisation plans; under-fives, women's issues; links between schools and industry; careers education; race relations in schools; and inner cities policy.

A peer since 1990, she was previously at the environment department.

ment has been greeted with relief by teacher unions and local authority representatives bristled by their encounters with Mr Clarke. An academic background and his choice of a state primary school for his daughter have added to Mr Patten's reputation for being



NIGEL FORMAN has waited 15 years to become a junior minister. Although parliamentary private secretary to three ministers, he was considered too "wet" for promotion.

He is responsible for higher education, overseeing its new funding council, the move to independence in further education, 16-19 issues, other than A and AS levels, links with the employment department, adult education and professional updating, home and overseas students, the youth service and international work outside the EC.

on the liberal wing of the party.

The longest-serving minister outside the Cabinet, Mr Patten has a degree from Cambridge University and a string of books to his name. He also edited the *Journal of Historical Geography* from 1975 to 1980, and retains an interest in the subject.

As a constituency MP four years ago, he campaigned against a Conservative school reorganisation plan in Oxford. He was once a popular lecturer in geography at Hertford College, and is said to have sought the education portfolio, without being widely tipped.

There will be more apprehension in the education world at the choice of Baroness Blatch to succeed Mr Eggars as minister of state. A long-standing colleague of Mr Major in Cambridge, where she led the county council for four years, she is expected to be an enthusiastic leader of the opt-out process.

A former member of the Council of Local Education Authorities and the now defunct Schools Council, Baroness Blatch spoke for the government on education in the House of Lords during the last Parliament, but was based in the environment department. She was leading the government side when Labour staged its successful ambush on the proposals to privatise school inspections, warning her opponents that they would "tear the heart out of the bill".

She and Mr Patten will have to decide whether her judgment was correct, or whether Mr Clarke was right when he subsequently insisted the new system would still work.

The division of ministerial responsibilities also gives a clear indication of the government's continuing commitment to A and AS levels in broadly their present form. While Mr Forman will deal with most issues affecting the 16 to 19 age group, Baroness Blatch will have specific responsibility for the "gold standard" examinations.

With Mr Forth, who has responsibility for school governors, Baroness Blatch will also have prime responsibility for bringing to an end the long-running dispute at Stratford School, in east London. Fresh legislation will be considered on governors' powers in grant maintained and local authority schools.

JOHN O'LEARY

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Applications are invited for the Chair of Anaesthesia tenable from 1 October 1992. The appointment will be based in the newly-formed Department of Surgical and Anaesthetic Sciences at the Royal Hallamshire Hospital, and will carry Honorary Consultant status. Salary on the clinical professional scale.

Further particulars from Director of Personnel Services, The University, PO Box 594, Firth Court, Western Bank, Sheffield S10 2UH (0742 768555 ext 4144), to whom applications, including a full CV and the names/addresses of three referees (three copies of all documents), should be sent by 1 June 1992. Ref: B2001/A.

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Salary in range £12,129 - £22,739 per annum. For application form and further particulars (Ref 127/81) contact Personnel Office, University of Strathclyde, Glasgow G1 1QQ. Applications closing date: 18th November 1991.

UNIVERSITY OF STRATHCLYDE

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The College invites applications from graduates in priest's orders of the Church of England for the post of Chaplain. It is hoped that the successful candidate will take up office on 1 October 1992 and not later than 1 January 1993. Some preference will be given to candidates who are academically qualified to hold a Junior Research Fellowship of the College. Candidates should be under the age of 35 on 1 October 1992. Further particulars can be obtained from the Rector, Lincoln College, Oxford, OX1 3DR, to whom applications should be submitted by 22 May 1992.

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CHANNEL 4

- 6.00 **The Wonderful Wizard of Oz** (s) (228866) 6.25 **The Wombles** (v) (963740) 6.30 **Kaboodle!** (v) (78830) 7.00 **Heathcliff** (v) (767544) 7.25 **The Turkey Paper** (v) (949455) 7.50 **Mewkarts** (v) (963901) 8.25 **Black Africa: An African Experience**. A portrait of the wildlife of Africa. (v) (938481)
- 8.25 **Simon Constant**. An artist (v) (938481)
- 9.00 **Channel 4 Racing: The Morning Line**. Includes a preview of the afternoon's Irish Grand National at Fairyhouse (4373285)
- 9.25 **The Murrsters** (v/w). Classic comedy about a ghoulish family (v) (4376372) 9.55 **Road To Avonlea**. Children's drama series (v) (5319865) 10.50 **Pete Smith Specialities**. Advice for newweds (v) (79954)
- 11.00 **Gamemaster**. Video games series (5662) 11.30 **Get Smart**. Spoo secret agent comedy starring Don Adams (6391)
- 12.00 **Kingdoms of the East: The Survival Test**. A look at the real kangaroo whose existence is threatened by encroaching herds of cattle and flocks of sheep (v) (81020)
- 1.00 **Sesame Street**. Entertaining early-learning series (v) (81020)
- 2.00 **Flowering Road**. Annia Pavord visits a collection of exotic plants (v) (Teletext) (5074759)
- 2.25 **Channel 4 Racing from Kempton Park and Fairyhouse**. Derek Thompson introduce live coverage of the 2.35, 3.05, 3.40 and 4.10 races from Kempton and the 3.25 (Jameorn Irish Grand National) from Fairyhouse (7341917)
- 4.30 **Fifteen to One**. Fast-moving general knowledge quiz (s) (420)
- 5.00 **Film: Tom Thumbs** (1958) starring Russ Tamblyn. A musical version of the Brothers Grimm tale about a tiny boy who brings happiness into the life of a woodcutter. With Terry-Thomas, Peter Sellers and Bernard Miles. Directed by Georges Pol (1430440)
- 6.45 **Jumping**. Prize-winning animation from Japan by Yasuo Tzuka (643562)
- 6.55 **News at 6**. News summary (Teletext). Weather (901198)



Old adversaries: Sean Connery and Adolfo Celi (8.00pm)

0.00 **Adventures: Thunderball** (1965). The fourth of the James Bond films: adventures and about average for the series. Sean Connery as 007 does battle with his old enemies Spectre who have stolen a NATO aircraft with a nuclear payload and are threatening to destroy Miami if they are not paid a fortune in ransom money. Directed by Terence Young. (4) 75% (2003846)

0.25 **Murders with Sue Carpenter**. (Oracle) Weather (757846) 10.40
Thames Movies (505407)

0.45 **Film: Eyes of Laura Mars** (1978) starring Faye Dunaway and Tommy Lee Jones. Stylish, pretentious thriller about a fashion photographer who develops the facility to predict a series of ice-pick killings. The film can't determine who is responsible. Directed by Irvin Kershner (88344117)

2.40 **Book: Kojak: The Marcus Newton Murders**. A feature length episode in which the New York detective investigates the deaths of two room-mates and then has doubts about the guilt of the man accused of the murders. Starring Terry Savalas, Jose Ferrer and Ned Beatty (7571841)

2.30 **Reap the Whirlwind**. Historical drama series set in 19th century Cape Town. Starring Annette Crosbie of *One Foot in the Grave* fame. (4) 2620889

4.20 **Music Special**. (4) 75% (2003). Neil Young being after an appreciative Berlin audience

5.30 **[X] Morning News** (28131). Ends at 6.00

#9 Jesus Christ Movie Star.
Q CHOICE: Films about Jesus Christ may be handicapped by a hero who practices neither sex nor violence but the story continues to fascinate. Martin Goughsmith's watchable documentary picks up the theme almost with the start of the cinema and reaches the present day by way of Cecil B. De Mille, Gospelstar, Lew Grade and Martin Scorsese. The first half of the important works are covered, in clips and the comments of actors and directors. We are even treated to John Wayne's immortal one-liner from *The Greatest Story Ever Told*. There is a useful gloss from the critic Sheila Johnston, though more might have been said about Dennis Potter's television *St. Mark* or the Academy Pythonic *Monty Python and the Holy Grail*. The fact that the first Jesus film was directed by Pasolini, a Marxist who had been twice arrested for blasphemy. (Teletext) (s) (8885)
#10 Borscht. Soap set in suburban Merseyside. (Teletext) (s) (8391)
#11 Szolnoki Bartok in Budapest. Georg Solti joins the Chicago Symphony Orchestra and the Hungarian pianist Andras Schiff in a performance of some of Bartok's greatest works (s) (26196914)
#11.5 A Nice Day in the Country. Animation from Canada by Chris Hinton (571846)
#12 Northmen Exposure. Off-beat American comedy drama starring Bob Morrow as an east coast doctor practicing in a remote Alaskan coastal village (s) (808556)
#12.5 An Evening with Mel Brooks. The American entertainer wows a celebrity audience (s) (808556)
#2.55am Black Dog. Animation by Alison de Vere about a young girl who makes a dream-journey guided by a mysterious black dog (s) (473112)
#2.55pm The Zanzibar Zone: Nightmarer as a Child (b/w). A tale of the supernatural, starring Janice Rule (1281763). Ends at 1.15

73914) .
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INGLIA
As London except: 4:45p-5:30p Anglia News (953585p)

ORDER
As London except: 12:10pm Superstars of Wrestling (7238228) 12:15 Hollywood Report (5936268) 1:30p 1 Married a Dead Man (7248334) 3:50 America's Top Ten (7239957) 3:55 America's Top Ten (7578676) 4:30 The Hit Man and Her (7544402) 5:15-5:30 Joinder (5265889)

CENTRAL
As London except: 10:25pm-12:30p The Black Ties (7238228) 12:15-2:05p First Impressions (690268) 2:05-4:15p Death With a Vengeance (7238228) 4:30p The Hit Man and Her (7544402) 5:15-5:30p Joinder (5265889) 5:35-6:00p Dangerous Women (7043515) 12:30p In: Green Hall (Adventure set in South America) (7238228) 1:30p Thrashin' with UK (9536470) 3:55 After Hitchhiked: Survivors (7578676) 4:30-4:35p Joinder (727381014)

RAMADA
As London except: 12:10pm Superstars of Wrestling (7238228) 12:15 Hollywood Report (5936268) 1:30p 1 Married a Dead Man (7248334) 3:50 America's Top Ten (7239957) 3:55 America's Top Ten (7578676) 4:30 The Hit Man and Her (7544402) 5:15-5:30 Joinder (5265889)

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As London except: 12:10pm Superstars of Wrestling (7238228) 12:15 Hollywood Report (5936268) 1:30p 1 Married a Dead Man (7248334) 3:50 America's Top Ten (7239957) 3:55 America's Top Ten (7578676) 4:30 The Hit Man and Her (7544402) 5:15-5:30 Joinder (5265889)

TVS
As London except: 4:45pm-5:30p TV5 News (953585p)

TYNE TEES
As London except: 12:10pm Superstars of Wrestling (7238228) 12:15 Hollywood Report (5936268) 1:30p 1 Married a Dead Man (7248334) 3:50 America's Top Ten (7239957) 3:55 America's Top Ten (7578676) 4:30 The Hit Man and Her (7544402) 5:15-5:30 Joinder (5265889)

ULSTER
As London except: 12:10pm Superstars of Wrestling (7238228) 12:15 Hollywood Report (5936268) 1:30p 1 Married a Dead Man (7248334) 3:50 America's Top Ten (7239957) 3:55 America's Top Ten (7578676) 4:30 The Hit Man and Her (7544402) 5:15-5:30 Joinder (5265889)

YORKSHIRE
As London except: 10:45pm Soundview

[illegible]

72711) 1-85 Div

RADIO 3

<p>5.55am Weather; News</p> <p>6.00 Morning Concert: Weber, concert: Verelst (violin) to the Dancer; Hanover Band under Roy Goodman; Handel (Concerto Grosso in F, Op 6 No 2; English Concert under Trevor Pinnock); Johnson Strauss, on (Die Belagerung von Rochelle, Op 31); CSSR State Phil. under Alfred Water</p> <p>8.30 News</p> <p>9.35 Morning Concert (cont): Glazounov Symphony No 5 in B flat; Beethoven RSO under Arlt; Concerto Solo de Concertos; Colin Bradbury, clarinet; Oliver Davies, piano; Grieg (Two Norwegian Dances, Op. 63; Moscow Soloists under Yuri</p>	<p>opera performances from the 1991 Salzburg Festival, Vienna Opera Chorus Chorus Dresden Staatskapelle under Horst Stein, with Hans Peter Blochwitz, tenor, as Belmonte; Anna Rydell, bass, as Cerina; Susan Gerner</p> <p>5.00 News Ensemble performs Prokofiev (Overture on Hebrew themes for clarinet, string quartet and piano, Op 24); Shostakovich (Piano Quartet in G minor, Op 37) (r)</p> <p>5.45 Helmut Walchke: The late German organist plays Bach Prelude and Fugue in BWV 541; Fantezile and Pique in G minor, BWV 542; Chorale Preludes on the organs of the</p>
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RADIO 4

<p>Stereo on FM</p> <p>5.5am Shipping Forecast 6.00</p> <p>News Briefing, Ltd 6.05</p> <p>Weather 6.10 Farming Today 6.25</p> <p>Prayer for the Day 6.30</p> <p>Today, Inc 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30</p> <p>News 6.35, 7.55</p> <p>Weather 6.45 Business News 7.25, 8.25</p> <p>Sports News 7.45</p> <p>Thought for the Day 8.43</p> <p>The Last of England: The poet Ted Walter reads from an autobiographical poem set in England and Spain (1 of 5)</p> <p>8.50 Weather</p> <p>9.00 News</p> <p>9.05 Start the Week, with Melvin Bragg and guests in Berlin (3 of 5)</p> <p>10.10-10.30am News: The House of Commons</p> <p>10.30-11.00am The final episode of</p>	<p>4.45 Short Story: Swinsky's Easter</p> <p>— Warner! The second of two stories by Christopher Hope</p> <p>5.00 PM 5.50 Shipping Forecast 5.55 Weather</p> <p>5.00 Six O'Clock News 6.30</p> <p>The News Quiz (3 of 3)</p> <p>6.30-7.00 7.05 The Archers 7.20</p> <p>The Food Programme (1 of 1)</p> <p>Derek Cooper takes an Easter break in the Scottish Borders (1 of 3)</p> <p>7.50-8.00 Smith on Old Age: Stop Taking the Pills (1 of 2)</p> <p>7.20 Woman's Hour (LW only) (1 of 3)</p> <p>The Monday Play: Are You a Electric?</p> <p>9 CHOICE: Is Lesley Davis's play about a 15-year-old boy</p>
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3.5am Weather; News Headlines
5.00 Morning Concert: Weber,
orch Berlin (invitation to the
dance: Hanover Band under
Ray Goodman); Handel
(Gottschalk: Grosses F. G. Op 6
No 2: English Concert under
 Trevor Pincock); Johann
Strauss, son (Die Beldingene
von Zwettl, Op 153: St. Paul
State PO under Alfred Walter)

9.30 News
10.00 Morning Concert (cont):
Mozart (Symphony No 5 in B
flat, K 161: Everard, RGO under
Messaing; Soloist to Concerto:
Colin Bradbury, clarinet, Oliver
Daniels, piano); Grieg (Two
in G major, B 94: Graham
McNulty, piano); Schubert
(Mozart: Soloists under Yuri
Bashmet)

11.30 News
1.00 Responses of the Week:
Albini and Grandais; Albini
(Catalonia: Mexico City PO

opera performances from the
1991 Salzburg Festival, Vienna
State Opera Chorus; Dresden
Staatskapelle under Horst
Stahn, with Hans Peter
Schubert, tenor; Richard
Kurt Ayl, bass, as Osmi,
Sung in German)

5.00 News Ensemble performs
the new Overture on Hebrew
themes for clarinet, string
quartet and piano, Op 341;
Shostakovich (Piano Quintet
in G minor, Op 37) etc

5.45 News
German organist plays Bach
(Prelude and Fugue in G, BWV
541); Fantasia and Fugue in
G major, BWV 542: Chorus
Preludes on the organ of the
St Laurenskerk, Alkmaar, and
St Pierre-le-jeune, Strasbourg

6.25 Two Centenaries: BBC CO
under Gordon Marshall
Milhaud (Suite, Le train bleu)

Series on FM
5:55pm Shipping Forecast 6.00
 News Briefing, 1d 6.03
 Weather 6.10 Farming Today
 6.30 Prayer for the Day 6.30
 News 6.30 6.30
 6.40, 8.30 News 6.55, 7.50
 6.45 Sports Business News
 7.25, 8.25 Sports News 7.45
 Thought for the Day 8.43 The
 World in England: The Hosted
 Tealder reads from an
 autobiographical love story set
 in England and Spain (1 of 5)
 8.55 Weather
9.00 News
9:05 Start the Week with Melvyn
 Bragg and guests in Berlin (5)
 10.10am **News** The House
 of Commons: The final
 of Christopher Lee's political
 drama, with Julian Glover as
 Sir Charles Bannister (5)
 10.40am **Service** (LW only) from
 the Royal Hall, Darlington
 4.45 **Short Story: Swinsky's Easter**
 — Warner! The second of
 two stories by Christopher
 Hope
 5.00 **PM 5.50 Shipping Forecast**
 5.55 News Weather
 6.00 **PM 6.30 Clock News**
 6.30 The News Quiz (5) (3)
 7.00 **News 7.05 The Archers**
 7.20 **The Food Programme**
 only: Derek Cooper takes an
 evening break in the Scottish
 Borders (3)
 7.50-8.00 **Smith on Old Age: Stop**
 Taking the Pills (1)
 7.20 **Woman's Hour** (LW only) (1)
 8.00 **The Monday Play: Are**
 Friends Electric
 CHOICE: Is Lesley Davies's
 play about a 15-year-old boy
 (with a brain tumour) who has
 cystic fibrosis, overcoming the
 disease by inflicting the same
 disease on the lad's brother

Weather 6.
6.25 Prayer
Today incl

No 2: English Concert under the baton of Timothy Rince-Smith.
Strauss, son of Clara Engelinger von Rothsche, Op 31: CSSR State Phil. under Alfred Watter)

News

30 **3.05** Glasgow Concert (cont):
Glasgow Symphony No 5 in B flat; Bavarian RSO under Järvi; Messenger Soloist du Concerto; Claire Bransbury, clarinet; Oliver Davis, piano; Grieg (Two Norwegian Dances, Op 63; Moscow Soloists under Yuri Bashmet)

35 **3.05** Composers of the Week:
Albéniz and Granados. Albéniz (Catalanica: Mexico City Phil. under Enrique Batalla); Granados, Enrique, Danzas españolas, Set 1; Thomas Rajna, piano; Granados, arj Reimn (Valse poétique); Julian Bream, guitar; Albéniz, Francisco, Concerto in A minor, Op 78, Concerto

40 **5.00** **3.05** Ensemble performs Prokofiev (Overture on Hebrew themes for clarinet, string quartet and piano, Op 34); Liszt, Franz, Hungarian Quintet in G minor, Op 57 (V)

45 **5.45** Helmut Walcha: The late German organist plays Bach (Prelude and Fugue in G, BWV 576) and Robert Schumann (Piano Concerto in G minor, BWV 542; Chorale Preludes) on the organs of the St Laurentiuskirche, Alkmaar, and St Pierre-le-Jean, Strasbourg

50 **6.25** Two Centuries: BBC CO under Gregory Rose performs Milhaud (Suite, Le train bleu); Debussy, Claude, Piano Concerto; Poulenc (Piano Concerto; Poulenc Theatre)

55 **7.00** **News**

60 **7.05** Third Ear in Barcelona: Easy Livin'birds. The Catalan rock band's Eric Miralles talks to Sandra Miles

8.00 **3.30 News** 5.55, 7.55
Weather 6.45 **Business News**
 6.55, 8.25, 8.55, 9.25, 9.55
 Thought for the Day 8.43
 The Last of England: The poet Ted
 Walter reads from an
 autobiographical love story set
 in England and Spain (1 of 5)
 8.58 **Weather**

9.00 News
 9.05 **Start the Week**, with Mervyn
 Dunsby and guests in Berlin (5)
 9.30 **10.30am News**: The House
 (FM only): The final episode of
 Christopher Lee's political
 drama, *With Union Glories* as
 Sir John Bannister

10.00 Daily Service (LW only) from
 the Bonar Hall, Dundee
University

11.00 The Bible (LW only):
 Zachariah. Read by Alice
 Arnold

11.30 Woman's Hour: Jenni Murray
 examines the cost of an Easter
 story

6.00 Six O'Clock News
6.30 The News Quiz (5 of 6)
 7.00 **News**: 7.05 **The Archers**
 7.20 **The Grand Pre** (FM
 only): Derek Cooper takes an
 Easter break in the Scottish
 Borders (4 of 5)

7.50-8.00 **On the Paving** on Old Age: Stop
 Talking the Pils (5)

8.00 The Morning Hour (LW only) (1)
8.00 The Monday Play: Are
 Friends Electric
 (FM only): *Are Friends Electric* is Lesley Davies's
 play about a 15-year-old boy
 (Richard Pearce) dying from
 cystic fibrosis, overdoing the
 agony by inflicting the same
 on the lady's brother and
 sister too? Does the fact
 that the play is based on
 an actual family history make it
 appear even more callous for
 listeners to complain about
 excessive wincing of their
 wretches? The individual listener

Last of English
Walker reaches
out to his people

Glazunov Symphony No 5 in B flat minor, Russian National Anthem; Maurice Strakosky: Solo de piano; Colin Stracbury, clarinet; Oliver Davies, piano; Grieg (20): Norwegian Dances, Op 63: Norwegian Soloists under Yuri Bashmet

39 News

35 Composers of the Week: Alban Berg and Gustav Mahler: Alban Berg: Mexico City, 1939; Op 20 under Enrique Batiz; Granados (Oriental Dances Espagnoles, Set 1: Thomas Rajnoja, piano; Granados, arr. Brecht; 1919; 1920s poetries: Julian Brown, guitar; Albéniz (Piano Concerto in A minor, Op 78, Concerto for Fanny) transcribed: Aldo Ciccolini; RPO under Enrique Batiz

35 The Musicians within Me: Bach French Suite No 4 in E flat, BWV 815: Glenn Gould, piano; Poulenc Sextet for

5.45 Helsinki Walzies: The late Finnish composer Jukka-Pekka Joensuu plays Bach (Prelude and Fugue in G, BWV 541); Fantasia and Fugue in G minor, BWV 542; Chorale Preludes on the organs of the Lutheran churches of Helsinki and St Pierre-le-Jeu, Strasbourg

6.25 Two Centenaries: BBC CO under Gregory Rose performs Maurice Ravel, Le train bleu; Tallieries (Piano Concerto: Penelope Tonello)

7.00 News

7.05 The Star in Barcelona: Easy Lyricsmiths: The Catalan architect Enric Miralles talks to Sandra Miller

7.30 BBC SO at the 1991 Proms: Maurice Ravel: Les violons et Whirlwind Lutoslawski conduct Britten (Sinfonia da requiem); Lutoslawski (Chantefables et Chantefables: Solvay

In England and Spain (1 of 5)
0:30 Weather
0:30 News
0:50 Start the Week with Molyne Bragg and guests in Berlin (3)
1:00 50c News: The Hoax (PH only) The final episode of the series about the hoaxer Les's brother's involvement in the drama. With Julian Glover as Sir Charles Bannister (5)
0:00 Daily Service (PH only) from the Church of England, Dundee University
1:15 The Bible (PH only): Zachariah. Read by Alice Arnold
0:30 Woman's Hour: Jenni Murray examines the cost of an Easter wedding. End 11:00 News
0:00 Money Box Live, with Christopher Cragg
0:00 News at 10 and Yours, with John Howard
2:00p Counterspin: Ned Sherrin charts the final of the musical

7:50-8:00 Smith on Old Age: Stop Taking the Pills (1)
8:00 News
8:10 The Sunday Play (PH only) (1)
8:20 Friends Electric
 ● **CHOICE** is **Leslie Davies'** play about a 15-year-old boy (Richard Pearce) dying from cystic fibrosis, oversteering the audience by inflicting the same disease on the lad's brother and sister too? Does the fact that the play is based on an actual family history make it appear even more callous for listeners to complain about excessive wringing of their hands? The individual listener must answer these questions individually. Unsurprisingly, the play is an important focus for cystic fibrosis work awareness, not least because it lightens a dark landscape with a glimmer of hope (5).

(Hill only): Christopher drama. With

Albéniz and Granados: Albéniz (Catalonia; Mexico City PO under Enrique Batiza); Granados (Spain; London PO under Set 1: Thomas Rajna, piano); Granados, arr Bream (Valés poetics; Julian Bream, guitar); Albéniz (Piano Concerto in A minor, Op. 74; London PO under Set 1: Thomas Rajna, piano); Albéniz; Adolfo Clocchini; RPO under Enrique Batiz)

35 The Musicians within Me
Bach French Suite No 4 in E flat, BWV 815 (Charles Gould, piano); Poulenc (Sextet for piano and wind; David Owen Norris, piano; Alison Ensemble); Bach (French Suite No 5 in G, BWV 816: Glenn Gould, piano); (Bachiana Brasileira No 1; Fleeth Celio Octeto); Debussy (Chansons de Bilitis: Sarah Walker, mezzo, Roger under Gregory Ross performs Milhaud (Suite, Le train bleu); Tailleferre (Piano Concerto: Rossopos Thwaites)

7.00 News

7.05 Third Ear in Barcelona: Easy Labyrinths. The Catalan architect Enric Miralles talks to Simon Willmet

7.30 BBC 50 at the 1991 Proms. Mark Wigglesworth and Witold Lutoslawski conduct Britten *Sinfonia da requiem*; Mahler 5th (Charles Feltus and Chantebelles, Solists); Kriegerbottel, soprano; Celso Costantini; Natalia Gudkov; Bantok (Music for Strings, Percussion and Cello), and at the end Interval: Rossopos

8.20 Castalian Band: In the first of two programmes Lorna Anderson, soprano, Richard Gifford, violin, Imogen Seth-

1 Daily Service (LW) only from the Bonar Hall, Dundee University

2 The Bible (LW) only: Zachariah. Read by Alice Arnold

3 Woman's Hour: Jenni Murray examines the cost of an Easter wedding, and 11,000 Menace: New Line, with Vincent Duggally

4 News: You and Yours, with John Howard

5pm Countdown: Ned Sherrin charts the final of the musical quiz (c. 12.55 Weather)

6 The World at One, with James Naughtie

7 The Andechs (r) 1.55 Shipping Forecast

8 News: Nicky's Women: Miriam Margulies introduces and plays the characters from her West End show, and gives

9 agony by inflicting the same agony on the lead's brother and sister too? Does it mean that the play is based on an actual family history make it appear even more callous for Murray to comment about the excessive wringing of the wrists?

10 The individual listener must answer these questions themselves. It is unfortunate, the play is an important focus for cystic fibrosis work, and it is a pity, not least because it lightens a dark landscape with a glimmer of hope (s)

9.30 The Goodhouse (c) (r)

9.45 The World Tonight: Richard Quest reports from New York and Los Angeles on the American recording industry (c) 9.55 Weather

10.00 The World Tonight, with Richard Kenneth (c)

30 Woman's I
examines th
working h

fantasies; Adol. Ciccotti; NPO under Enrique Ballester

39 The Modern French Style:
Bach French Suite No 4 in E flat, BWV 815: Glenn Gould, piano; Poulsen: Sestet for piano and wind; David Owen Norris, piano; Abner Cohen, piano; Bachelin French Suite No 5 in G, BWV 816: Glenn Gould, piano; Villa-Lobos (Bachiana Brasileira No 1): Heceth Cloit Ochter; Deborah Wansons de Brites; Arash Wansons, mezzo; Roger Vignoles, piano; Ignacio Cervantes (13 Cuban Dances: Jorge Luis Prats, piano); Fala (Master Peter's Puppet Show: Stephen Scott, piano); Rafael Fröhlich de Burgo; Bach French Suite No 5 in E, BWV 817: Glenn Gould, piano)

50 Artists Conducts

7.30 BBC SO at the 1991 Proms. Marti Wigglesworth and the London Sinfonietta conduct Britten (Sinfonia da requiem); Lutoslawski (Chantefables et Chantefables: Solvay Klingenberg, soprano; Cello Costa, Natalia Goleva); Stravinsky (Masks for Strings); Percussion and Celesta; and at 8.15 Interval Reading

9.20 Castlelain Band: In the first of two programmes Lorna Anderson, soprano, Richard Gwilt, violin, Imogen Smith, cello, Lucy Carolan, harp, conclude, perform Montéclair (Europe); François Couperain (Alemorre: La Renaissance); Montéclair (Le mort de Barolom).

9.30 Barcelona Singshow: High Pop Art. Xavier Nteta talks about his 20-metre-high

Money Box Live, with
Vincent Duggdale
00 News: You and Yours, with
John Howard
25pm Counterpoint: Ned Sherrin
chairs the final of the musical
quiz (c) 12.55 Weather
40 The World at One, with
James Naughtie
45 The Anchors (r) 1.55 Shipping
Forecast
00 News: Dickson's Women:
Miriam Margolyes introduces
and plays the characters from
the West End show
45 An insight into the life of
the Victorian writer (c) (r)
50 Viewing Units: A.S. Byatt looks
to Alan Judd about his work
on Ford Madox Ford (c) . . .
55 Kaleidoscope lists to the
BBC Symphony Orchestra play
Berg's Violin Concerto; talks

individually. Unarguably, the
play is an important focus for
cystic fibrosis week awareness,
not least because it lightens a
dark landscape with a glimmer
of hope (c) . . .
3.30 Kaleidoscope (c) (r)
3.45 The Financial World
Tonight: Richard Quest
repairs from New York and
Los Angeles on the American
recurring industry (c) 3.59
Weather
10.00 The World Tonight, with
Richard Kershaw (c)
10.45 A Book at Bedtime: In My
Father's Court, by Isaac
Bashevis Singer. Abridged and
read by Neville Jones (1 of 3)
11.00 The Hitch-Hiker's Guide to
the Galaxy: An epic
adventure in time and space.
Written by Douglas Adams (2
of 3)

quiz (s) 12.9
00 The World
James Naum

No 5 in G, BWV 817: Glenn Gould, piano; Villa-Lobos: *Choros* No 1: 1.15
Fleeth Celtic O'celot; Debussy (*Chansons de Bilitis*: Sarah Walker, mezzo; Roger Vignoles, piano); Ignacio Janáček (13 Cuban Dances: Louis Louie, piano; Ella Master Peter's Puppet Show: Sobists; Spanish PO under Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos; Sach French Suite No 6 in E, BWV 817: Glenn Gould, piano)
05 **Ostia Concert**
Bach: *Mass in G minor* (Symphony No 2 in E minor: BBC Welsh SO)
00pm **News**
05 **Musik of the Iberian Peninsula**
Paco Peña, with Jose Luis Lopez, guitar
00 **Third Opinion in Barcelona**, with Christopher Cook (r)

Peroussac and Celeste), and at 1.15 Interval Reading
8.20 **Concert Band** in the first of two programmes Lou Anderson, soprano, Richard Griffith, violin, Imogen Serl-Smith, cello, Lucy Carlin, harpsichord, performer
André Gounod: François Couperin (*Alexandre*: La Raphaëlle); Montéclair (*La mort de Didon*)
9.55 **Barcelona Soapbox**: high Pop Art, Xavier Nègre talks about his 20-minute musical sculpture
10.05 **Barcelona's neo-classical harbour front**
10.05 **Louis Solvay's Quartet**: Brian Morton introduces the French jazz quartet, led by Louis Solvay on bass clarinet and soprano saxophone
11.30 **News**

- 9** The Anheirs (9) LSS Shipping Forecast
- 9M** News; Dickens's Women: Maria Marguerite produces and plays the characters from her West End show, and gives an insight into the life of the Victorian writer (6 t)
- 9P** Writing Lives; A.S. Byatt talks to Alan Jones about the work on Ford Madox Ford (6 t)
- 10** News
- 10C** Kaleidoscope listeners to the BBC Symphony Orchestra play Roger's artist in residence at the Charnel Tunnel meets jazz saxophonist Sydney Rollins; reviews Robin Richmond's book *Michealangelo* and the Creation of the Sistine Chapel; and hears listeners' reactions (6 t)
- 10P** The World Tonight, with Robert Kennedy (6 t)
- 10.45A** Book at Bedtime: In My Father's Court, by Isaac Bashevis Singer. Abridged and read by Neville Jason (1 of 5)
- 11.00** The Hitch-Hiker's Guide to Time Galaxy: An epic adventure in time and space. Written by Douglas Adams (2 of 6) (6 t)
- 11.30** Sweet Adelaide: Singer Adelaide Hall talks about her appearances at the Cotton Club and Harlem (6 t)
- 12.00-12.45** Asian News, and 12.27 Weather, 12.33 Shipping Forecast, 12.43 World Service (LW only)

an insight in
Victorian wa
an Victorian Lib

(Master Peter's Puppet Show:
 Solistes, Spanish Pop under
 Rafael Friñobeco de Burgos;
 Bach French Suite No 5 in E,
 BWV 817, Glenn Gould, piano)

50 **Classical Conducts**
 Rachmaninov's Symphony No
 2 in E minor: BBC, Webh) SO

60pm News

65 **Musik of the floridan**
 Petrusli, played by the
 guitarist Peco Peña, with Jose
 Losada (r)

90 **Third Opinion in Barcelona,**
 with Christopher Cook (r)

95 **Die Entführung aus dem**
 Serrail. The first of four Mozart

Couperin (Allemande: La
 Raphaéle); Montéclair (Le mort
 de Didon)

9.55 **Barcelona Snapshots: High**
 Pop Art. Xavier Niehoff talks
 about his 20-metre-high
 Lichtenstein sculpture on
 Barcelona's neo-classical
 harbour front

10.00 **Louisa Selviu Quatrecas:** Brian
 Morton introduces the French
 jazz quartet, led by Louis
 Selviu on bass clarinet and
 soprano saxophone

11.30 News
11.35-12.35am Composers of the
 Week: Lully (r)

COMPILED BY PETER DEAR AND GILLIAN MAXEY
 CHOICE PETER WAYMARKRADIO CHOICE PETER DAVALLE

to Alan Judd about his work on Ford Madox Ford (6)

90 **News**

11:00 **Microscope** listeners to the BBC Symphony Orchestra play Elgar's Violin Concerto; talks to the artist in residence at the Channel Tunnel; meets the jazz saxophonist Sonny Rollins; reviews Robin Richardson's book *Michaelangelo and the Creation of the Sistine Chapel*; and hears listeners' revelations (6)

11:00 **The Hitch-Hiker's Guide to the Galaxy**: An epic adventure in time and space. Written by Douglas Adams (2 of 6) (6)

11:30 **Swirek Adelaide Singer**: Adelaide Hall talks about her appearances at the Cotton Club in Harlem (5)

12:00 **12.45am News**, incl 12.27 Weather 12.33 Shipping recast 12.43 World Service (LW only)

QUENCIES: Radio 1: 1053kHz/285m; 1089kHz/275m; FM-97.6-99.8, Radio FM-88-90.2, Radio 2: FM-90.2-92.4, Radio 3: 106.6kHz/270m; 108.9kHz/275m; FM-92.4-94.0, Radio 5: 693kHz/433m; 909kHz/330m, LBC: 1268kHz/215m; FM-92.4-94.0, LBC: 1548kHz/194m; FM 95.8, GUR: 1458kHz/220m; FM 94.9, World Service: MW 648kHz/433m.

to the artist
Channel Tun

OS Music of the Iberian Peninsula, played by the guitarist Páco Peña, with Jose Lozoya (v)

00 Third Opinion in Barcelona, with Christopher Cook (v)

AS Die Einführung Aus Dem Serral. The first of four Mozart

10.05 Louis Sclavins Quartet: Brian Morton introduces the French jazz quartet, led by Louis Sclavins on bass clarinet and soprano saxophone

11.30 News

11.35-12.35am Composers of the Week: Lily (v)

COMPILED BY PETER DEAR AND GILLIAN MAXEY
CHOICE PETER WAYMARK/RADIO CHOICE PETER DAVALLE

reviews Robin Richmond's book *Michaelangelo and the Creation of the Sistine Chapel*, and hears listeners' revelations (6)

appearances at the Cotton Club in Harlem (6)

12.00-12.45am News, Ind 12.27

Weather 12.30 Shipping Forecast 12.43 World Service (LW only)

QUENCIES: Radio 1: 1053kHz/285m; 1089kHz/275m; FM 97.6-99.8. Radio 2: 88-90.2. Radio 3: FM 90.2-92.4. Radio 4: 198kHz/1515m; FM 92.4-93.5. Radio 5: 693kHz/433m; 909kHz/330m. LBC: 1152kHz/261m; FM 97.3. Solace: 1548kHz/94m; FM 95.8. GUR: 1458kHz/206m; FM 94.9; World Service: MW 648kHz/463m.

45 Die Entführung Aus Dem
Serail. The first of four Mozart
11.35-12.35am Composers of the
Week: Lully (1)

MPILED BY PETER DEAR AND GILLIAN MAXEY
CHOICE PETER WAYMARK/RADIO CHOICE PETER DAVALLE

FREQUENCIES: Radio 1: 1053kHz/285m; 1089kHz/275m; FM 97.6-99.8. Radio FM 88-90.2. Radio 3: FM 90.2-92.4. Radio 4: 198kHz/1515m; FM 92.4-95. Radio 5: 693kHz/433m; 909kHz/330m. LBC: 1152kHz/261m; FM 97.3. Wink: 1548kHz/194m; FM 95.8. GLR: 1458kHz/206m; FM 94.9; World: MW 648kHz/463m.

1. The first step in the process is to identify the problem or issue that needs to be addressed. This involves gathering information and understanding the context of the problem.
